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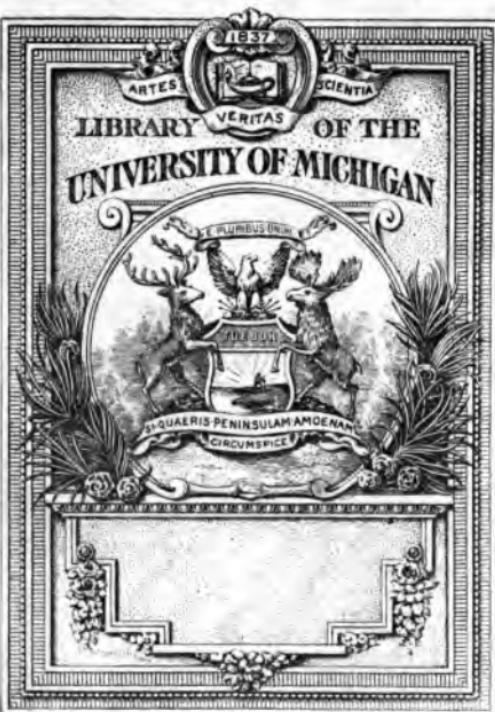
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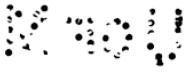
**TIME AND TIDE
THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE**

RUSKIN HOUSE EDITION

JOHN RUSKIN

Born: London : . . . February 8, 1819

Died: Coniston . . . January 20, 1900





THE
WORKS
OF
JOHN
RUSKIN



LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN



John
THE WORKS OF RUSKIN

TIME AND TIDE
THE CROWN OF WILD
OLIVE



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**TIME AND TIDE
BY
WEARE AND TYNE**

**TWENTY-FIVE LETTERS
TO A
WORKING MAN OF SUNDERLAND
ON THE
LAWS OF WORK**

**BY
JOHN RUSKIN**

[*Bibliographical Note.—The letters collected in "Time and Tide" originally appeared in the columns of the "Leeds Mercury" and the "Manchester Daily Examiner and Times" in March, April, and May 1867.*

They were then greatly revised by Ruskin and published in December of that year. A second edition was issued in 1868, and in 1872 they were again revised and reissued as Volume V. in the "Works" Series of Ruskin's books. A further edition in this form appeared in 1884.

Since then there have also been several small editions, of which the first, being the fifth edition of the book, appeared in 1886, and the last, a "Pocket Edition," in 1904. The book is now in its fifty-third thousand.

In the Library Edition of Ruskin's Works, the letters are reprinted with a collation of all the variants (in a Bibliographical Note or in footnotes to the text) between the newspaper and collected editions, and the addition of an eighth Appendix containing passages which were printed in the newspapers, but withdrawn by Ruskin in the collected editions of the letters.]

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P R E F A C E

THE following Letters were written to Mr. Thomas Dixon, a working corkcutter of Sunderland, during the agitation for Reform in the spring of the present year. They contain, in the plainest terms I could use, the substance of what I then desired to say to our English workmen, which was briefly this:—"The reform you desire may give you more influence in Parliament; but your influence there will of course be useless to you, —perhaps worse than useless,—until you have wisely made up your minds what you wish Parliament to do for you; and when you *have* made up your minds about that, you will find, not only that you can do it for yourselves, without the intervention of Parliament; but that eventually nobody *but* yourselves can do it. And to help you, as far as one of your old friends may, in so making up your minds, such and such things are what it seems to me you should ask for, and, moreover, strive for with your heart and might."

The letters now published relate only to one division of the laws which I desired to recommend to the consideration of our operatives,—those, namely, bearing upon honesty of work, and honesty of exchange. I hope in the course of next year that I may be able to complete the second part of the series, [I could not;

but *Fors Clavigera* is now (1872) answering the same end :] which will relate to the possible comforts and wholesome laws, of familiar household life, and the share which a labouring nation may attain in the skill, and the treasures, of the higher arts.

The letters are republished as they were written, with, here and there, correction of a phrase, and omission of one or two passages of merely personal or temporary interest; the headings only are added, in order to give the reader some clue to the general aim of necessarily desultory discussion ; and the portions of Mr. Dixon's letters in reply, referred to in the text, are added in the Appendix, and will be found well deserving of attention.

DENMARK HILL,
December 14, 1867.

TIME AND TIDE,
BY
WEARE AND TYNE

LETTER I

The two kinds of Co-operation.—In its highest sense it is not yet thought of

DENMARK HILL, February 4, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

1. You have now everything I have yet published on political economy; but there are several points in these books of mine which I intended to add notes to, and it seems little likely I shall get that soon done. So I think the best way of making up for the want of these is to write you a few simple letters, which you can read to other people, or send to be printed, if you like, in any of your journals where you think they may be useful.

I especially want you, for one thing, to understand the sense in which the word "co-operation" is used in my books. You will find I am always pleading for it; and yet I don't at all mean the co-operation of partnership (as opposed to the system of wages) which is now so gradually

extending itself among our great firms. I am glad to see it doing so, yet not altogether glad : for none of you who are engaged in the immediate struggle between the system of co-operation and the system of mastership know how much the dispute involves ; and none of us know the results to which it may finally lead. For the alternative is not, in reality, only between two modes of conducting business—it is between two different states of society. It is not the question whether an amount of wages, no greater in the end than that at present received by the men, may be paid to them in a way which shall give them share in the risks, and interest in the prosperity, of the business. The question is, really, whether the profits which are at present taken, as his own right, by the person whose capital, or energy, or ingenuity, has made him head of the firm, are not in some proportion to be divided among the subordinates of it.

2. I do not wish, for the moment, to enter into any inquiry as to the just claims of capital, or as to the proportions in which profits ought to be, or are in actually existing firms, divided. I merely take the one assured and essential condition, that a somewhat larger income will be in co-operative firms secured to the subordinates, by the diminution of the income of the chief. And the general tendency of such a system is to increase the facilities of advancement among the subordinates ; to stimulate their ambition ; to enable them to lay by, if they are provident, more ample and more early provision for declining years ; and to form in the end a vast class of persons wholly different from the existing operative :—members

of society, possessing each a moderate competence ; able to procure, therefore, not indeed many of the luxuries, but all the comforts of life ; and to devote some leisure to the attainments of liberal education, and to the other objects of free life. On the other hand, by the exact sum which is divided among them, more than their present wages, the fortune of the man who, under the present system, takes all the profits of the business, will be diminished ; and the acquirement of large private fortune by regular means, and all the conditions of life belonging to such fortune, will be rendered impossible in the mercantile community.

3. Now, the magnitude of the social change hereby involved, and the consequent differences in the moral relations between individuals, have not as yet been thought of,—much less estimated,—by any of your writers on commercial subjects ; and it is because I do not yet feel able to grapple with them that I have left untouched, in the books I send you, the question of co-operative labour. When I use the word “co-operation,” it is not meant to refer to these new constitutions of firms at all. I use the word in a far wider sense, as opposed, not to masterhood, but to *competition*. I do not mean, for instance, by co-operation, that all the master bakers in a town are to give a share of their profits to the men who go out with the bread ; but that the masters are not to try to undersell each other, nor seek each to get the other’s business, but are all to form one society, selling to the public under a common law of severe penalty for unjust dealing, and at an established price. I do not mean that all bankers’ clerks

should be partners in the bank ; but I do mean that all bankers should be members of a great national body, answerable as a society for all deposits ; and that the private business of speculating with other people's money should take another name than that of "banking." And, for final instance, I mean by "co-operation" not only fellowships between trading *firms*, but between trading *nations* ; so that it shall no more be thought (as it is now, with ludicrous and vain selfishness) an advantage for one nation to undersell another ; and take its occupation away from it ; but that the primal and eternal law of vital commerce shall be of all men understood—namely, that every nation is fitted by its character, and the nature of its territories, for some particular employments or manufactures ; and that it is the true interest of every other nation to encourage it in such speciality, and by no means to interfere with, but in all ways forward and protect, its efforts, ceasing all rivalry with it, so soon as it is strong enough to occupy its proper place. You see, therefore, that the idea of co-operation, in the sense in which I employ it, has hardly yet entered into the minds of political inquirers ; and I will not pursue it at present ; but return to that system which is beginning to obtain credence and practice among us. This, however, must be in a following letter.

LETTER II

*Co-operation, as hitherto understood, is perhaps
not expedient*

February 4, 1867.

4. LIMITING the inquiry, then, for the present, as proposed in the close of my last letter, to the form of co-operation which is now upon its trial in practice, I would beg of you to observe that the points at issue, in the comparison of this system with that of mastership, are by no means hitherto frankly stated ; still less can they as yet be fairly brought to test. For all mastership is not alike in principle ; there are just and unjust masterships ; and while, on the one hand, there can be no question but that co-operation is better than unjust and tyrannous mastership, there is very great room for doubt whether it be better than a just and benignant mastership.

5. At present you—every one of you—speak, and act, as if there were only one alternative ; namely, between a system in which profits shall be divided in due proportion among all ; and the present one, in which the workman is paid the least wages he will take, under the pressure of competition in the labour-market. But an intermediate method is conceivable ; a method which appears to me more prudent, and in its ultimate

results more just, than the co-operative one. An arrangement may be supposed, and I have good hope also may one day be effected, by which every subordinate shall be paid sufficient and regular wages, according to his rank; by which due provision shall be made out of the profits of the business for sick and superannuated workers; and by which the master, *being held responsible, as a minor king or governor, for the conduct as well as the comfort of all those under his rule,* shall, on that condition, be permitted to retain to his own use the surplus profits of the business which the fact of his being its master may be assumed to prove that he has organised by superior intellect and energy. And I think this principle of regular wage-paying, whether it be in the abstract more just, or not, is at all events the more prudent; for this reason mainly, that in spite of all the cant which is continually talked by cruel, foolish, or designing persons about "the duty of remaining content in the position in which Providence has placed you," there is a root of the very deepest and holiest truth in the saying, which gives to it such power as it still retains, even uttered by unkind and unwise lips, and received into doubtful and embittered hearts.

6. If, indeed, no effort be made to discover, in the course of their early training, for what services the youths of a nation are individually qualified; nor any care taken to place those who have unquestionably proved their fitness for certain functions, in the offices they could best fulfil,—then, to call the confused wreck of social order and life brought about by malicious collision

and competition, an arrangement of Providence, is quite one of the most insolent and wicked ways in which it is possible to take the name of God in vain. But if, at the proper time, some earnest effort be made to place youths, according to their capacities, in the occupations for which they are fitted, I think the system of organisation will be finally found the best, which gives the least encouragement to thoughts of any great future advance in social life.

7. The healthy sense of progress, which is necessary to the strength and happiness of men, does not consist in the anxiety of a struggle to attain higher place, or rank, but in gradually perfecting the manner, and accomplishing the ends, of the life which we have chosen, or which circumstances have determined for us. Thus, I think the object of a workman's ambition should not be to become a master; but to attain daily more subtle and exemplary skill in his own craft, to save from his wages enough to enrich and complete his home gradually with more delicate and substantial comforts; and to lay by such store as shall be sufficient for the happy maintenance of his old age (rendering him independent of the help provided for the sick and indigent by the arrangement pre-supposed), and sufficient also for the starting of his children in a rank of life equal to his own. If his wages are not enough to enable him to do this, they are unjustly low; if they are once raised to this adequate standard, I do not think that by the possible increase of his gains under contingencies of trade, or by divisions of profits with his master, he should be enticed into feverish hope of an entire change

of condition ; and as an almost necessary consequence, pass his days in an anxious discontent with immediate circumstances, and a comfortless scorn of his daily life, for which no subsequent success could indemnify him. And I am the more confident in this belief, because, even supposing a gradual rise in social rank possible for all well-conducted persons, my experience does not lead me to think the elevation itself, when attained, would be conducive to their happiness.

8. The grounds of this opinion I will give you in a future letter ; in the present one, I must pass to a more important point—namely, that if this stability of condition be indeed desirable for those in whom existing circumstances might seem to justify discontent, much more must it be good and desirable for those who already possess everything which can be conceived necessary to happiness. It is the merest insolence of selfishness to preach contentment to a labourer who gets thirty shillings a week, while we suppose an active and plotting covetousness to be meritorious in a man who has three thousand a year. In this, as in all other points of mental discipline, it is the duty of the upper classes to set an example to the lower ; and to recommend and justify the restraint of the ambition of their inferiors, chiefly by severe and timely limitation of their own. And, without at present inquiring into the greater or less convenience of the possible methods of accomplishing such an object, (every detail in suggestions of this kind necessarily furnishing separate matter of dispute,) I will merely state my long-fixed conviction, that one of the most *important conditions* of a healthful system of

social economy, would be the restraint of the properties and incomes of the upper classes within certain fixed limits. The temptation to use every energy in the accumulation of wealth being thus removed, another, and a higher ideal of the duties of advanced life would be necessarily created in the national mind ; by withdrawal of those who had attained the prescribed limits of wealth from commercial competition, earlier worldly success, and earlier marriage, with all its beneficent moral results, would become possible to the young ; while the older men of active intellect, whose sagacity is now lost or warped in the furtherance of their own meanest interests, would be induced unselfishly to occupy themselves in the superintendence of public institutions, or furtherance of public advantage. And out of this class it would be found natural and prudent always to choose the members of the legislative body of the Commons ; and to attach to the order also some peculiar honours, in the possession of which such complacency would be felt as would more than replace the unworthy satisfaction of being supposed richer than others, which to many men is the principal charm of their wealth. And although no law of this purport would ever be imposed on themselves by the actual upper classes, there is no hindrance to its being gradually brought into force from beneath, without any violent or impatient proceedings ; and this I will endeavour to show you in my next letter.

LETTER III

*Of True Legislation. That every Man may be a
Law to himself*

February 17, 1837.

9. No, I have not been much worse in health ; but I was asked by a friend to look over some work in which you will all be deeply interested one day, so that I could not write again till now. I was the more sorry, because there were several things I wished to note in your last letter ; one especially leads me directly to what I in any case was desirous of urging upon you. You say, "In vol. 6th of 'Frederick the Great' I find a great deal that I feel quite certain, if our Queen or Government could make law, thousands of our English workmen would hail with a shout of joy and gladness." I do not remember to what you especially allude, but whatever the rules you speak of may be, unless there be anything in them contrary to the rights of present English property, why should you care whether the Government makes them law or not ? Can you not, you thousands of English workmen, simply make them a law to yourselves, by practising them ?

It is now some five or six years since I first had occasion to speak to the members of the London *Working Men's College* on the subject of Reform,

and the substance of what I said to them was this : " You are all agape, my friends, for this mighty privilege of having your opinions represented in Parliament. The concession might be desirable,—at all events courteous,—if only it were quite certain you had got any opinions to represent. But have you ? Are you agreed on any single thing you systematically want ? Less work and more wages, of course ; but how much lessening of work do you suppose is possible ? Do you think the time will ever come for everybody to have *no* work and *all* wages ? Or have you yet taken the trouble so much as to think out the nature of the true connection between wages and work, and to determine, even approximately, the real quantity of the one, that can, according to the laws of God and nature, be given for the other ; for, rely on it, make what laws you like, that quantity only can you at last get.

10. " Do you know how many mouths can be fed on an acre of land, or how fast those mouths multiply ? and have you considered what is to be done finally with unfeedable mouths ? ' Send them to be fed elsewhere,' do you say ? Have you, then, formed any opinion as to the time at which emigration should begin, or the countries to which it should preferably take place, or the kind of population which should be left at home ? Have you planned the permanent state which you would wish England to hold, emigrating over her edges, like a full well, constantly ? How full would you have her be of people, first ? and of what sort of people ? Do you want her to be nothing but a large workshop and forge, so that

the name of ‘Englishman’ shall be synonymous with ‘ironmonger,’ all over the world ? or would you like to keep some of your lords and landed gentry still, and a few green fields and trees ?

11. “ You know well enough that there is not one of these questions, I do not say which you can answer, but which you have ever *thought* of answering ; and yet you want to have voices in Parliament ! Your voices are not worth a rat’s squeak, either in Parliament or out of it, till you have some ideas to utter with them ; and when you have the thoughts, you will not want to utter them, for you will see that your way to the fulfilling of them does not lie through speech. You think such matters need debating about ? By all means debate about them ; but debate among yourselves, and with such honest helpers of your thoughts as you can find ; if by that way you cannot get at the truth, do you suppose you could get at it sooner in the House of Commons, where the only aim of many of the members would be to refute every word uttered in your favour ; and where the settlement of any question whatever depends merely on the perturbations of the balance of conflicting interests ? ”

12. That was, in main particulars, what I then said to the men of the Working Men’s College ; and in this recurrent agitation about Reform, that is what I would steadfastly say again. Do you think it is only under the lacquered splendours of Westminster,—you working men of England,—that your affairs can be rationally talked over ? You have perfect liberty and power to talk over, and establish for yourselves, whatever laws you please ; so long as you do not interfere with other

people's liberties or properties. Elect a parliament of your own. Choose the best men among you, the best at least you can find, by whatever system of election you think likeliest to secure such desirable result. Invite trustworthy persons of other classes to join your council; appoint time and place for its stated sittings, and let this parliament, chosen after your own hearts, deliberate upon the possible modes of the regulation of industry, and advisablest schemes for helpful discipline of life; and so lay before you the best laws they can devise, which such of you as were wise might submit to, and teach their children to obey. And if any of the laws thus determined appear to be inconsistent with the present circumstances or customs of trade, do not make a noise about them, nor try to enforce them suddenly on others, nor embroider them on flags, nor call meetings in parks about them, in spite of railings and police; but keep them in your thoughts and sight, as objects of patient purpose and future achievement by peaceful strength.

13. For you need not think that even if you obtained a majority of representatives in the existing parliament, you could immediately compel any system of business, broadly contrary to that now established by custom. If you could pass laws to-morrow, wholly favourable to yourselves, as you might think, because unfavourable to your masters, and to the upper classes of society,—the only result would be that the riches of the country would at once leave it, and you would perish in riot and famine. Be assured that no great change for the better can ever be easily accomplished, or quickly; nor by

impulsive, ill-regulated effort, nor by bad men ; nor even by good men, without much suffering. The suffering must, indeed, come, one way or another, in all greatly critical periods ; the only question, for us, is whether we will reach our ends (if we ever reach them) through a chain of involuntary miseries, many of them useless, and all ignoble ; or whether we will know the worst at once, and deal with it by the wisely sharp methods of Godsped courage.

14. This, I repeat to you, it is wholly in your own power to do, but it is in your power on one condition only, that of steadfast truth to yourselves, and to all men. If there is not, in the sum of it, honesty enough among you to teach you to frame, and strengthen you to obey, *just* laws of trade, there is no hope left for you. No political constitution can ennable knaves ; no privileges can assist them ; no possessions enrich them. Their gains are occult curses ; comfortless loss their truest blessing ; failure and pain Nature's only mercy to them. Look to it, therefore, first, that you get some wholesome honesty for the foundation of all things. Without the resolution in your hearts to do good work, so long as your right hands have motion in them ; and to do it whether the issue be that you die or live, no life worthy the name will ever be possible to you, while, in once forming the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won, here and for ever. And to make your children capable of such resolution, is the beginning of all true education, of which I have more to say in a future letter.

LETTER IV

The Expenses for Art and for War

February 19, 1867.

15. IN the *Pall Mall Gazette* of yesterday, second column of second page, you will find, close to each other, two sentences which bear closely on matters in hand. The first of these is the statement, that in the debate on the grant for the Blacas collection, "Mr. Bernal Osborne got an assenting cheer, when he said that ' whenever science and art were mentioned it was a sign to look after the national pockets.' " I want you to notice this fact, i.e., (the debate in question being on a *total* grant of £164,000, of which £48,000 only were truly for art's sake, and the rest for shop's sake,) in illustration of a passage in my *Sesame and Lilies*, § 33,¹ to which I shall have again to refer you, with some further comments, in the sequel of these letters. The second passage is to the effect that "The Trades' Union Bill was read a second time, after a claim from Mr. Hadfield, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Samuelson, to admit working men into the commission ; to which Mr. Watkin answered ' that the working men's friend was too conspicuous in the body ' ; and Mr. Roebuck, ' that when a butcher was

¹ Appendix I. [Below, p. 177.]
29

tried for murder it was not necessary to have butchers on the jury.' "

16. Note this second passage with respect to what I said in my last letter, as to the impossibility of the laws of work being investigated in the House of Commons. What admixture of elements, think you, would avail to obtain so much as decent hearing (how should we then speak of impartial judgment ?) of the cause of working men, in an assembly which permits to one of its principal members this insolent dis-courtesy of language, in dealing with a preliminary question of the highest importance ; and permits it as so far expressive of the whole colour and tone of its own thoughts, that the sentence is quoted by one of the most temperate and accurate of our daily journals, as representing the total answer of the opposite side in the debate ? No ! be assured you can do nothing yet at West-minster. You must have your own parliament, and if you cannot detect enough honesty among you to constitute a justly minded one, for the present matters must take their course, and that will be, yet awhile, to the worse.

17. I meant to have continued this subject, but I see two other statements in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of to-day, with which, and a single remark upon them, I think it will be well to close my present letter.

(1) "The total sum asked for in the army estimates, published this morning, is £14,752,200, being an increase of £412,000 over the previous year."

(2) "Yesterday the annual account of the navy receipts and expenditure for the year ending

31st March, 1866, was issued from the Admiralty. The expenditure was £10,268,115, 7s."

Omitting the seven shillings, and even the odd hundred-thousands of pounds, the net annual expenditure for army and navy appears to be twenty-four millions.

The "grant in science and art," two-thirds of which was not in reality for either, but for amusement and shop interests in the Paris Exhibition—the grant which the House of Commons feels to be indicative of general danger to the national pockets—is, as above stated, £164,000. Now, I believe the three additional ciphers which turn thousands into millions produce on the intelligent English mind usually the effect of—three ciphers. But calculate the proportion of these two sums, and then imagine to yourself the beautiful state of rationality of any private gentleman, who, having regretfully spent £164 on pictures for his walls, paid willingly £24,000 annually to the policeman who looked after his shutters! You practical English!—will you ever unbar the shutters of your brains, and hang a picture or two in *those* state-chambers?

LETTER V

The Corruption of Modern Pleasure.—(Covent Garden Pantomime)

February 25, 1867.

18. THERE is this great advantage in the writing real letters, that the direct correspondence is a sufficient reason for saying, in or out of order, everything that the chances of the day bring into one's head, in connection with the matter in hand ; and as such things very usually go out of one's head again, after they get tired of their lodging, they would otherwise never get said at all. And thus to-day, quite out of order, but in very close connection with another part of our subject, I am going to tell you what I was thinking on Friday evening last, in Covent Garden Theatre, as I was looking, and not laughing, at the pantomime of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

When you begin seriously to consider the question referred to in my second letter, of the essential, and in the outcome inviolable, connection between quantity of wages, and quantity of work, you will see that "wages" in the full sense don't mean "pay" merely, but the reward, whatever it may be, of pleasure as well as profit, and of various other advantages, which a man is meant by Providence to get during life, for work well done. Even limiting the idea to "pay," the

question is not so much what quantity of coin you get, as—what you can get for it when you have it. Whether a shilling a day be good pay or not, depends wholly on what a “shilling’s worth” is ; that is to say, what quantity of the things you want may be had for a shilling. And that again depends, and a great deal more than that depends, on what you *do* want. If only drink, and foul clothes, such and such pay may be enough for you ; if you want good meat and good clothes, you must have larger wage ; if clean rooms and fresh air, larger still, and so on. You say, perhaps, “every one wants these better things.” So far from that, a wholesome taste for cleanliness and fresh air is one of the final attainments of humanity. There are now not many European gentlemen, even in the highest classes, who have a pure and right love of fresh air. They would put the filth of tobacco even into the first breeze of a May morning.

19. But there are better things even than these, which one may want. Grant that one has good food, clothes, lodging, and breathing, is that all the pay one ought to have for one’s work ? Wholesome means of existence and nothing more ? Enough, perhaps, you think, if everybody could get these. It may be so ; I will not, at this moment, dispute it ; nevertheless, I will boldly say that you should sometimes want more than these ; and for one of many things more, you should want occasionally to be amused !

You know, the upper classes, most of them, want to be amused all day long. They think

“ One moment *unamused* a misery
Not made for feeble men.”

Perhaps you have been in the habit of despising them for this ; and thinking how much worthier and nobler it was to work all day, and care at night only for food and rest, than to do no useful thing all day, eat unearned food, and spend the evening, as the morning, in "change of follies and relays of joy." No, my good friend, that is one of the fatallest deceptions. It is not a noble thing, in sum and issue of it, not to care to be amused. It is indeed a far higher *moral* state, but is a much lower *creature* state, than that of the upper classes.

20. Yonder poor horse, calm slave in daily chains at the railroad siding, who drags the detached rear of the train to the front again, and slips aside so deftly as the buffers meet ; and, within eighteen inches of death every ten minutes, fulfils his changeless duty all day long, content, for eternal reward, with his night's rest, and his champed mouthful of hay ;—anything more earnestly moral and beautiful one cannot image—I never see the creature without a kind of worship. And yonder musician, who used the greatest power which (in the art he knew) the Father of spirits ever yet breathed into the clay of this world ;—who used it, I say, to follow and fit with perfect sound the words of the "Zauberflöte" and of "Don Giovanni"—foolishest and most monstrous of conceivable human words and subjects of thought—for the future "amusement" of his race !—No such spectacle of unconscious (and in that unconsciousness all the more fearful) moral degradation of the highest faculty to the lowest purpose can be found in history. But Mozart is nevertheless a nobler creature than the

horse at the siding ; nor would it be the least nearer the purpose of his Maker that he, and all his frivolous audiences, should evade the degradation of the profitless piping, only by living, like horses, in daily physical labour for daily bread.

21. There are three things to which man is born¹—labour, and sorrow, and joy. Each of these three things has its baseness and its nobleness. There is base labour, and noble labour. There is base sorrow, and noble sorrow. There is base joy, and noble joy. But you must not think to avoid the corruption of these things by doing without the things themselves. Nor can any life be right that has not all three. Labour without joy is base. Labour without sorrow is base. Sorrow without labour is base. Joy without labour is base.

22. I dare say you think I am a long time in coming to the pantomime ; I am not ready to come to it yet in due course, for we ought to go and see the Japanese jugglers first, in order to let me fully explain to you what I mean. But I can't write much more to-day ; so I shall merely tell you what part of the play set me thinking of all this, and leave you to consider of it yourself, till I can send you another letter. The pantomime was, as I said, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." The forty thieves were girls. The forty thieves had forty companions, who were girls. The forty thieves and their forty companions were in some way mixed up with about four hundred and forty fairies, who were girls. There was an Oxford and Cambridge boat-race,

¹ I ask the reader's thoughtful attention to this paragraph, on which much of what else I have to say depends.

in which the Oxford and Cambridge men were girls. There was a transformation scene, with a forest, in which the flowers were girls, and a chandelier, in which the lamps were girls, and a great rainbow which was all of girls.

23. Mingled incongruously with these seraphic, and, as far as my boyish experience extends, novel, elements of pantomime, there were yet some of its old and fast-expiring elements. There were, in speciality, two thoroughly good pantomime actors—Mr. W. H. Payne and Mr. Frederick Payne. All that these two did, was done admirably. There were two subordinate actors, who played, subordinately well, the fore and hind legs of a donkey. And there was a little actress of whom I have chiefly to speak, who played exquisitely the little part she had to play. The scene in which she appeared was the only one in the whole pantomime in which there was any dramatic effort, or, with a few rare exceptions, any dramatic possibility. It was the home scene, in which Ali Baba's wife, on washing day, is called upon by butcher, baker, and milkman, with unpaid bills; and in the extremity of her distress hears her husband's knock at the door, and opens it for him to drive in his donkey, laden with gold. The children who have been beaten instead of getting breakfast, presently share in the raptures of their father and mother; and the little lady I spoke of, eight or nine years old,—dances a *pas-de-deux* with the donkey.

24. She did it beautifully and simply, as a child ought to dance. She was not an infant prodigy; there was no evidence, in the finish or strength of her motion, that she had been put to

continual torture through half her eight or nine years. She did nothing more than any child, well taught, but painlessly, might easily do. She caricatured no older person,—attempted no curious or fantastic skill. She was dressed decently,—she moved decently,—she looked and behaved innocently,—and she danced her joyful dance with perfect grace, spirit, sweetness, and self-forgetfulness. And through all the vast theatre, full of English fathers and mothers and children, there was not one hand lifted to give her sign of praise but mine.

Presently after this, came on the forty thieves, who, as I told you, were girls ; and, there being no thieving to be presently done, and time hanging heavy on their hands, arms, and legs, the forty thief-girls proceeded to light forty cigars. Whereupon the British public gave them a round of applause. Whereupon I fell a thinking ; and saw little more of the piece, except as an ugly and disturbing dream.

LETTER VI

The Corruption of Modern Pleasure.—(The Japanese Jugglers)

February 28, 1867.

25. I HAVE your pleasant letter with references to Frederick. I will look at them carefully.¹ Mr. Carlyle himself will be pleased to hear this letter when he comes home. I heard from him last week at Mentone. He is well, and glad of the light and calm of Italy. I must get back to the evil light and uncalm, of the places I was taking you through.

(Parenthetically, did you see the article in the *Times* of yesterday on bribery, and the conclusion of the commission—"No one sold any opinions, for no one had any opinions to sell"?)

Both on Thursday and Friday last I had been tormented by many things, and wanted to disturb my course of thought any way I could. I have told you what entertainment I got on Friday, first, for it was then that I began meditating over these letters; let me tell you now what entertainment I found on Thursday.

26. You may have heard that a company of Japanese jugglers has come over to exhibit in London. There has long been an increasing

¹ Appendix II. [Below, p. 178.]
38

interest in Japanese art, which has been very harmful to many of our own painters, and I greatly desired to see what these people were, and what they did. Well, I have seen Blondin, and various English and French circus work, but never yet anything that surprised me so much as one of these men's exercises on a suspended pole. Its special character was a close approximation to the action and power of the monkey; even to the prehensile power in the foot; so that I asked a sculptor-friend who sat in front of me, whether he thought such a grasp could be acquired by practice, or indicated difference in race. He said he thought it might be got by practice. There was also much inconceivably dexterous work in spinning of tops,—making them pass in balanced motion along the edge of a sword, and along a level string, and the like;—the father performing in the presence of his two children, who encouraged him continually with short, sharp cries, like those of animals. Then there was some fairly good sleight-of-hand juggling of little interest; ending with a dance by the juggler, first as an animal, and then as a goblin. Now, there was this great difference between the Japanese masks used in this dance and our common pantomime masks for beasts and demons,—that our English masks are only stupidly and loathsome ugly, by exaggeration of feature, or of defect of feature. But the Japanese masks (like the frequent monsters of Japanese art) were inventively frightful, like fearful dreams; and whatever power it is that acts on human minds, enabling them to invent such, appears to me not only to deserve the term "demoniacal," as the only

word expressive of its character; but to be logically capable of no other definition.

27. The impression, therefore, produced upon me by the whole scene, was that of being in the presence of human creatures of a partially inferior race, but not without great human gentleness, domestic affection, and ingenious intellect; who were, nevertheless, as a nation, afflicted by an evil spirit, and driven by it to recreate themselves in achieving, or beholding the achievement, through years of patience, of a certain correspondence with the nature of the lower animals.

28. These, then, were the two forms of diversion or recreation of my mind possible to me, in two days, when I needed such help, in this metropolis of England. I might, as a rich man, have had better music, if I had so chosen, though, even so, not rational or helpful; but a poor man could only have these, or worse than these, if he cared for any manner of spectacle. (I am not at present, observe, speaking of pure acting, which is a study, and recreative only as a noble book is; but of means of *mere* amusement.)

Now, lastly, in illustration of the effect of these and other such "amusements," and of the desire to obtain them, on the minds of our youth, read the *Times* correspondent's letter from Paris, in the tenth page of the paper, to-day;¹ and that will be quite enough for you to read, for the present, I believe.

¹ Appendix III. [Below, p. 181.]

LETTER VII

Of the various Expressions of National Festivity

March 4, 1867.

29. THE subject which I want to bring before you is now branched, and worse than branched, reticulated, in so many directions, that I hardly know which shoot of it to trace, or which knot to lay hold of first.

I had intended to return to those Japanese jugglers, after a visit to a theatre in Paris; but I had better, perhaps, at once tell you the piece of the performance which, in connection with the scene in the English pantomime, bears most on matters in hand.

It was also a dance by a little girl—though one older than Ali Baba's daughter (I suppose a girl of twelve or fourteen). A dance, so called, which consisted only in a series of short, sharp contractions and jerks of the body and limbs, resulting in attitudes of distorted and quaint ugliness, such as might be produced in a puppet by sharp twitching of strings at its joints: these movements being made to the sound of two instruments, which between them accomplished only a quick vibratory beating and strumming, in nearly the time of a hearth-cricket's song, but much harsher, and of course louder, and

without any sweetness ; only in the monotony and aimless construction of it, reminding one of various other insect and reptile cries or warnings : partly of the cicala's hiss ; partly of the little melancholy German frog which says " Mu, mu, mu," all summer-day long, with its nose out of the pools by Dresden and Leipsic ; and partly of the deadened quivering and intense continuousness of the alarm of the rattlesnake.

While this was going on, there was a Bible text repeating itself over and over again in my head, whether I would or no : " And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." To which text and some others, I shall ask your attention presently ; but I must go to Paris first.

30. Not at once, however, to the theatre, but to a bookseller's shop, No. 4, Rue Voltaire, where, in the year 1858, was published the fifth edition of Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques*, illustrated by 425 designs by Gustave Doré.

Both text and illustrations are as powerful as it is ever in the nature of evil things to be—(there is no *final* strength but in rightness). Nothing more witty, nor more inventively horrible, has yet been produced in the evil literature, or by the evil art, of man : nor can I conceive it possible to go beyond either in their specialities of corruption. The text is full of blasphemies, subtle, tremendous, hideous in shamelessness, some put into the mouths of priests ; the illustrations are, in a word, one continuous revelry in the most loathsome and monstrous aspects of death and sin, enlarged into fantastic ghastliness

of caricature, as if seen through the distortion and trembling of the hot smoke of the mouth of hell. Take this following for a general type of what they seek in death : one of the most laboured designs is of a man cut in two, downwards, by the sweep of a sword—one half of him falls towards the spectator ; the other half is elaborately drawn in its section—giving the profile of the divided nose and lips ; cleft jaw—breast—and entrails ; and this is done with farther pollution and horror of intent in the circumstances, which I do not choose to describe—still less some other of the designs which seek for fantastic extreme of sin, as this for the utmost horror of death. But of all the 425, there is not one, which does not violate every instinct of decency and law of virtue or life, written in the human soul.

31. Now, my friend, among the many “ Signs of the Times ” the production of a book like this is a significant one : but it becomes more significant still when connected with the farther fact, that M. Gustave Doré, the designer of this series of plates, has just been received with loud acclaim by the British Evangelical Public, as the fittest and most able person whom they could at present find to illustrate, to their minds, and recommend with grace of sacred art, their hitherto unadorned Bible for them.

Of which Bible, and of the use we at present make of it in England, having a grave word or two to say in my next letter (preparatory to the examination of that verse which haunted me through the Japanese juggling, and of some others also), I leave you first this sign of the public esteem of it to consider at your leisure.

LETTER VIII

The Four possible Theories respecting the Authority of the Bible

March 7, 1867.

32. I HAVE your yesterday's letter, but must not allow myself to be diverted from the business in hand for this once, for it is the most important of which I have to write to you.

You must have seen long ago that the essential difference between the political economy I am trying to teach, and the popular science, is, that mine is based on *presumably attainable honesty* in men, and conceivable respect in them for the interests of others, while the popular science finds itself wholly on their supposed constant regard for their own, and on their honesty only so far as thereby likely to be secured.

It becomes, therefore, for me, and for all who believe anything I say, a quite primal question on what this presumably attainable honesty is to be based.

33. "Is it to be based on religion?" you may ask. "Are we to be honest for fear of losing heaven if we are dishonest, or (to put it as generously as we may) for fear of displeasing God? Or, are we to be honest on speculation, because honesty is the best policy; and to invest in *virtue* as in an undepreciable stock?"

And my answer is—not in any hesitating or diffident way (and you know, my friend, that whatever people may say of me, I often do speak diffidently; though, when I am diffident of things, I like to avoid speaking of them, if it may be; but here I say with no shadow of doubt)—your honesty is *not* to be based either on religion or policy. Both your religion and policy must be based on *it*. Your honesty must be based, as the sun is, in vacant heaven; poised, as the lights in the firmament, which have rule over the day and over the night. If you ask why you are to be honest—you are, in the question itself, dishonoured. “Because you are a man,” is the only answer; and therefore I said in a former letter that to make your children *capable of honesty* is the beginning of education. Make them men first, and religious men afterwards, and all will be sound; but a knave’s religion is always the rottenest thing about him.

34. It is not, therefore, because I am endeavouring to lay down a foundation of religious concrete, on which to build piers of policy, that you so often find me quoting Bible texts in defence of this or that principle or assertion. But the fact that such references are an offence, as I know them to be, to many of the readers of these political essays, is one among many others, which I would desire you to reflect upon (whether you are yourself one of the offended or not), as expressive of the singular position which the mind of the British public has at present taken with respect to its worshipped Book. The positions, honestly tenable, before I use any more of its texts, I must try to define for you.

35. All the theories possible to theological disputants respecting the Bible are resolvable into four, and four only.

(1.) The first is that of the illiterate modern religious world, that every word of the book known to them as "The Bible" was dictated by the Supreme Being, and is in every syllable of it His "Word."

This theory is of course tenable by no ordinarily well-educated person.

(2.) The second theory is, that, although admitting verbal error, the substance of the whole collection of books called the Bible is absolutely true, and furnished to man by Divine inspiration of the speakers and writers of it; and that every one who honestly and prayerfully seeks for such truth in it as is necessary for his salvation, will infallibly find it there.

This theory is that held by most of our good and upright clergymen, and the better class of the professedly religious laity.

(3.) The third theory is that the group of books which we call the Bible were neither written nor collected under any Divine guidance, securing them from substantial error; and that they contain, like all other human writings, false statements mixed with true, and erring thoughts mixed with just thoughts; but that they nevertheless relate, on the whole, faithfully, the dealings of the one God with the first races of man, and His dealings with them in aftertime through Christ: that they record true miracles, and bear true witness to the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

This is a theory held by many of the active leaders of modern thought.

(4.) The fourth, and last possible, theory is that the mass of religious Scripture contains merely the best efforts which we hitherto know to have been made by any of the races of men towards the discovery of some relations with the spiritual world ; that they are only trustworthy as expressions of the enthusiastic visions or beliefs of earnest men oppressed by the world's darkness, and have no more authoritative claim on our faith than the religious speculations and histories of the Egyptians, Greeks, Persians, and Indians ; but are, in common with all these, to be reverently studied, as containing a portion, divinely appointed, of the best wisdom which human intellect, earnestly seeking for help from God, has hitherto been able to gather between birth and death.

This has been, for the last half-century, the theory of the soundest scholars and thinkers of Europe.

36. There is yet indeed one farther condition of incredulity attainable, and sorrowfully attained, by many men of powerful intellect—the incredulity, namely, of inspiration in any sense, or of help given by any Divine power to the thoughts of men. But this form of infidelity merely indicates a natural incapacity for receiving certain emotions ; though many honest and good men belong to this insentient class.

37. The educated men, therefore, who may be seriously appealed to, in these days, on questions of moral responsibility, as modified by Scripture, are broadly divisible into three classes, severally holding the last three theories above stated.

Now, whatever power a passage from the statedly authoritative portions of the Bible may have over the mind of a person holding the fourth theory, it will have a proportionately greater over that of persons holding the third or the second. I, therefore, always imagine myself speaking to the fourth class of theorists. If I can persuade or influence *them*, I am logically sure of the others. I say "logically," for the actual fact, strange as it may seem, is that no persons are so little likely to submit to a passage of Scripture not to their fancy, as those who are most positive on the subject of its general inspiration.

38. Addressing, then, this fourth class of thinkers, I would say to them, when asking them to enter on any subject of importance to national morals, or conduct, "This book, which has been the accepted guide of the moral intelligence of Europe for some fifteen hundred years, enforces certain simple laws of human conduct which you know have also been agreed upon, in every main point, by all the religious, and by all the greatest profane writers, of every age and country. This book primarily forbids pride, lasciviousness, and covetousness; and you know that all great thinkers, in every nation of mankind, have similarly forbidden these mortal vices. This book enjoins truth, temperance, charity, and equity; and you know that every great Egyptian, Greek, and Indian, enjoins these also. You know besides, that through all the mysteries of human fate and history, this one great law of fate is written on the walls of cities, or in their dust; written in letters of light, and letters of blood,—

that where truth, temperance, and equity have been preserved, all strength, and peace, and joy have been preserved also ;—that where lying, lasciviousness, and covetousness have been practised, there has followed an infallible, and, for centuries, irrecoverable ruin. And you know, lastly, that the observance of this common law of righteousness, commanding itself to all the pure instincts of men, and fruitful in their temporal good, is by the religious writers of every nation, and chiefly in this venerated Scripture of ours, connected with some distinct hope of better life, and righteousness, to come.

39. “ Let it not then offend you if, deducing principles of action first from the laws and facts of nature, I nevertheless fortify them also by appliance of the precepts, or suggestive and probable teachings of this Book, of which the authority is over many around you, more distinctly than over you, and which, confessing to be divine, *they*, at least, can only disobey at their moral peril.”

On these grounds, and in this temper, I am in the habit of appealing to passages of Scripture in my writings on political economy ; and in this temper I will ask you to consider with me some conclusions which appear to me derivable from that text about Miriam, which haunted me through the jugglery ; and from certain others.

LETTER IX

The Use of Music and Dancing under the Jewish Theocracy, compared with their Use by the Modern French

March 10, 1867.

40. HAVING, I hope, made you now clearly understand with what feeling I would use the authority of the book which the British public, professing to consider sacred, have lately adorned for themselves with the work of the boldest violator of the instincts of human honour and decency known yet in art-history, I will pursue by the help of that verse about Miriam, and some others, the subject which occupied my mind at both theatres, and to which, though in so apparently desultory manner, I have been nevertheless very earnestly endeavouring to lead you.

41. The going forth of the women of Israel after Miriam with timbrels and with dances, was, as you doubtless remember, their expression of passionate triumph and thankfulness, after the full accomplishment of their deliverance from the Egyptians. That deliverance had been by the utter death of their enemies, and accompanied by stupendous miracle; no human creatures could in an hour of triumph be surrounded by circumstances more solemn. I am not going to try to excite your feelings about them. Consider only

for yourself what that seeing of the Egyptians “dead upon the sea-shore” meant to every soul that saw it. And then reflect that these intense emotions of mingled horror, triumph, and gratitude were expressed, in the visible presence of the Deity, by music and dancing. If you answer that you do not believe the Egyptians so perished, or that God ever appeared in a pillar of cloud, I reply, “Be it so—believe or disbelieve, as you choose;—This is yet assuredly the fact, that the author of the poem or fable of the Exodus supposed that, under such circumstances of Divine interposition as he had invented, the triumph of the Israelitish women would have been, and ought to have been, under the direction of a prophetess, expressed by music and dancing.”

42. Nor was it possible that he should think otherwise, at whatever period he wrote; both music and dancing being, among all great ancient nations, an appointed and very principal part of the worship of the gods.

And that very theatrical entertainment at which I sate thinking over these things for you—that pantomime, which depended throughout for its success on an appeal to the vices of the lower London populace, was, in itself, nothing but a corrupt remnant of the religious ceremonies which guided the most serious faiths of the Greek mind, and laid the foundation of their gravest moral and didactic—more forcibly so because at the same time dramatic—literature.

43. Returning to the Jewish history, you find soon afterwards this enthusiastic religious dance and song employed, in their more common and habitual manner, in the idolatries under Sinai;

but beautifully again and tenderly, after the triumph of Jephthah, "And behold his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances." Again, still more notably, at the triumph of David with Saul, "the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing to meet King Saul with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music." And you have this joyful song and dance of the virgins of Israel not only incidentally alluded to in the most solemn passages of Hebrew religious poetry (as in Psalm lxviii. 24, 25, and Psalm cxlix. 2, 3), but approved, and the restoration of it promised as a sign of God's perfect blessing, most earnestly by the saddest of the Hebrew prophets, and in one of the most beautiful of all his sayings.

"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.—I will build thee, and thou shalt be built, O Virgin of Israel; thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and thou shalt go forth in dances with them that make merry'" (Jer. xxxi. 3, 4; and compare verse 13). And finally, you have in two of quite the most important passages in the whole series of Scripture (one in the Old Testament, one in the New), the rejoicing in the repentance from, and remission of, sins, expressed by means of music and dancing, namely, in the rapturous dancing of David before the returning ark; and in the joy of the father's household at the repentance of the prodigal son.

44. I could put all this much better, and more convincingly, before you, if I were able to take any pains in writing at present; but I am not,

as I told you ; being weary and ill ; neither do I much care now to use what, in the very truth, are but tricks of literary art, in dealing with this so grave subject. You see I write you my letter straightforward, and let you see all my scratchings out and puttings in ; and if the way I say things shocks you, or any other reader of these letters, I cannot help it ; this only I know, that what I tell you is true, and written more earnestly than anything I ever wrote with my best literary care ; and that you will find it useful to think upon, however it be said. Now, therefore, to draw towards our conclusion. Supposing the Bible inspired, in any of the senses above defined, you have in these passages a positively Divine authority for the use of song and dance, as a means of religious service, and expression of national thanksgiving. Supposing it not inspired, you have (taking the passages for as slightly authoritative as you choose) record in them, nevertheless, of a state of mind in a great nation, producing the most beautiful religious poetry and perfect moral law hitherto known to us, yet only expressible by them, to the fulfilment of their joyful passion, by means of processional dance and choral song.

45. Now I want you to contrast this state of religious rapture with some of our modern phases of mind in parallel circumstances. You see that the promise of Jeremiah's, "Thou shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry," is immediately followed by this, "Thou shalt yet *plant vines* upon the mountains of Samaria." And again, at the yearly feast to the Lord in Shiloh, the dancing of the virgins was in the

midst of the vineyards (Judges xxi. 21), the feast of the vintage being in the south, as our harvest home in the north, a peculiar occasion of joy and thanksgiving. I happened to pass the autumn of 1863 in one of the great vine districts of Switzerland, under the slopes of the outlying branch of the Jura which limits the arable plain of the Canton Zurich, some fifteen miles north of Zurich itself. That city has always been a renowned stronghold of Swiss Protestantism, next in importance only to Geneva ; and its evangelical zeal for the conversion of the Catholics of Uri, and endeavours to bring about that spiritual result by stopping the supplies of salt they needed to make their cheeses with, brought on (the Uri men reading their Matt. v. 13, in a different sense) the battle of Keppel, and the death of the reformer Zwinglius. The town itself shows the most gratifying signs of progress in all the modern arts and sciences of life. It is nearly as black as Newcastle—has a railroad station larger than the London terminus of the Chatham and Dover—fouls the stream of the Limmat as soon as it issues from the lake, so that you might even venture to compare the formerly simple and innocent Swiss river (I remember it thirty years ago—a current of pale green crystal) with the highly educated English streams of Weare or Tyne ; and, finally, has as many French prints of dissolute tendency in its principal shop windows as if they had the privilege of opening on the Parisian Boulevards.

46. I was somewhat anxious to see what species of thanksgiving or exultation would be expressed at *their* vintage, by the peasantry in the

neighbourhood of this much enlightened, evangelical, and commercial society. It consisted in two ceremonies only. During the day, the servants of the farms where the grapes had been gathered, collected in knots about the vineyards, and slowly fired horse-pistols, from morning to evening. At night they got drunk, and staggered up and down the hill paths, uttering, at short intervals, yells and shrieks, differing only from the howling of wild animals by a certain intended and insolent discordance, only attainable by the malignity of debased human creatures.

47. I must not do the injustice to the Zurich peasantry of implying that this manner of festivity is peculiar to them. A year before, in 1862, I had formed the intention of living some years in the neighbourhood of Geneva, and had established myself experimentally on the eastern slope of the Mont Salève; but I was forced to abandon my purpose at last, because I could not endure the rabid howling, on Sunday evenings, of the holiday-makers who came out from Geneva to get drunk in the mountain village. By the way, your last letter, with its extracts about our traffic in gin, is very valuable. I will come to that part of the business in a little while. Meantime, my friend, note this, respecting what I have told you, that in the very centre of Europe, in a country which is visited for their chief pleasure by the most refined and thoughtful persons among all Christian nations—a country made by God's hand the most beautiful in the temperate regions of the earth, and inhabited by a race once capable of the sternest patriotism and simplest purity of life, your modern religion, in the very stronghold

of it, has reduced the song and dance of ancient virginal thanksgiving to the howlings and staggerings of men betraying, in intoxication, a nature sunk more than half-way towards the beasts ; and you will begin to understand why the Bible should have been "illustrated" by Gustave Doré.

48. One word more is needful, though this letter is long already. The peculiar ghastliness of this Swiss mode of festivity is in its utter failure of joy ; the paralysis and helplessness of a vice in which there is neither pleasure, nor art. But we are not, throughout Europe, wholly thus. There are such things, yet, as rapturous song and dance among us, though not indicative, by any means, of joy over repentant sinners. You must come back to Paris with me again. I had an evening to spare there, last summer, for investigation of theatres ; and as there was nothing at any of them that I cared much about seeing, I asked a valet-de-place at Meurice's what people were generally going to. He said, "All the English went to see the *Lanterne Magique*." I do not care to tell you what general entertainment I received in following, for once, the lead of my countrymen ; but it closed with the representation of the characteristic dancing of all ages of the world ; and the dance given as characteristic of modern time was the Cancan, which you will see alluded to in the extract given in the note at page 80 of "Sesame and Lilies" (the small edition ; and page 54 of Vol. I. of the Revised Series of the Entire Works). "The ball terminated with a Devilish Chain and a Cancan of Hell, at seven in the morning." It was led by

four principal dancers (who have since appeared in London in the *Huguenot Captain*), and it is many years since I have seen such perfect dancing, as far as finish and accuracy of art and fulness of animal power and fire are concerned. Nothing could be better done, in its own evil way, the object of the dance throughout being to express, in every gesture, the wildest fury of insolence and vicious passions possible to human creatures. So that you see, though, for the present, we find ourselves utterly incapable of a rapture of gladness or thanksgiving, the dance which is presented as characteristic of modern civilisation is still rapturous enough—but it is with rapture of blasphemy.

LETTER X

The Meaning and Actual Operation of Satanic or Demonic Influence

March 16, 1867.

49. You may gather from the facts given you in my last letter that, as the expression of true and holy gladness was in old time stately offered up by men for a part of worship to God their Father, so the expression of false and unholy gladness is in modern times, with as much distinctness and plainness, asserted by them openly to be offered to another spirit: "Chain of the Devil," and "Can-can of Hell" being the names assigned to these modern forms of joyous procession.

Now, you know that, among the best and wisest of our present religious teachers, there is a gradual tendency to disbelief, and to preach their disbelief, in the commonly received ideas of the Devil, and of his place, and his work. While, among some of our equally well-meaning, but far less wise, religious teachers, there is, in consequence, a panic spreading in anticipation of the moral dangers which must follow on the loss of the help of the Devil. One of the last appearances in public of the author of the *Christian Year* was at a conclave of clergymen assembled

in defence of faith in damnation.¹ The sense of the meeting generally was, that there *must* be such a place as hell, because no one would ever behave decently upon earth unless they were kept in wholesome fear of the fires beneath it : and Mr. Keble, especially insisting on this view, related a story of an old woman who had a wicked son, and who, having lately heard with horror of the teaching of Mr. Maurice and others, exclaimed pathetically, “ My son is bad enough as it is, and if he were not afraid of hell, what would become of him ! ” (I write from memory, and cannot answer for the words, but I can for their purport.)

50. Now, my friend, I am afraid that I must incur the charge of such presumption as may be involved in variance from *both* these systems of teaching.

I do not merely *believe* there is such a place as hell. I *know* there is such a place ; and I know also that when men have got to the point of believing virtue impossible but through dread of it, they have got *into* it.

I mean, that according to the distinctness with which they hold such a creed, the stain of nether fire has passed upon them. In the depth of his heart Mr. Keble could not have entertained the thought for an instant ; and I believe it was only as a conspicuous sign to the religious world of the state into which they were sinking, that this creed, possible in its sincerity only to the basest of them, was nevertheless appointed to be uttered

¹ *Physical* damnation, I should have said. It is strange how seldom pain of heart is spoken of as a possible element of future, or as the worst of present pain.

by the lips of the most tender, gracious, and beloved of their teachers.

51. "Virtue impossible but for fear of hell"—a lofty creed for your English youth—and a holy one! And yet, my friend, there was something of right in the terrors of this clerical conclave. For, though you should assuredly be able to hold your own in the straight ways of God, without always believing that the Devil is at your side, it is a state of mind much to be dreaded, that you should not *know* the Devil when you *see* him there. For the probability is that when you do see him, the way you are walking in is not one of God's ways at all, but is leading you quite into other neighbourhoods than His. On His way, indeed, you may often, like Albert Dürer's Knight, see the Fiend behind you, but you will find that he drops always farther and farther behind; whereas, if he jogs with you at your side, it is probably one of his own by-paths you are got on. And, in any case, it is a highly desirable matter that you should know him when you set eyes on him, which we are very far from doing in these days, having convinced ourselves that the graminivorous form of him, with horn and tail, is extant no longer. But in fearful truth, the Presence and Power of Him is here; in the world, with us, and within us, mock as you may; and the fight with him, for the time, sore, and widely unprosperous.

Do not think I am speaking metaphorically or rhetorically, or with any other than literal and earnest meaning of words. Hear me, I pray you, therefore, for a little while, as earnestly as I speak.

52. Every faculty of man's soul, and every

instinct of it by which he is meant to live, is exposed to its own special form of corruption : and whether within Man, or in the external world, there is a power or condition of temptation which is perpetually endeavouring to reduce every glory of his soul, and every power of his life, to such corruption as is possible to them. And the more beautiful they are, the more fearful is the death which is attached as a penalty to their degradation.

53. Take, for instance, that which, in its purity, is the source of the highest and purest mortal happiness—Love. Think of it first at its highest—as it may exist in the disciplined spirit of a perfect human creature ; as it has so existed again and again, and does always, wherever it truly exists at all, as the *purifying* passion of the soul. I will not speak of the transcendental and imaginative intensity in which it may reign in noble hearts, as when it inspired the greatest religious poem yet given to men ; but take it in its true and quiet purity in any simple lover's heart,—as you have it expressed, for instance, thus, exquisitely, in the *Angel in the House* :—

“ And there, with many a blissful tear,
I vowed to love and prayed to wed
The maiden who had grown so dear ;—
Thanked God, who had set her in my path ;
And promised, as I hoped to win,
I never would sully my faith
By the least selfishness or sin ;
Whatever in her sight I'd seem
I'd really be ; I'd never blend
With my delight in her a dream
”Twould change her cheek to comprehend ;
And, if she wished it, I'd prefer
Another's to my own success ;
And always seek the best for her
With unofficious tenderness.”

Take this for the pure type of it in its simplicity ; and then think of what corruption this passion is capable. I will give you a type of that also, and at your very doors. I cannot refer you to the time when the crime happened ; but it was some four or five years ago, near Newcastle, and it has remained always as a ghastly landmark in my mind, owing to the horror of the external circumstances. The body of the murdered woman was found naked, rolled into a heap of ashes, at the mouth of one of your pits.

54. You have thus two limiting examples, of the Pure Passion, and of its corruption. Now, whatever influence it is, without or within us, which has a tendency to degrade the one towards the other, is literally and accurately "Satanic." And this treacherous or deceiving spirit is perpetually at work, so that all the worst evil among us is a betrayed or corrupted good. Take religion itself : the desire of finding out God, and placing one's self in some true son's or servant's relation to Him. The Devil, that is to say, the deceiving spirit within us, or outside of us, mixes up our own vanity with this desire ; makes us think that in our love to God we have established some connection with Him which separates us from our fellow-men, and renders us superior to them. Then it takes but one wave of the Devil's hand ; and we are burning them alive for taking the liberty of contradicting us.

55. Take the desire of teaching—the entirely unselfish and noble instinct for telling to those who are ignorant, the truth we know, and guarding them from the errors we see them in danger

of ;—there is no nobler, no more constant instinct in honourable breasts ; but let the Devil formalise it, and mix the pride of a profession with it—get foolish people entrusted with the business of instruction, and make their giddy heads giddier by putting them up in pulpits above a submissive crowd—and you have it instantly corrupted into its own reverse ; you have an alliance *against* the light, shrieking at the sun, and the moon, and stars, as profane spectra :—a company of the blind, beseeching those they lead to remain blind also. “ The heavens and the lights that rule them are untrue ; the laws of creation are treacherous ; the poles of the earth are out of poise. But *we* are true. Light is in us only. Shut your eyes close and fast, and we will lead you.”

56. Take the desire and faith of mutual help ; the virtue of vowed brotherhood for the accomplishment of common purpose (without which nothing great can be wrought by multitudinous bands of men) ; let the Devil put pride of caste into it, and you have a military organisation applied for a thousand years to maintain that higher caste in idleness by robbing the labouring poor ; let the Devil put a few small personal interests into it, and you have all faithful deliberation on national law rendered impossible in the parliaments of Europe, by the antagonism of parties.

57. Take the instinct for justice, and the natural sense of indignation against crime ; let the Devil colour it with personal passion, and you have a mighty race of true and tender-hearted men living for centuries in such bloody

feud that every note and word of their national songs is a dirge, and every rock of their hills is a gravestone. Take the love of beauty, and power of imagination, which are the source of every true achievement in art ; let the Devil touch them with sensuality, and they are stronger than the sword or the flame to blast the cities where they were born, into ruin without hope. Take the instinct of industry and ardour of commerce, which are meant to be the support and mutual maintenance of man ; let the Devil touch them with avarice, and you shall see the avenues of the exchange choked with corpses that have died of famine.

58. Now observe—I leave you to call this deceiving spirit what you like—or to theorise about it as you like. All that I desire you to recognise is the fact of its being here, and the need of its being fought with. If you take the Bible's account of it, or Dante's, or Milton's, you will receive the image of it as a mighty spiritual creature, commanding others, and resisted by others : if you take *Aeschylus's* or *Hesiod's* account of it, you will hold it for a partly elementary and unconscious adversity of fate, and partly for a group of monstrous spiritual agencies connected with death, and begotten out of the dust ; if you take a modern rationalist's, you will accept it for a mere treachery and want of vitality in our own moral nature exposing it to loathsomeness or moral disease, as the body is capable of mortification or leprosy. I do not care what you call it,—whose history you believe of it,—nor what you yourself can imagine about it ; the origin, or nature, or name may be as you will,

but the deadly reality of the thing is with us, and warring against us, and on our true war with it depends whatever life we can win. Deadly reality, I say. The puff-adder or horned asp is not more real. Unbelievable,—*those*,—unless you had seen them ; no fable could have been coined out of any human brain so dreadful, within its own poor material sphere, as that blue-lipped serpent—working its way sidelong in the sand. As real, but with sting of eternal death—this worm that dies not, and fire that is not quenched, within our souls or around them. Eternal death, I say—sure, that, whatever creed you hold ;—if the old Scriptural one, Death of perpetual banishment from before God's face ; if the modern rationalist one, Death Eternal for *us*, instant and unredeemable ending of lives wasted in misery.

This is what this unquestionably present—this, according to his power, *omni*-present—fiend, brings us towards, daily. *He* is the person to be “voted” against, my working friend ; it is worth something, having a vote against *him*, if you can get it ! Which you can, indeed ; but not by gift from Cabinet Ministers ; you must work warily with your own hands, and drop sweat of heart’s blood, before you can record that vote effectually.

Of which more in next letter.

LETTER XI

The Satanic Power is mainly Two-fold : the Power of causing Falsehood and the Power of causing Pain. The Resistance is by Law of Honour and Law of Delight

March 19, 1867.

59. You may perhaps have thought my last three or four letters mere rhapsodies. They are nothing of the kind ; they are accurate accounts of literal facts, which we have to deal with daily. This thing, or power, opposed to God's power, and specifically called "Mammon" in the Sermon on the Mount, is, in deed and in truth, a continually present and active enemy, properly called "*Arch-enemy*," that is to say, "*Beginning and Prince of Enemies*," and daily we have to record our vote for, or against him. Of the manner of which record we were next to consider.

60. This enemy is always recognisable, briefly in two functions. He is pre-eminently the Lord of *Lies* and the Lord of *Pain*. Wherever Lies are, he is ; wherever Pain is, he has been—so that of the Spirit of Wisdom (who is called God's Helper, as Satan His Adversary) it is written, not only that by her Kings reign, and Princes decree justice, but also that her ways are ways of Pleasantness, and all her paths Peace.

Therefore, you will succeed, you working men,

in recording your votes against this arch-enemy, precisely in the degree in which you can do away with falsehood and pain in your work and lives ; and bring truth into the one, and pleasure into the other ; all education being directed to make yourselves and your children *capable of Honesty* and *capable of Delight* ; and to rescue yourselves from iniquity and agony. And this is what I meant by saying in the preface to "Unto this Last" that the central requirement of education consisted in giving habits of gentleness and justice ; "gentleness" (as I will show you presently) being the best single word I could have used to express the capacity for giving and receiving true pleasure ; and "justice" being similarly the most comprehensive word for all kind of honest dealing.

61. Now, I began these letters with the purpose of explaining the nature of the requirements of justice first, and then those of gentleness, but I allowed myself to be led into that talk about the theatres, not only because the thoughts could be more easily written as they came, but also because I was able thus to illustrate for you more directly the nature of the enemy we have to deal with. You do not perhaps know, though I say this diffidently (for I often find working men know many things which one would have thought were out of their way), that music was, among the Greeks, quite the first means of education ; and that it was so connected with their system of ethics and of intellectual training, that the God of Music is with them also the God of Righteousness ;—the God who purges and avenges iniquity, and contends with their Satan as

represented under the form of Python, "the corrupter." And the Greeks were incontrovertibly right in this. Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect, of all bodily pleasures; it is also the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man,—helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, to the music, unheard of others, which so often haunts the deathbed of pure and innocent spirits. And the action of the deceiving or devilish power is in *nothing* shown quite so distinctly among us at this day,—not even in our commercial dishonesties, nor in our social cruelties,—as in its having been able to take away music, as an instrument of education, altogether; and to enlist it almost wholly in the service of superstition on the one hand, and of sensuality on the other.

62. This power of the Muses, then, and its proper influence over you workmen, I shall eventually have much to insist upon with you; and in doing so I shall take that beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son (which I have already referred to), and explain, as far as I know, the significance of it, and then I will take the three means of festivity, or wholesome human joy, therein stated,—fine dress, rich food, and music;—("bring forth the fairest robe for him,"—"bring forth the fatted calf, and kill it;" "as he drew nigh, he heard music and dancing"); and I will show you how all these three things, fine dress, rich food, and music (including ultimately all the other arts) are meant to be sources of life, and means of moral discipline, to all men; and how they have all three been made, by

the Devil, the means of guilt, dissoluteness, and death.¹ But first I must return to my original plan of these letters, and endeavour to set down for you some of the laws which, in a true Working Men's Parliament, must be ordained in defence of Honesty.

Of which laws (preliminary to all others, and necessary above all others), having now somewhat got my ravelled threads together again, I will begin talk in my next letter.

¹ See "Fors Clavigera," Letter XXIV. [1872.]

LETTER XII

*The Necessity of Imperative Law to the Prosperity
of States*

March 20, 1867.

63. I HAVE your most interesting letter,¹ which I keep for reference, when I come to the consideration of its subject in its proper place, under the head of the abuse of Food. I do not wonder that your life should be rendered unhappy by the scenes of drunkenness which you are so often compelled to witness ; nor that this so gigantic and infectious evil should seem to you the root of the greater part of the misery of our lower orders. I do not wonder that George Cruikshank has warped the entire current of his thoughts and life, at once to my admiration and my sorrow, from their natural field of work, that he might spend them, in struggle with this fiend, for the poor lowest people whom he knows so well. I wholly sympathise with you in indignation at the methods of temptation employed, and at the use of the fortunes made by the vendors of death ; and whatever immediately applicable legal means there might be of restricting the causes of drunkenness, I should without hesitation desire to bring into operation. But all such appliance I consider

¹ Appendix IV. [Below, p. 182.]
70

temporary and provisional; nor, while there is record of the miracle at Cana (not to speak of the sacrament) can I conceive it possible, without (logically) the denial of the entire truth of the New Testament, to reprobate the use of wine as a stimulus to the powers of life. Supposing we did deny the words and deeds of the Founder of Christianity, the authority of the wisest heathens, especially that of Plato in the "Laws," is wholly against abstinence from wine; and much as I can believe, and as I have been endeavouring to make you believe also, of the subtlety of the Devil, I do not suppose the vine to have been one of his inventions. Of this, however, more in another place. By the way, was it not curious that in the *Manchester Examiner*, in which that letter of mine on the abuse of dancing appeared, there chanced to be, in the next column, a paragraph giving an account of a girl stabbing her betrayer in a ball-room; and another paragraph describing a Parisian character, which gives exactly the extreme type I wanted, for example of the abuse of Food?¹

64. I return, however, now to the examination of possible means for the enforcement of justice, in temper and in act, as the first of political requirements. And as, in stating my conviction of the necessity of certain stringent laws on this matter, I shall be in direct opposition to Mr. Stuart Mill; and, more or less, in opposition to other professors of modern political economy, as well as to many honest and active promoters of the privileges of working men (as if privilege only were wanted and never restraint!), I will give

¹ Appendix V. [Below, p. 184.]

you, as briefly as I can, the grounds on which I am prepared to justify such opposition.

65. When the crew of a wrecked ship escape in an open boat, and the boat is crowded, the provisions scanty, and the prospect of making land distant, laws are instantly established and enforced which no one thinks of disobeying. An entire equality of claim to the provisions is acknowledged without dispute; and an equal liability to necessary labour. No man who can row is allowed to refuse his oar; no man, however much money he may have saved in his pocket, is allowed so much as half a biscuit beyond his proper ration. Any riotous person who endangered the safety of the rest would be bound, and laid in the bottom of the boat, without the smallest compunction, for such violation of the principles of individual liberty; and, on the other hand, any child, or woman, or aged person, who was helpless, and exposed to great danger and suffering by their weakness, would receive more than ordinary care and indulgence, not unaccompanied with unanimous self-sacrifice on the part of the labouring crew.

There is never any question under circumstances like these, of what is right and wrong, worthy and unworthy, wise or foolish. If there be any question, there is little hope for boat or crew. The right man is put at the helm; every available hand is set to the oars; the sick are tended, and the vicious restrained, at once, and decisively; or if not, the end is near.

66. Now, the circumstances of every associated group of human society, contending bravely for national honours and felicity of life, differ only

from those thus supposed, in the greater, instead of less, necessity for the establishment of restraining law. There is no point of difference in the difficulties to be met, nor in the rights reciprocally to be exercised. Vice and indolence are not less, but more, injurious in a nation than in a boat's company ; the modes in which they affect the interests of worthy persons being far more complex, and more easily concealed. The right of restraint, vested in those who labour, over those who would impede their labour, is as absolute in the large as in the small society ; the equal claim to share in whatever is necessary to the common life (or commonwealth) is as indefeasible ; the claim of the sick and helpless to be cared for by the strong with earnest self-sacrifice, is as pitiful and as imperative ; the necessity that the governing authority should be in the hands of a true and trained pilot is as clear and as constant. In none of these conditions is there any difference between a nation and a boat's company. The only difference is in this, that the impossibility of discerning the effects of individual error and crime, or of counteracting them by individual effort, in the affairs of a great nation renders it tenfold more necessary than in a small society that direction by law should be sternly established. Assume that your boat's crew is disorderly and licentious, and will, by agreement, submit to no order ;—the most troublesome of them will yet be easily discerned ; and the chance is that the best man among them knocks him down. Common instinct of self-preservation will make the rioters put a good sailor at the helm, and impulsive pity and

occasional help will be, by heart and hand, here and there given to visible distress. Not so in the ship of the realm. The most troublesome persons in *it* are usually the least recognised for such, and the most active in its management; the best men mind their own business patiently, and are never thought of; the good helmsman never touches the tiller but in the last extremity; and the worst forms of misery are hidden, not only from every eye, but from every thought. On the deck, the aspect is of Cleopatra's galley—under hatches there is a slave hospital; while, finally (and this is the most fatal difference of all), even the few persons who care to interfere energetically, with purpose of doing good, can, in a large society, discern so little of the real state of evil to be dealt with, and judge so little of the best means of dealing with it, that half of their best efforts will be misdirected, and some may even do more harm than good. Whereas it is the sorrowful law of this universe, that evil, even unconscious and unintended, never fails of *its* effect; and in a state where the evil and the good, under conditions of individual "liberty," are allowed to contend together, not only every *stroke* on the Devil's side tells—but every *slip* (the mistakes of wicked men being as mischievous as their successes); while on the side of right, there will be much direct and fatal defeat, and, even of its measure of victory, half will be fruitless.

67. It is true, of course, that, in the end of ends, nothing but the right conquers; the prevalent thorns of wrong, at last, crackle away in indiscriminate flame: and of the good seed sown,

one grain in a thousand some day comes up—and somebody lives by it ; but most of our great teachers, not excepting Carlyle and Emerson themselves, are a little too encouraging in their proclamation of this comfort, not, to my mind, very sufficient, when for the present our fields are full of nothing but darnel instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley ; and none of them seem to me yet to have enough insisted on the inevitable power and infectiousness of all evil, and the easy and utter extinguishableness of good. Medicine often fails of its effect—but poison never: and while, in summing the observation of past life, not unwatchfully spent, I can truly say that I have a thousand times seen patience disappointed of her hope, and wisdom of her aim, I have never yet seen folly fruitless of mischief, nor vice conclude but in calamity.

68. There is, however, one important condition in national economy, in which the analogy of that of a ship's company is incomplete : namely, that while labour at oar or sail is necessarily united, and can attain no independent good, or personal profit, the labour properly undertaken by the several members of a political community is necessarily, and justly, within certain limits, independent ; and obtains for them independent advantage, of which, if you will glance at the last paragraph of the first chapter of *Munera Pulveris*, you will see I should be the last person to propose depriving them. This great difference in final condition involves necessarily much complexity in the system and application of general laws ; but it in no wise abrogates,—on the contrary, it renders yet

more imperative,—the necessity for the firm
nance of such laws, which, marking the
limits of independent agency, may enable i
exist in full energy, not only without becon
injurious, but so as more variously and perfe
to promote the entire interests of the comn
wealth.

I will address myself therefore in my 1
letter to the statement of some of these ne
sary laws.

LETTER XIII

*The Proper Offices of the Bishop and Duke; or,
"Overseer" and "Leader"*

March 21, 1867.

69. I SEE, by your last letter, for which I heartily thank you, that you would not sympathise with me in my sorrow for the desertion of his own work by George Cruikshank, that he may fight in the front of the temperance ranks. But you do not know what work he has left undone, nor how much richer inheritance you might have received from his hand. It was no more *his* business to etch diagrams of drunkenness than it is mine at this moment to be writing these letters against anarchy. It is "the first mild day of March" (high time, I think, that it should be!), and by rights I ought to be out among the budding banks and hedges, outlining sprays of hawthorn and clusters of primrose. That is *my* right work; and it is not, in the inner gist and truth of it, right nor good, for you, or for anybody else, that Cruikshank with his great gift, and I with my weak, but yet thoroughly clear and definite one, should both of us be tormented by agony of indignation and compassion, till we are forced to give up our peace, and pleasure, and power; and rush down into the streets and lanes of the city, to do the little that is in the

strength of our single hands against their uncleanliness and iniquity. But, as in a sorely besieged town, every man must to the ramparts, whatsoever business he leaves, so neither he nor I have had any choice but to leave our household stuff, and go on crusade, such as we are called to ; not that I mean, if Fate may be anywise resisted, to give up the strength of my life, as he has given his ; for I think he was wrong in doing so ; and that he should only have carried the fiery cross his appointed leagues, and then given it to another hand ; and, for my own part, I mean these very letters to close my political work for many a day ; and I write them, not in any hope of their being at present listened to, but to disburthen my heart of the witness I have to bear, that I may be free to go back to my garden lawns, and paint birds and flowers there.

70. For these same statutes which we are to consider to-day, have indeed been in my mind now these fourteen years, ever since I wrote the last volume of the *Stones of Venice*, in which you will find, in the long note on Modern Education, most of what I have been now in detail writing to you, hinted in abstract ; and, at the close of it, this sentence, of which I solemnly now avouch (in thankfulness that I was permitted to write it), every word : "Finally, I hold it for indisputable, that the first duty of a State is to see that every child born therein shall be well housed, clothed, fed, and educated, till it attain years of discretion. But in order to the effecting this the Government must have an authority over the people of which we now do not so much as dream."

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That authority I did not then endeavour to define, for I knew all such assertions would be useless, and that the necessarily resultant outcry would merely diminish my influence in other directions. But now I do not care about influence any more, it being only my concern to say truly that which I know, and, if it may be, get some quiet life, yet, among the fields in the evening shadow.

71. There is, I suppose, no word which men are prouder of the right to attach to their names, or more envious of others who bear it, when they themselves may not, than the word "noble." Do you know what it originally meant, and always, in the right use of it, means ? It means a "known" person ; one who has risen far enough above others to draw men's eyes to him, and to be known (honourably) for such and such an one. "Ignoble," on the other hand, is derived from the same root as the word "ignorance." It means an unknown, inglorious person. And no more singular follies have been committed by weak human creatures than those which have been caused by the instinct, pure and simple, of escaping from this obscurity. Instinct, which, corrupted, will hesitate at no means, good or evil, of satisfying itself with notoriety—instinct, nevertheless, which, like all other natural ones, has a true and pure purpose, and ought always in a worthy way to be satisfied.

All men ought to be in this sense "noble"; known of each other, and desiring to be known. And the first law which a nation, desiring to conquer all the devices of the Father of Lies, should establish among its people, is that they *shall* be so known.

72. Will you please now read § 22 of *Se and Lilies?* The reviewers in the ecclesiastic journals laughed at it, as a rhapsody, when book came out; none having the slightest notion of what I meant: (nor, indeed, do I well see it could be otherwise!). Nevertheless, I mean precisely and literally what is there said, namely that a bishop's duty being to watch over the welfare of his people, and give account of every one of them, it becomes practically necessary for him first to get some account of their bodies. Which he would want to do in the early days of Christianity, with the help of a person called "deacon" or "ministering servant," whose name is still retained among preliminary ecclesiastical dignities, vainly enough. Putting, however, all question of forms and names aside, the thing actually needing to be done is this—that over every hundred (more or less) families composing a Christian State, there should be appointed an overseer, or bishop, who would render account, to the State, of the life of each individual in those families; and to have both of their interest and conduct to such extent as they may be willing to admit, or as faults may justify: so that it may be impossible for any person, however humble, to suffer unknown want, or live in unrecognised crime, without such help and observance being rendered without officiousness either of interference or inquiry (the limits of both being determined by natural law), but with the patient and gentle watchfulness which true Christian pastors now exercise over their flocks; only with a higher legal authority presently to be defined, of interference on occasion.

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And with this farther function, that such overseers shall be not only the pastors, but the biographers, of their people ; a written statement of the principal events in the life of each family being annually required to be rendered by them to a superior State Officer. These records, laid up in public offices, would soon furnish indications of the families whom it would be advantageous to the nation to advance in position, or distinguish with honour, and aid by such reward as it should be the object of every Government to distribute no less punctually, and far more frankly, than it distributes punishment : (compare *Munera Pulveris*, Essay IV., in paragraph on Critic Law), while the mere fact of permanent record being kept of every event of importance, whether disgraceful or worthy of praise, in each family, would of itself be a deterrent from crime, and a stimulant to well-deserving conduct, far beyond mere punishment or reward.

73. Nor need you think that there would be anything in such a system un-English, or tending to espionage. No uninvited visits should ever be made in any house, unless law had been violated ; nothing recorded, against its will, of any family, but what was inevitably known of its publicly visible conduct, and the results of that conduct. What else was written should be only by the desire, and from the communications, of its head. And in a little while it would come to be felt that the true history of a nation was indeed not of its wars, but of its households ; and the desire of men would rather be to obtain some conspicuous place in these honourable annals, than to shrink behind closed shutters from public sight. Until

at last, George Herbert's grand word of command would hold not only on the conscience, but the actual system and outer economy of life,

"Think the King sees thee still, for *his* King does."

74. Secondly, above these bishops or pastors, who are only to be occupied in offices of familiar supervision and help, should be appointed higher officers of State, having executive authority over as large districts as might be conveniently (according to the number and circumstances of their inhabitants) committed to their care; officers who, according to the reports of the pastors, should enforce or mitigate the operation of too rigid general law, and determine measures exceptionally necessary for public advantage. For instance, the general law being that all children of the operative classes, at a certain age, should be sent to public schools, these superior officers should have power, on the report of the pastors, to dispense with the attendance of children who had sick parents to take charge of, or whose home-life seemed to be one of better advantage for them than that of the common schools; or who, for any other like cause, might justifiably claim remission. And it being the general law that the entire body of the public should contribute to the cost, and divide the profits, of all necessary public works and undertakings, as roads, mines, harbour protections, and the like, and that nothing of this kind should be permitted to be in the hands of private speculators, it should be the duty of the district officer to collect whatever information was accessible respecting such sources of public profit; and to represent the circumstances in Parliament: and

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then, with Parliamentary authority, but on his own sole personal responsibility, to see that such enterprises were conducted honestly, and with due energy and order.

The appointment to both these offices should be by election, and for life ; by what forms of election shall be matter of inquiry, after we have determined some others of the necessary constitutional laws.

75. I do not doubt but that you are already beginning to think it was with good reason I held my peace these fourteen years,—and that, for any good likely to be done by speaking, I might as well have held it altogether !

It may be so : but merely to complete and explain my own work, it is necessary that I should say these things finally ; and I believe that the imminent danger to which we are now in England exposed by the gradually accelerated fall of our aristocracy (wholly their own fault), and the substitution of money-power for their martial one ; and by the correspondingly imminent prevalence of mob violence here, as in America ; together with the continually increasing chances of insane war, founded on popular passion, whether of pride, fear, or acquisitiveness,—all these dangers being further darkened and degraded by the monstrous forms of vice and selfishness which the appliances of recent wealth, and of vulgar mechanical art, make possible to the million,—will soon bring us into a condition in which men will be glad to listen to almost any words but those of a demagogue, and to seek any means of safety rather than those in which they have lately trusted.

So, with your good leave, I will say my say to the end, mock at it who may.

P.S.—I take due note of the regulations of trade proposed in your letter just received¹—all excellent. I shall come to them presently, “Cash payment” above all. You may write that on your trade-banners in letters of gold, wherever you would have them raised victoriously.

¹ Appendix VI. [Below, p. 185.]

LETTER XIV

The First Group of Essential Laws.—Against Theft by False Work, and by Bankruptcy.—Necessary Publicity of Accounts

March 26, 1867.

76. I FEEL much inclined to pause at this point, to answer the kind of questions and objections which I know must be rising in your mind, respecting the authority supposed to be lodged in the persons of the officers just specified. But I can neither define, nor justify to you, the powers I would desire to see given to them, till I state to you the kind of laws they would have to enforce : of which the first group should be directed to the prevention of all kinds of thieving ; but chiefly of the occult and polite methods of it ; and, of all occult methods, chiefly, the making and selling of bad goods. No form of theft is so criminal as this—none so deadly to the State. If you break into a man's house and steal a hundred pounds' worth of plate, he knows his loss, and there is an end (besides that you take your risk of punishment for your gain, like a man). And if you do it bravely and openly, and habitually live by such inroad, you may retain nearly every moral and manly virtue, and become a heroic rider and reiver, and hero of song. But if you swindle me out of twenty shillings' worth of quality

on each of a hundred bargains, I lose my hundred pounds all the same, and I get a hundred untrust-worthy articles besides, which will fail me and injure me in all manner of ways, when I least expect it; and you, having done your thieving basely, are corrupted by the guilt of it to the very heart's core.

77. This is the first thing, therefore, which your general laws must be set to punish, fiercely, immitigably, to the utter prevention and extinction of it, or there is no hope for you. No religion that ever was preached on this earth of God's rounding ever proclaimed any salvation to sellers of bad goods. If the Ghost that is in you, whatever the essence of it, leaves your hand a juggler's, and your heart a cheat's, it is not a Holy Ghost, be assured of that. And for the rest, all political economy, as well as all higher virtue, depends *first on sound work*.

Let your laws, then, I say, in the beginning, be set to secure this. You cannot make punishment too stern for subtle knavery. Keep no truce with this enemy, whatever pardon you extend to more generous ones. For light weights and false measures, or for proved adulteration or dishonest manufacture of article, the penalty should be simply confiscation of goods and sending out of the country. The kind of person who desires prosperity by such practices could not be made to "emigrate" too speedily. What to do with him in the place you appointed to be blessed by his presence, we will in time consider.

78. Under such penalty, however, and yet more under the pressure of such a right public opinion as could pronounce and enforce such penalty, I

imagine that sham articles would become speedily as rare as sound ones are now. The chief difficulty in the matter would be to fix your standard. This would have to be done by the guild of every trade in its own manner, and within certain easily recognisable limits, and this fixing of standard would necessitate much simplicity in the forms and kinds of articles sold. You could only warrant a certain kind of glazing or painting in china, a certain quality of leather or cloth, bricks of a certain clay, loaves of a defined mixture of meal. Advisable improvements or varieties in manufacture would have to be examined and accepted by the trade guild : when so accepted, they would be announced in public reports ; and all puffery and self-proclamation, on the part of tradesmen, absolutely forbidden, as much as the making of any other kind of noise or disturbance.

79. But observe, this law is only to have force over tradesmen whom I suppose to have joined voluntarily in carrying out a better system of commerce. Outside of their guild, they would have to leave the rogue to puff and cheat as he chose, and the public to be gulled as they chose. All that is necessary is that the said public should clearly know the shops in which they could get warranted articles ; and, as clearly, those in which they bought at their own risk.

And the above-named penalty of confiscation of goods should of course be enforced only against dishonest members of the trade guild. If people chose to buy of those who had openly refused to join an honest society, they should be permitted to do so, at their pleasure, and peril : and this for two reasons,—the first, that it is always necessary,

in enacting strict law, to leave some safety valve for outlet of irrepressible vice (nearly all the stern lawgivers of old time erred by oversight in this ; so that the morbid elements of the State, which it should be allowed to get rid of in a cutaneous and openly curable manner, were thrown inwards, and corrupted its constitution, and broke all down) ;—the second, that operations of trade and manufacture conducted under, and guarded by, severe law, ought always to be subject to the stimulus of such erratic external ingenuity as cannot be tested by law, or would be hindered from its full exercise by the dread of it ; not to speak of the farther need of extending all possible indulgence to foreign traders who might wish to exercise their industries here without liability to the surveillance of our trade guilds.

80. Farther, while for all articles warranted by the guild (as above supposed) the prices should be annually fixed for the trade throughout the kingdom ; and the producing workman's wages fixed, so as to define the master's profits within limits admitting only such variation as the nature of the given article of sale rendered inevitable ;—yet, in the production of other classes of articles, whether by skill of applied handicraft, or fineness of material above the standard of the guild, attaining, necessarily, values above its assigned prices, every firm should be left free to make its own independent efforts and arrangements with its workmen, subject always to the same penalty, if it could be proved to have consistently described, or offered, anything to the public for what it was not : and finally, the state of the affairs of every firm should be annually reported to the guild,

and its books laid open to inspection, for guidance in the regulation of prices in the subsequent year ; and any firm whose liabilities exceeded its assets by a hundred pounds should be forthwith declared bankrupt. And I will anticipate what I have to say in succeeding letters so far as to tell you that I would have this condition extend to every firm in the country, large or small, and of whatever rank in business. And thus you perceive, my friend, I shall not have to trouble you or myself much with deliberations respecting commercial "panics," nor to propose legislative cures for *them*, by any laxatives or purgatives of paper currency, or any other change of pecuniary diet.

LETTER XV

The Nature of Theft by unjust Profits.—Crime can finally be arrested only by Education

29th March.

81. THE first methods of polite robbery, by dishonest manufacture and by debt, of which we have been hitherto speaking, are easily enough to be dealt with and ended, when once men have a mind to end them. But the third method of polite robbery, by dishonest *acquisition*, has many branches, and is involved among honest arts of acquisition, so that it is difficult to repress the one without restraining the other.

Observe, first, large fortunes cannot honestly be made by the work of any *one* man's hands or head. If his work benefits multitudes, and involves position of high trust, it may be (I do not say that it *is*) expedient to reward him with great wealth or estate; but fortune of this kind is freely given in gratitude for benefit, not as repayment for labour. Also, men of peculiar genius in any art, if the public can enjoy the product of their genius, may set it at almost any price they choose; but this, I will show you when I come to speak of art, is unlawful on their part, and ruinous to their own powers. Genius must not be sold; the sale of it involves, in a transcendental, but perfectly true, sense, the guilt both of simony and

prostitution. Your labour only may be sold ; your soul must not.

82. Now, by fair pay for fair labour, according to the rank of it, a man can obtain means of comfortable, or if he needs it, refined life. But he cannot obtain large fortune. Such fortunes as are now the prizes of commerce can be made only in one of three ways :—

(1.) By obtaining command over the labour of multitudes of other men, and taxing it for our own profit.

(2.) By treasure-trove,—as of mines, useful vegetable products, and the like,—in circumstances putting them under our own exclusive control.

(3.) By speculation (commercial gambling).

The first two of these means of obtaining riches are, in some forms and within certain limits, lawful, and advantageous to the State. The third is entirely detrimental to it ; for in all cases of profit derived from speculation, at best, what one man gains another loses ; and the net result to the State is zero, (pecuniarily,) with the loss of the time and ingenuity spent in the transaction ; besides the disadvantage involved in the discouragement of the losing party, and the corrupted moral natures of both. This is the result of speculation at its best. At its worst, not only B loses what A gains (having taken his fair risk of such loss for his fair chance of gain), but C and D, who never had any chance at all, are drawn in by B's fall, and the final result is that A sets up his carriage on the collected sum which was once the means of living to a dozen families.

83. Nor is this all. For while real commerce is founded on real necessities or uses, and limited

by these, speculation, of which the object is merely gain, seeks to excite imaginary necessities and popular desires, in order to gather its temporary profit from the supply of them. So that not only the persons who lend their money to it will be finally robbed, but the work done with their money will be, for the most part, useless, and thus the entire body of the public injured as well as the persons concerned in the transaction. Take, for instance, the architectural decorations of railways throughout the kingdom,—representing many millions of money for which no farthing of dividend can ever be forthcoming. The public will not be induced to pay the smallest fraction of higher fare to Rochester or Dover because the ironwork of the bridge which carries them over the Thames is covered with floral cockades, and the piers of it edged with ornamental cornices. All that work is simply put there by the builders that they may put the percentage upon it into their own pockets ; and, the rest of the money being thrown into that floral form, there is an end of it, as far as the shareholders are concerned. Millions upon millions have thus been spent, within the last twenty years, on ornamental arrangements of zigzag bricks, black and blue tiles, cast-iron foliage, and the like ; of which millions, as I said, not a penny can ever return into the shareholders' pockets, nor contribute to public speed or safety on the line. It is all sunk for ever in ornamental architecture, and (trust me for this !) *all that architecture is bad.* As such, it had incomparably better not have been built. Its only result will be to corrupt what capacity of taste or right pleasure in such work we have

yet left to us ! And consider a little, what other kind of result than that might have been attained if all those millions had been spent usefully : say, in buying land for the people, or building good houses for them, or (if it had been imperatively required to be spent decoratively) in laying out gardens and parks for them,—or buying noble works of art for their permanent possession,—or, best of all, establishing frequent public schools and libraries. Count what those lost millions would have so accomplished for you ! But you left the affair to " supply and demand," and the British public had not brains enough to " demand " land, or lodging, or books. It " demanded " cast-iron cockades and zigzag cornices, and is " supplied " with them, to its beatitude for evermore.

84. Now, the theft we first spoke of, by falsity of workmanship or material, is, indeed, so far worse than these thefts by dishonest acquisition, that there is no possible excuse for it on the ground of self-deception ; while many speculative thefts are committed by persons who really mean to do no harm, but think the system on the whole a fair one, and do the best they can in it for themselves. But in the real fact of the crime, when consciously committed, in the numbers reached by its injury, in the degree of suffering it causes to those whom it ruins, in the baseness of its calculated betrayal of implicit trust, in the yet more perfect vileness of the obtaining such trust by misrepresentation, only that it *may* be betrayed, and in the impossibility that the crime should be at all committed, except by persons of good position and large knowledge of the world—

what manner of theft is so wholly unpardonable, so inhuman, so contrary to every law and instinct which binds or animates society ?

And then consider farther, how many of the carriages that glitter in our streets are driven, and how many of the stately houses that gleam among our English fields are inhabited, by this kind of thief !

85. I happened to be reading this morning (29th March) some portions of the Lent services, and I came to a pause over the familiar words, " And with Him they crucified two thieves." Have you ever considered (I speak to you now as a professing Christian), why, in the accomplishment of the " numbering among transgressors," the transgressors chosen should have been especially thieves—not murderer, nor, as far as we know, sinners by any gross violence ? Do you observe how the sin of theft is again and again indicated as the chiefly antagonistic one to the law of Christ ? " This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag " (of Judas). And again, though Barabbas was a leader of sedition, and a murderer besides—that the popular election might be in all respects perfect)—yet St. John, in curt and conclusive account of him, fastens again on the theft. " Then cried they all again saying, Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber." I believe myself the reason to be that theft is indeed, in its subtle forms, the most complete and excuseless of human crimes. Sins of violence usually are committed under sudden or oppressive temptation : they may be the madness of moments ; or they may be apparently the only

means of extrication from calamity. In other cases, they are the diseased acts or habits of lower and brutified natures.¹ But theft involving deliberative intellect, and absence of passion, is the purest type of wilful iniquity, in persons capable of doing right. Which being so, it seems to be fast becoming the practice of modern society to crucify its Christ indeed, as willingly as ever, in the persons of His poor; but by no means now to crucify its thieves beside Him! It elevates its thieves after another fashion; sets them upon a hill, that their light may shine before men and that all may see their good works, and glorify their Father, in—the Opposite of Heaven.

86. I think your trade parliament will have to put an end to this kind of business somehow! But it cannot be done by laws merely, where the interests and circumstances are so extended and complex. Nay, even as regards lower and more defined crimes, the assigned punishment is not to be thought of as a preventive means; but only as the seal of opinion set by society on the fact. Crime cannot be hindered by punishment; it will always find some shape and outlet, unpunishable or unclosed. Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal—by taking away the *will* to commit sin; not by mere punishment of its commission. Crime, small and great, can only be truly stayed by education—not the education of the intellect only, which is, on some men, wasted, and for others mischievous;

¹ See the analysis of the moral system of Dante, respecting punishment, given in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XXIII. [1872.]

but education of the heart, which is a
and necessary for all. So, on this mat-
try in my next letter to say one or two
which the silence has kept my own he-
this many a day.

LETTER XVI

*Of Public Education irrespective of Class-distinction.
It consists essentially in giving Habits of Mercy,
and Habits of Truth. (Gentleness¹ and Justice)*

March 30th, 1867.

87. THANK you for sending me the pamphlet containing the account of the meeting of clergy and workmen, and of the reasonings which there took place. I cannot promise you that I shall read much of them, for the question to my mind most requiring discussion and explanation is not, why workmen don't go to church, but—why other people do. However, this I know, that if among our many spiritual teachers, there are indeed any who heartily and literally believe that the wisdom they have to teach “is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her,” and if, so believing, they will further dare to affront their congregations by the assertion; and plainly tell them they are not to hunt for rubies or gold any more, at their peril, till they have gained that which cannot be gotten for gold, nor silver weighed for the price thereof,—such believers, so preaching, and refusing to preach otherwise till they are in that attended to,

¹ “Mercy,” in its full sense, means delight in perceiving nobleness, or in doing kindness. Compare § 50. (1872.)

will never want congregations, both of working men, and every other kind of men.

88. Did you ever hear of anything else so ill-named as the phantom called the "Philosopher's Stone"? A talisman that shall turn base metal into precious metal, nature acknowledges not; nor would any but fools seek after it. But a talisman to turn base souls into noble souls, nature has given us! and that is a "Philosopher's Stone" indeed, but it is a stone which the builders refuse.

89. If there were two valleys in California or Australia, with two different kinds of gravel in the bottom of them; and in the one stream bed you could dig up, occasionally and by good fortune, nuggets of gold; and in the other stream bed, certainly and without hazard, you could dig up little caskets, containing talismans which gave length of days and peace; and alabaster vases of precious balms, which were better than the Arabian Dervish's ointment, and made not only the eyes to see, but the mind to know, whatever it would—I wonder in which of the stream beds there would be most diggers?

90. "Time is money"—so say your practised merchants and economists. None of them, however, I fancy, as they draw towards death, find that the reverse is true, and that "money is time"? Perhaps it might be better for them, in the end, if they did not turn so much of their time into money, lest, perchance, they also turn Eternity into it! There are other things, however, which in the same sense are money, or can be changed into it, as well as time. Health is money, wit is money, knowledge is money; and



all your health, and wit, and knowledge may be changed for gold ; and the happy goal so reached, of a sick, insane, and blind, auriferous old age ; but the gold cannot be changed in its turn back into health and wit.

91. "Time is money ;" the words tingle in my ears so that I can't go on writing. Is it nothing better, then ? If we could thoroughly understand that time was—*itself*,—would it not be more to the purpose ? A thing of which loss or gain was absolute loss, and perfect gain. And that it was expedient also to buy health and knowledge with money, if so purchaseable ; but not to buy money with *them* ?

And purchaseable they are at the beginning of life, though not at its close. Purchaseable, always, for others, if not for ourselves. You can buy, and cheaply, life, endless life, according to your Christian's creed—(there's a bargain for you !) but—long years of knowledge, and peace, and power, and happiness of love—these assuredly and irrespectively of any creed or question,—for all those desolate and haggard children about your streets.

92. "That is not political economy, however." Pardon me ; the all-comfortable saying, "What he layeth out, it shall be paid him again," is quite literally true in matters of education ; no money seed can be sown with so sure and large return at harvest-time as that ; only of this money-seed, more than of flesh-seed, it is utterly true, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." You must forget your money, and every other material interest, and educate for education's sake only ! or the very good you try to bestow will

become venomous, and that and your money will be lost together.

93. And this has been the real cause of failure in our efforts for education hitherto—whether from above or below. There is no honest desire for the thing itself. The cry for it among the lower orders is because they think that, when once they have got it, they must become upper orders. There is a strange notion in the mob's mind now-a-days (including all our popular economists and educators, as we most justly may, under that brief term "mob"), that *everybody* can be uppermost ; or at least, that a state of general scramble, in which everybody in his turn should come to the top, is a proper Utopian constitution ; and that, once give every lad a good education, and he cannot but come to ride in his carriage (the methods of supply of coachmen and footmen not being contemplated). And very sternly I say to you—and say from sure knowledge—that a man had better not know how to read and write, than receive education on such terms.

94. The first condition under which it can be given usefully is, that it should be clearly understood to be no means of getting on in the world, but a means of staying pleasantly in your place there. And the first elements of State education should be calculated equally for the advantage of every order of person composing the State. From the lowest to the highest class, every child born in this island should be required by law to receive these general elements of human discipline, and to be baptized—not with a drop of water on its forehead—but in the cloud and sea of heavenly wisdom and of earthly power.

And the elements of this general State education should be briefly these :

95. First—The body must be made as beautiful and perfect in its youth as it can be, wholly irrespective of ulterior purpose. If you mean afterwards to set the creature to business which will degrade its body and shorten its life, first, I should say, simply,—you had better let such business alone ;—but if you must have it done, somehow, yet let the living creature, whom you mean to kill, get the full strength of its body first, and taste the joy, and bear the beauty of youth. After that, poison it, if you will. Economically, the arrangement is a wiser one, for it will take longer in the killing than if you began with it younger ; and you will get an excess of work out of it which will more than pay for its training.

Therefore, first teach—as I have said in the preface to *Unto this Last*—“The Laws of Health, and exercises enjoined by them ;” and, to this end, your schools must be in fresh country, and amidst fresh air, and have great extents of land attached to them in permanent estate. Riding, running, all the honest, personal exercises of offence and defence, and music, should be the primal heads of this bodily education.

96. Next to these bodily accomplishments, the two great mental graces should be caught, Reverence and Compassion : not that these are in a literal sense to be “taught,” for they are innate in every well-born human creature, but they have to be developed exactly as the strength of the body must be, by deliberate and constant exercise. I never understood why Goethe (in the plan of education in *Wilhelm Meister*) says that

reverence is not innate, but must be taught from without ; it seems to me so fixedly a function of the human spirit, that if men can get nothing else to reverence they will worship a fool, or a stone, or a vegetable.¹ But to teach reverence rightly is to attach it to the right persons and things ; first, by setting over your youth masters whom they cannot but love and respect ; next, by gathering for them, out of past history, whatever has been most worthy in human deeds and human passion ; and leading them continually to dwell upon such instances, making this the principal element of emotional excitement to them ; and, lastly, by letting them justly feel, as far as may be, the smallness of their own powers and knowledge, as compared with the attainments of others.

97. Compassion, on the other hand, is to be taught chiefly by making it a point of honour, collaterally with courage, and in the same rank (as indeed the complement and evidence of courage), so that, in the code of unwritten school law, it shall be held as shameful to have done a cruel thing as a cowardly one. All infliction of pain on weaker creatures is to be stigmatised as unmanly crime ; and every possible opportunity taken to exercise the youths in offices of some practical help, and to acquaint them with the realities of the distress which, in the joyfulness of entering into life, it is so difficult, for those who have not seen home suffering, to conceive.

98. Reverence, then, and compassion, we are to teach primarily, and with these, as the bond

¹ By steady preaching against it, one may quench reverence, and bring insolence to its height ; but the instinct cannot be *wholly uprooted*.

and guardian of them, truth of spirit and word, of thought and sight. Truth, earnest and passionate, sought for like a treasure, and kept like a crown.

This teaching of truth as a habit will be the chief work the master has to do ; and it will enter into all parts of education. First, you must accustom the children to close accuracy of statement ; this both as a principle of honour, and as an accomplishment of language, making them try always who shall speak truest, both as regards the fact he has to relate or express (not concealing or exaggerating), and as regards the precision of the words he expresses it in, thus making truth (which, indeed, it is) the test of perfect language, and giving the intensity of a moral purpose to the study and art of words : then carrying this accuracy into all habits of thought and observation also, so as always to *think* of things as they truly are, and to *see* them as they truly are, as far as in us rests. And it does rest much in our power, for all false thoughts and seeings come mainly of our thinking of what we have no business with, and looking for things we want to see, instead of things that ought to be seen.

99. "Do not talk but of what you know ; do not think but of what you have materials to think justly upon ; and do not look for things only that you like, when there are others to be seen"—this is the lesson to be taught to our youth, and inbred in them ; and that mainly by our own example and continence. Never teach a child anything of which you are not yourself sure ; and, above all, if you feel anxious to force anything into its mind in tender years, that the virtue of youth and early

association may fasten it there, be sure it is no lie which you thus sanctify. There is always more to be taught of absolute, incontrovertible knowledge, open to its capacity, than any child can learn ; there is no need to teach it anything doubtful. Better that it should be ignorant of a thousand truths, than have consecrated in its heart a single lie.

100. And for this, as well as for many other reasons, the principal subjects of education, after history, ought to be natural science and mathematics ; but with respect to these studies, your schools will require to be divided into three groups : one for children who will probably have to live in cities, one for those who will live in the country, and one for those who will live at sea ; the schools for these last, of course, being always placed on the coast. And for children whose life is to be in cities, the subjects of study should be, as far as their disposition will allow of it, mathematics and the arts ; for children who are to live in the country, natural history of birds, insects, and plants, together with agriculture taught practically ; and for children who are to be seamen, physical geography, astronomy, and the natural history of sea fish and sea birds.

101. This, then, being the general course and material of education for all children, observe farther, that in the preface to *Unto this Last* I said that every child, besides passing through this course, was at school to learn "the calling by which it was to live." And it may perhaps appear to you that after, or even in the early stages of education such as this above described, there are many callings which, however much

called to them, the children might not willingly determine to learn or live by. "Probably," you may say, "after they have learned to ride, and fence, and sing, and know birds and flowers, it will be little to their liking to make themselves into tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and the like." And I cannot but agree with you as to the exceeding probability of some such reluctance on their part, which will be a very awkward state of things indeed (since we can by no means get on without tailoring and shoe-making,) and one to be meditated upon very seriously in next letter.

102. P.S.—Thank you for sending me your friend's letter about Gustave Doré; he is wrong, however, in thinking there is any good in those illustrations of *Elaine*. I had intended to speak of them afterwards, for it is to my mind quite as significant—almost as awful—a sign of what is going on in the midst of us, that our great English poet should have suffered his work to be thus contaminated, as that the lower Evangelicals, never notable for sense in the arts, should have got their Bibles dishonoured. Those *Elaine* illustrations are just as impure as anything else that Doré has done; but they are also vapid, and without any one merit whatever in point of art. The illustrations to the *Contes Drôlatiques* are full of power and invention; but those to *Elaine* are merely and simply stupid; theatrical bêtises, with the taint of the charnel-house on them besides.

LETTER XVII

The Relations of Education to Position in Life

April 3, 1867.

103. I AM not quite sure that you will feel the awkwardness of the dilemma I got into at the end of last letter, as much as I do myself. You working men have been crowing and peacocking at such a rate lately ; and setting yourselves forth so confidently for the cream of society, and the top of the world, that perhaps you will not anticipate any of the difficulties which suggest themselves to a thoroughbred Tory and Conservative, like me. Perhaps you will expect a youth properly educated—a good rider—musician—and well-grounded scholar in natural philosophy, to think it a step of promotion when he has to go and be made a tailor of, or a coalheaver ? If you do, I should very willingly admit that you might be right, and go on to the farther development of my notions without pausing at this stumbling-block, were it not that, unluckily, all the wisest men whose sayings I ever heard or read, agree in expressing (one way or another) just such contempt for those useful occupations, as I dread on the part of my foolishly refined scholars. Shakespeare and Chaucer,—Dante and Virgil,—Horace and Pindar,—Homer, Æschylus, and Plato,—all

the men of any age or country who seem to have had Heaven's music on their lips, agree in their scorn of mechanic life. And I imagine that the feeling of prudent Englishmen, and sensible as well as sensitive Englishwomen, on reading my last letter, would mostly be—"Is the man mad, or laughing at us, to propose educating the working classes this way? He could not, if his wild scheme were possible, find a better method of making them acutely wretched."

104. It may be so, my sensible and polite friends; and I am heartily willing, as well as curious, to hear you develop your own scheme of operative education, so only that it be universal, orderly, and careful. I do not say that I shall be prepared to advocate my athletics and philosophies instead. Only, observe what you admit, or imply, in bringing forward your possibly wiser system. You imply that a certain portion of mankind must be employed in degrading work; and that, to fit them for this work, it is necessary to limit their knowledge, their active powers, and their enjoyments, from childhood upwards, so that they may not be able to conceive of any state better than the one they were born in, nor possess any knowledge or acquirements inconsistent with the coarseness, or disturbing the monotony, of their vulgar occupation. And by their labour in this contracted state of mind, we superior beings are to be maintained; and always to be curtseyed to by the properly ignorant little girls, and capped by the properly ignorant little boys, whenever we pass by.

105. Mind, I do not say that this is *not* the right state of things. Only, if it be, you need not

be so over-particular about the slave-trade, it seems to me. What is the use of arguing so pertinaciously that a black's skull will hold as much as a white's, when you are declaring in the same breath that a white's skull must not hold as much as it can, or it will be the worse for him ? It does not appear to me at all a profound state of slavery to be whipped into doing a piece of low work that I don't like ; but it is a very profound state of slavery to be kept, myself, low in the forehead, that I may not dislike low work.

106. You see, my friend, the dilemma is really an awkward one, whichever way you look at it. But, what is still worse, I am not puzzled only, at this part of my scheme, about the boys I shall have to make *workmen* of ; I am just as much puzzled about the boys I shall have to make *nothing* of ! Grant, that by hook or crook, by reason or rattan, I persuade a certain number of the roughest ones into some serviceable business, and get coats and shoes made for the rest,—what is the business of “the rest” to be ? Naturally, according to the existing state of things, one supposes they are to belong to some of the gentlemanly professions ; to be soldiers, lawyers, doctors, or clergymen. But alas, I shall not want any soldiers of special skill or pugnacity. *All* my boys will be soldiers. So far from wanting any lawyers, of the kind that live by talking, I shall have the strongest possible objection to their appearance in the country. For doctors, I shall always entertain a profound respect ; but when I get my athletic education fairly established, of what help to them will my respect be ? They will all starve ! And for clergymen, it is true, I

shall have a large number of episcopates—one over every hundred families—and many positions of civil authority also, for civil officers, above them and below), but all these places will involve much hard work, and be anything but covetable ; while, of clergymen's usual work, admonition, theological demonstration, and the like, I shall want very little done indeed, and that little done for nothing ! for I will allow no man to admonish anybody, until he has previously earned his own dinner by more productive work than admonition.

Well, I wish, my friend, you would write me a word or two in answer to this, telling me your own ideas as to the proper issue out of these difficulties. I should like to know what you think, and what you suppose others will think, before I tell you my own notions about the matter.

LETTER XVIII

The harmful Effects of Servile Employments. The possible Practice and Exhibition of sincere Humility by Religious Persons

April 7, 1867.

107. I HAVE been waiting these three days to know what you would say to my last questions ; and now you send me two pamphlets of Combe's to read ! I never read anything in spring-time (except the Ai, Ai, on the "sanguine flower inscribed with woe") ; and, besides, if, as I gather from your letter, Combe thinks that among well-educated boys there would be a percentage constitutionally inclined to be cobblers, or looking forward with unction to establishment in the oil and tallow line, or fretting themselves for a funkey's uniform, nothing that he could say would make me agree with him. I know, as well as he does, the unconquerable differences in the clay of the human creature : and I know that, in the outset, whatever system of education you adopted, a large number of children could be made nothing of, and would necessarily fall out of the ranks, and supply candidates enough for degradation to common mechanical business : but this enormous difference in bodily and mental capacity has been mainly brought about by difference in occupation, and by *direct maltreatment* ; and in a few generations,

if the poor were cared for, their marriages looked after, and sanitary law enforced, a beautiful type of face and form, and a high intelligence, would become all but universal, in a climate like this of England. Even as it is, the marvel is always to me, how the race resists, at least in its childhood, influences of ill-regulated birth, poisoned food, poisoned air, and soul neglect. I often see faces of children as I walk through the black district of St. Giles's (lying, as it does, just between my own house and the British Museum), which, through all their pale and corrupt misery, recall the old "Non Angli," and recall it, not by their beauty, but by their sweetness of expression, even though signed already with trace and cloud of the coming life,—a life so bitter that it would make the curse of the 137th Psalm true upon our modern Babylon, though we were to read it thus, "Happy shall *thy children* be, if one taketh and dasheth them against the stones."

108. Yes, very solemnly I repeat to you that in those worst treated children of the English race, I yet see the making of gentlemen and gentle-women—not the making of dog-stealers and gin-drinkers, such as their parents were ; and the child of the average English tradesman or peasant, even at this day, well schooled, will show no innate disposition such as must fetter him for ever to the clod or the counter. You say that many a boy runs away, or would run away if he could, from good positions to go to sea. Of course he does. I never said I should have any difficulty in finding sailors, but I shall in finding fishmongers. I am at no loss for gardeners either, but what am I to do for greengrocers ?

109. The fact is, a great number of quite necessary employments are, in the accuratest sense, "Servile"; that is, they sink a man to the condition of a serf, or unthinking worker, the proper state of an animal, but more or less unworthy of men; nay, unholy in some sense, so that a day is made "holy" by the fact of its being commanded, "Thou shalt do no *servile* work therein." And yet, if undertaken in a certain spirit, such work might be the holiest of all. If there were but a thread or two of sound fibre here and there left in our modern religion, so that the stuff of it would bear a real strain, one might address our two opposite groups of evangelicals and ritualists somewhat after this fashion:—
"Good friends, these differences of opinion between you cannot but be painful to your Christian charity, and they are unseemly to us, the profane; and prevent us from learning from you what, perhaps, we ought. But, as we read your Book, we, for our part, gather from it that you might, without danger to your own souls, set an undivided example to us, for the benefit of ours. You, both of you, as far as we understand, agree in the necessity of humility to the perfection of your character. We often hear you, of Calvinistic persuasion, speaking of yourselves as 'sinful dust and ashes,'—would it then be inconsistent with your feelings to make yourselves into 'serviceable' dust and ashes? We observe that of late many of our roads have been hardened and mended with cinders; now, if, in a higher sense, you could allow us to mend the roads of the world with *you* a little, it would be a great proof to us of your sincerity. Suppose, only for a little while, in the

present difficulty and distress, you were to make it a test of conversion that a man should regularly give Zaccheus's portion, half his goods, to the poor, and at once adopt some disagreeable and despised, but thoroughly useful, trade ? You cannot think that this would finally be to your disadvantage ; you doubtless believe the texts, ' He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' and ' He that would be chief among you, let him be your servant.' The more you parted with, and the lower you stooped, the greater would be your final reward, and final exaltation. You profess to despise human learning and worldly riches ; leave both of these to *us* ; undertake for us the illiterate and ill-paid employments which must deprive you of the privileges of society and the pleasures of luxury. You cannot possibly preach your faith so forcibly to the world by any quantity of the finest words, as by a few such simple and painful acts ; and over your counters, in honest retail business, you might preach a gospel that would sound in more ears than any that was ever proclaimed over pulpit cushions or tabernacle rails. And, whatever may be your gifts of utterance, you cannot but feel (studying St. Paul's Epistles as carefully as you do) that you might more easily and modestly emulate the practical teaching of the silent Apostle of the Gentiles than the speech or writing of his companion. Amidst the present discomforts of your brethren you may surely, with greater prospect of good to them, seek the title of Sons of Consolation, than of Sons of Thunder, and be satisfied with Barnabas's confession of faith (if you can reach no farther), who ' having

land, sold it, and brought the money and laid it at the Apostles' feet.'

110. "To you, on the other hand, gentlemen of the embroidered robe, who neither despise learning nor the arts, we know that sacrifices such as these would be truly painful, and might at first appear inexpedient. But the doctrine of self-mortification is not a new one to you ; and we should be sorry to think—we would not, indeed, for a moment dishonour you by thinking—that these melodious chants, and prismatic brightnesses of vitreous pictures, and floral graces of deep-wrought stone, were in any wise intended for your own poor pleasures, whatever profane attraction they may exercise on more fleshly-minded persons. And as you have certainly received no definite order for the painting, carving, or lighting up of churches, while the temple of the body of so many poor living Christians is so pale, so mis-shapen, and so ill-lighted ; but have, on the contrary, received very definite orders for the feeding and clothing of such sad humanity, we may surely ask you, not unreasonably, to humiliate yourselves in the most complete way—not with a voluntary, but a sternly *involuntary* humility—not with a show of wisdom in will-worship, but with practical wisdom, in all honour, to the satisfying of the flesh ; and to associate yourselves in monasteries and convents for the better practice of useful and humble trades. Do not burn any more candles, but mould some ; do not paint any more windows, but mend a few where the wind comes in, in winter time, with substantial clear glass and putty. Do not vault any more high roofs, but thatch some low ones ; and embroider

rather on backs which are turned to the cold, than only on those which are turned to congregations. And you will have your reward afterwards, and attain, with all your flocks thus tended, to a place where you may have as much gold, and painted glass, and singing, as you like."

Thus much, it seems to me, one might say with some hope of acceptance, to any very earnest member of either of our two great religious parties, if, as I say, their faith could stand a strain. I have not, however, based any of my imaginary political arrangements on the probability of its doing so; and I trust only to such general good nature and willingness to help each other, as I presume may be found among men of the world; to whom I should have to make quite another sort of speech, which I will endeavour to set down the heads of, for you, in next letter.

LETTER XIX

The General Pressure of Excessive and Improper Work, in English Life

April 10, 1867.

111. I CANNOT go on to-day with the part of my subject I had proposed, for I was disturbed by receiving a letter last night, which I herewith enclose to you, and of which I wish you to print, here following, the parts I have not underlined :—

1, PHENE STREET, CHELSEA, *April 8, 1867.*

MY DEAR R——,

It is long since you have heard of me, and now I ask your patience with me for a little. I have but just returned from the funeral of my dear, dear friend —, the first artist friend I made in London—a loved and prized one. For years past he had lived in the very humblest way, fighting his battle of life against mean appreciation of his talents, the wants of a rising family, and frequent attacks of illness, crippling him for months at a time, the wolf at the door meanwhile.

But about two years since his prospects brightened * * * and he had but a few weeks since ventured on removal to a larger house. His eldest boy of seventeen years, a very intelligent youth, so strongly desired to be a civil engineer that Mr. —, not being able to pay the large premium required for his apprenticeship, had been made very glad by the consent of Mr. Penn, of Millwall, to receive him without a premium after the boy should have spent some time at King's College

in the study of mechanics. The rest is a sad story. About a fortnight ago Mr. _____ was taken ill, and died last week, the doctors say, of sheer physical exhaustion, not thirty-nine years old, leaving eight young children, and his poor widow expecting her confinement, and so weak and ill as to be incapable of effort. This youth is the eldest, and the other children range downwards to a babe of eighteen months. There is not one who knew him, I believe, that will not give cheerfully, to their ability, for his widow and children; but such aid will go but a little way in this painful case; and it would be a real boon to this poor widow if some of her children could be got into an Orphan Asylum. * * *

If you are able to do anything I would send particulars of the age and sex of the children.

I remain, dear Sir, ever obediently yours,
FRED. J. SHIELDS.

P.S.—I ought to say that poor _____ has been quite unable to save, with his large family; and that they would be utterly destitute now, but for the kindness of some with whom he was professionally connected.

112. Now this case, of which you see the entire authenticity, is, out of the many of which I hear continually, a *notably* sad one only in so far as the artist in question has died of distress while he was catering for the public amusement. Hardly a week now passes without some such misery coming to my knowledge; and the quantity of pain, and anxiety of daily effort, through the best part of life, ending all at last in utter grief, which the lower middle classes in England are now suffering, is so great that I feel constantly as if I were living in one great churchyard, with people all round me clinging feebly to the edges of the open graves, and calling for help, as they fall back into them, out of sight.

113. Now I want you to observe here, in a definite case, the working of your beautiful modern political economy of "supply and demand." Here is a man who could have "supplied" you with good and entertaining art,—say for fifty good years,—if you had paid him enough for his day's work to find him and his children peacefully in bread. But you like having your prints as cheap as possible—you triumph in the little that your laugh costs—you take all you can get from the man, give the least you can give to him,—and you accordingly kill him at thirty-nine; and thereafter have his children to take care of, or to kill also, whichever you choose; but, now, observe, you must take care of *them* for nothing, or not at all; and what you might have had good value for, if you had given it when it would have cheered the father's heart, you now can have no return for at all, to yourselves; and what you give to the orphans, if it does not degrade them, at least afflicts, coming, not through their father's hand, its honest earnings, but from strangers.

Observe farther, whatever help the orphans may receive, will not be from the public at all. It will not be from those who profited by their father's labours; it will be chiefly from his fellow-labourers; or from persons whose money would have been beneficially spent in other directions from whence it is drawn away to this need, which ought never to have occurred,—while those who waste their money without doing any service to the public will never contribute one farthing to this distress.

114. Now it is this double fault in the help—that it comes too late, and that the burden of it falls wholly on those who ought least to be charged

with it—which would be corrected by that institution of overseers of which I spoke to you in the twelfth of these letters, saying, you remember, that they were to have farther legal powers, which I did not then specify, but which would belong to them chiefly in the capacity of public almoners, or help-givers, aided by their deacons, the reception of such help, in time of true need, being not held disgraceful, but honourable; since the fact of its reception would be so entirely public that no impostor or idle person could ever obtain it surreptitiously.

115. (11th April.) I was interrupted yesterday, and I am glad of it, for here happens just an instance of the way in which the unjust distribution of the burden of charity is reflected on general interests; I cannot help what taint of ungracefulness you or other readers of these letters may feel that I incur, in speaking, in this instance, of myself. If I could speak with the same accurate knowledge of any one else, most gladly I would; but I also think it right that, whether people accuse me of boasting or not, they should know that I practise what I preach. I had not intended to say what I now shall, but the coming of this letter last night just turns the balance of the decision with me. I enclose it with the other; you see it is one from my bookseller, Mr. Quaritch, offering me Fischer's work on the *Flora of Java*, and Latour's on *Indian Orchidaceæ*, bound together, for twenty guineas. Now, I am writing a book on botany just now, for young people, chiefly on wild flowers, and I want these two books very much; but I simply cannot afford to buy them, because I sent my last spare twenty guineas to Mr. Shields

yesterday for this widow. And though you may think it not the affair of the public that I have not this book on Indian flowers, it is their affair finally, that what I write for them should be founded on as broad knowledge as possible ; whatever value my own book may or may not have, it will just be in a given degree worth *less* to them, because of my want of this knowledge.

116. So again—for having begun to speak of myself I will do so yet more frankly—I suppose that when people see my name down for a hundred pounds to the Cruikshank Memorial, and for another hundred to the Eyre Defence Fund, they think only that I have more money than I know what to do with. Well, the giving of those subscriptions simply decides the question whether or no I shall be able to afford a journey to Switzerland this year, in the negative ; and I wanted to go, not only for health's sake, but to examine the junctions of the molasse sandstones and nagelfluh with the Alpine limestone, in order to complete some notes I meant to publish next spring on the geology of the great northern Swiss valley ; notes which must now lie by me at least for another year ; and I believe this delay (though I say it) will be really something of a loss to the travelling public, for the little essay was intended to explain to them, in a familiar way, the real wonderfulness of their favourite mountain, the Righi ; and to give them some amusement in trying to find out where the many-coloured pebbles of it had come from. But it is more important that I should, with some stoutness, assert my respect for the genius and earnest patriotism of Cruikshank, and my much more than disrespect for the Jamaica Committee,

than that I should see the Alps this year, or get my essay finished next spring ; but I tell you the fact, because I want you to feel how, in thus leaving their men of worth to be assisted or defended only by those who deeply care for them, the public more or less cripple, to their own ultimate disadvantage, just the people who could serve them in other ways ; while the speculators and money-seekers, who are only making their profit out of the said public, of course take no part in the help of anybody. And even if the willing bearers could sustain the burden anywise adequately, none of us would complain ; but I am certain there is no man, whatever his fortune, who is now engaged in any earnest offices of kindness to these sufferers, especially of the middle class, among his acquaintance, who will not bear me witness that for one we can relieve, we must leave three to perish. I have left three, myself, in the first three months of this year. One was the artist Paul Gray, for whom an appeal was made to me for funds to assist him in going abroad out of the bitter English winter. I had not the means by me, and he died a week afterwards. Another case was that of a widow whose husband had committed suicide, for whom application was made to me at the same time ; and the third was a personal friend, to whom I refused a sum which he said would have saved him from bankruptcy. I believe six times as much would not have saved him ; however, I refused, and he is ruined.

117. And observe, also, it is not the mere crippling of my means that I regret. It is the crippling of my temper, and waste of my time. The knowledge of all this distress, even when I

can assist it,—much more when I cannot,—and the various thoughts of what I can and cannot, or ought and ought not, to do, are a far greater burden to me than the mere loss of the money. It is peremptorily not my business—it is not my gift, bodily or mentally, to look after other people's sorrow. I have enough of my own ; and even if I had not, the sight of pain is not good for me. I don't want to be a bishop. In a most literal and sincere sense, "*nolo episcopari*." I don't want to be an almoner, nor a counsellor, nor a Member of Parliament, nor a voter for Members of Parliament. (What would Mr. Holyoake say to me if he knew that I have never voted for anybody in my life, and never mean to do so !) I am essentially a painter and a leaf dissector ; and my powers of thought are all purely mathematical, seizing ultimate principles only—never accidents ; a line is always, to me, length without breadth ; it is not a cable or a crowbar ; and though I can almost infallibly reason out the final law of anything, if within reach of my industry, I neither care for, nor can trace, the minor exigencies of its daily appliance. So, in every way, I like a quiet life ; and I don't like seeing people cry, or die ; and should rejoice, more than I can tell you, in giving up the full half of my fortune for the poor, provided I knew that the public would make Lord Overstone also give the half of his, and other people who were independent give the half of theirs ; and then set men who were really fit for such office to administer the fund, and answer to us for nobody's perishing innocently ; and so leave us all to do what we chose with the rest, and with our days, in peace.

Thus far of the public's fault in the matter. Next, I have a word or two to say of the sufferers' own fault—for much as I pity them, I conceive that none of them *do* perish altogether innocently. But this must be for next letter.

LETTER XX

*Of Improvidence in Marriage in the Middle Classes ;
and of the advisable Restrictions of it*

April 12, 1867.

118. It is quite as well, whatever irregularity it may introduce in the arrangement of the general subject, that yonder sad letter warped me away from the broad inquiry, to this speciality, respecting the present distress of the middle classes. For the immediate cause of that distress, in their own imprudence, of which I have to speak to you to-day, is only to be finally vanquished by strict laws, which, though they have been many a year in my mind, I was glad to have a quiet hour of sunshine for the thinking over again, this morning. Sunshine which happily rose cloudless ; and allowed me to meditate my tyrannies before breakfast, under the just opened blossoms of my orchard, and assisted by much melodious advice from the birds ; who (my gardener having positive orders never to trouble any of them in anything, or object to their eating even my best pease if they like their flavour) rather now get *into* my way, than *out of* it, when they see me about the walks ; and take me into most of their counsels in nest-building.

119. The letter from Mr. Shields, which interrupted us, reached me, as you see, on the evening of the 9th instant. On the morning of the 10th,

I received another, which I herewith forward to you, for verification. It is—characteristically enough—dateless, so you must take the time of its arrival on my word. And substituting M. N. for the name of the boy referred to, and withholding only the address and name of the writer, you see that it may be printed word for word—as follows :—

SIR,—

May I beg for the favour of your presentation to Christ's Hospital for my youngest son, M. N.? I have nine children, and no means to educate them. I ventured to address you, believing that my husband's name is not unknown to you as an artist.

Believe me to remain faithfully yours,

* * *

120. Now this letter is only a typical example of the entire class of those which, being a governor of Christ's Hospital, I receive, in common with all the other governors, at the rate of about three a day, for a month or six weeks from the date of our names appearing in the printed list of the governors who have presentations for the current year. Having been a governor now some twenty-five years, I have documentary evidence enough to found some general statistics upon; from which there have resulted two impressions on my mind, which I wish here specially to note to you, and I do not doubt but that all the other governors, if you could ask them, would at once confirm what I say. My first impression is, a heavy and sorrowful sense of the general feebleness of intellect of that portion of the British public which stands in need of presentations to Christ's Hospital. This feebleness of intellect is mainly shown in the nearly

total unconsciousness of the writers that anybody else may want a presentation, besides themselves. With the exception here and there of a soldier's or a sailor's widow, hardly one of them seems to have perceived the existence of any distress in the world but their own : none know what they are asking for, or imagine, unless as a remote contingency, the possibility of its having been promised at a prior date. The second most distinct impression on my mind, is that the portion of the British public which is in need of presentations to Christ's Hospital considers it a merit to have large families, with or without the means of supporting them !

121. Now it happened also (and remember, all this is strictly true, nor in the slightest particular represented otherwise than as it chanced ; though the said chance brought thus together exactly the evidence I wanted for my letter to you)—it happened, I say, that on this same morning of the 10th April, I became accidentally acquainted with a case of quite a different kind : that of a noble girl, who, engaged at sixteen, and having received several advantageous offers since, has remained for ten years faithful to her equally faithful lover : while, their circumstances rendering it, as they rightly considered, unjustifiable in them to think of marriage, each of them simply and happily, aided and cheered by the other's love, discharged the duties of their own separate positions in life. In the nature of things, instances of this kind of noble life remain more or less concealed (while imprudence and error proclaim themselves by misfortune), but they are assuredly not unfrequent in our English homes.

122. Let us next observe the political and national result of these arrangements. You leave your marriages to be settled by "supply and demand," instead of wholesome law. And thus, among your youths and maidens, the improvident, incontinent, selfish, and foolish ones marry, whether you will or not; and beget families of children necessarily inheritors in a great degree of these parental dispositions; and for whom, supposing they had the best dispositions in the world, you have thus provided, by way of educators, the foolishest fathers and mothers you could find; (the only rational sentence in their letters, usually, is the invariable one, in which they declare themselves "incapable of providing for their children's education"). On the other hand, whosoever is wise, patient, unselfish, and pure among your youth, you keep maid or bachelor; wasting their best days of natural life in painful sacrifice, forbidding them their best help and best reward, and carefully excluding their prudence and tenderness from any offices of parental duty.

Is not this a beatific and beautifully sagacious system for a Celestial Empire, such as that of these British Isles?

123. I will not here enter into any statement of the physical laws which it is the province of our physicians to explain; and which are indeed at last so far beginning to be understood, that there is hope of the nation's giving some of the attention to the conditions affecting the race of man, which it has hitherto bestowed only on those which may better its races of cattle.

It is enough, I think, to say here that the

beginning of all sanitary and moral law is in the regulation of marriage, and that, ugly and fatal as is every form and agency of licence, no licentiousness is so mortal as licentiousness in marriage.

124. Briefly, then, and in main points, subject in minor ones to such modifications in detail as local circumstances and characters would render expedient, those following are laws such as a prudent nation would institute respecting its marriages. Permission to marry should be the reward held in sight of its youth during the entire latter part of the course of their education; and it should be granted as the national attestation that the first portion of their lives had been rightly fulfilled. It should not be attainable without earnest and consistent effort, though put within the reach of all who were willing to make such effort; and the granting of it should be a public testimony to the fact, that the youth or maid to whom it was given had lived, within their proper sphere, a modest and virtuous life, and had attained such skill in their proper handicraft, and in arts of household economy, as might give well-founded expectations of their being able honourably to maintain and teach their children.

125. No girl should receive her permission to marry before her seventeenth birthday, nor any youth before his twenty-first; and it should be a point of somewhat distinguished honour with both sexes to gain their permission of marriage in the eighteenth and twenty-second years; and a recognised disgrace not to have gained it at least before the close of their twenty-first and twenty-fourth. I do not mean that they should in any wise hasten actual marriage; but only that they

should hold it a point of honour to have the right to marry. In every year there should be two festivals, one on the first of May, and one at the feast of harvest home in each district, at which festivals their permissions to marry should be given publicly to the maidens and youths who had won them in that half-year ; and they should be crowned, the maids by the old French title of Rosières, and the youths, perhaps by some name rightly derived from one supposed signification of the word " bachelor," " laurel fruit," and so led in joyful procession, with music and singing, through the city street or village lane, and the day ended with feasting of the poor.

126. And every bachelor and rosière should be entitled to claim, if they needed it, according to their position in life, a fixed income from the State, for seven years from the day of their marriage, for the setting up of their homes ; and, however rich they might be by inheritance, their income should not be permitted to exceed a given sum, proportioned to their rank, for the seven years following that in which they had obtained their permission to marry, but should accumulate in the trust of the State until that seventh year, in which they should be put (on certain conditions) finally in possession of their property ; and the men, thus necessarily not before their twenty-eighth, nor usually later than their thirty-first year, become eligible to offices of State. So that the rich and poor should not be sharply separated in the beginning of the war of life ; but the one supported against the first stress of it long enough to enable them, by proper forethought and economy, to secure their footing ; and the other

trained somewhat in the use of moderate means, before they were permitted to have the command of abundant ones. And of the sources from which these State incomes for the married poor should be supplied, or of the treatment of those of our youth whose conduct rendered it advisable to refuse them permission to marry, I defer what I have to say till we come to the general subjects of taxation and criminal discipline ; leaving the proposals made in this letter to bear, for the present, whatever aspect of mere romance and unrealizable vision they probably may, and to most readers, such as they assuredly will. Nor shall I make the slightest effort to redeem them from these imputations ; for though there is nothing in all their purport which would not be approved, as in the deepest sense “ practical ”—by the Spirit of Paradise—

“ Which gives to all the self-same bent,
Whose lives are wise and innocent.”

and though I know that national justice in conduct, and peace in heart, could by no other laws be so swiftly secured, I confess with much *dis*-peace of heart, that both justice and happiness have at this day become, in England, “ romantic impossibilities.”

LETTER XXI

*Of the Dignity of the Four Fine Arts ; and of the
Proper System of Retail Trade*

April 15, 1867.

127. I RETURN now to the part of the subject at which I was interrupted—the inquiry as to the proper means of finding persons willing to maintain themselves and others by degrading occupations.

That, on the whole, simply manual occupations *are* degrading, I suppose I may assume you to admit; at all events, the fact is so, and I suppose few general readers will have any doubt of it.¹

Granting this, it follows as a direct consequence that it is the duty of all persons in higher stations of life, by every means in their power, to diminish their demand for work of such kind, *and to live with as little aid from the lower trades*, as they can possibly contrive.

¹ Many of my working readers have disputed this statement eagerly, feeling the good effect of work in themselves; but observe, I only say, *simply* or *totally* manual work; and that, alone, *is* degrading, though often in measure, refreshing, wholesome, and necessary. So it is highly necessary and wholesome to eat sometimes; but degrading to eat all day, as to labour with the hands all day. But it is not degrading to think all day—if you can. A highly-bred court lady, rightly interested in politics and literature, is a much finer type of the human creature than a servant of all work, however clever and honest.

128. I suppose you see that this conclusion is not a little at variance with received notions on political economy ? It is popularly supposed that it benefits a nation to invent a want. But the fact is, that the true benefit is in *extinguishing* a want—in living with as few wants as possible.

I cannot tell you the contempt I feel for the common writers on political economy, in their stupefied missing of this first principle of all human economy—individual or political—to live, namely, with as few wants as possible, and to waste nothing of what is given you to supply them.

129. This ought to be the first lesson of every rich man's political code. "Sir," his tutor should early say to him, "you are so placed in society,—it may be for your misfortune, it *must* be for your trial—that you are likely to be maintained all your life by the labour of other men. You will have to make shoes for nobody, but some one will have to make a great many for you. You will have to dig ground for nobody, but some one will have to dig through every summer's hot day for you. You will build houses and make clothes for no one, but many a rough hand must knead clay, and many an elbow be crooked to the stitch, to keep that body of yours warm and fine. Now remember, whatever you and your work may be worth, the less your keep costs, the better. It does not cost money only. It costs degradation. You do not merely employ these people. You also *tread* upon them. It cannot be helped;—you have your place, and they have theirs; but see that you tread as lightly as possible, and on as few as possible. What food; and clothes, and lodging, you honestly need, for your health and

peace, you may righteously take. See that you take the plainest you can serve yourself with—that you waste or wear nothing vainly—and that you employ no man in furnishing you with any useless luxury."

130. That is the first lesson of Christian—or human—economy ; and depend upon it, my friend, it is a sound one, and has every voice and vote of the spirits of Heaven and earth to back it, whatever views the Manchester men, or any other manner of men, may take respecting "demand and supply." Demand what you deserve, and you shall be supplied with it, for your good. Demand what you do *not* deserve, and you shall be supplied with something which you have not demanded, and which Nature perceives that you deserve, quite to the contrary of your good. That is the law of your existence, and if you do not make it the law of your resolved acts, so much, precisely, the worse for you and all connected with you.

131. Yet observe, though it is out of its proper place said here, this law forbids no luxury which men are *not* degraded in providing. You may have Paul Veronese to paint your ceiling, if you like, or Benvenuto Cellini to make cups for you. But you must not employ a hundred divers to find beads to stitch over your sleeve. (Did you see the account of the sales of the Esterhazy jewels the other day ?)

And the degree in which you recognise the difference between these two kinds of services, is precisely what makes the difference between your being a civilised person or a barbarian. If you keep slaves to furnish forth your dress—to

glut your stomach—sustain your indolence—or deck your pride, you are a barbarian. If you keep servants, properly cared for, to furnish you with what you verily want, and no more than that—you are a “civil” person—a person capable of the qualities of citizenship.¹

132. Now, farther, observe that in a truly civilised and disciplined state, no man would be allowed to meddle with any material who did not know how to make the best of it. In other words, the arts of working in wood, clay, stone, and metal, would all be *fine arts* (working in iron for machinery becoming an entirely distinct business). There would be no joiner’s work, no smith’s, no pottery nor stone-cutting, so debased in character as to be entirely unconnected with the finer branches of the same art; and to at least one of these finer branches (generally in metal-work) every painter and sculptor would be necessarily apprenticed during some years of his education. There would be room, in these four trades alone, for nearly every grade of practical intelligence and productive imagination.

133. But it should not be artists alone who are exercised early in these crafts. It would be part of my scheme of physical education that every youth in the state—from the King’s son downwards,—should learn to do something finely and thoroughly with his hand, so as to let him know what *touch* meant; and what stout craftsmanship meant; and to inform him of many things besides, which no man can learn but by some severely accurate discipline in doing. Let him once learn to take a straight shaving off a plank, or draw a fine

¹ Compare *The Crown of Wild Olive*, §§ 79, 118, and 122.

curve without faltering, or lay a brick level in its mortar ; and he has learned a multitude of other matters which no lips of man could ever teach him. He might choose his craft, but whatever it was, he should learn it to some sufficient degree of true dexterity : and the result would be, in after life, that among the middle classes a good deal of their house furniture would be made, and a good deal of rough work, more or less clumsily, but not ineffectively, got through, by the master himself and his sons, with much furtherance of their general health and peace of mind, and increase of innocent domestic pride and pleasure, and to the extinction of a great deal of vulgar upholstery and other mean handicraft.

134. Farther. A great deal of the vulgarity, and nearly all the vice, of retail commerce, involving the degradation of persons occupied in it, depends simply on the fact that their minds are always occupied by the vital (or rather mortal) question of profits. I should at once put an end to this source of baseness by making all retail dealers merely salaried officers in the employ of the trade guilds ; the stewards, that is to say, of the saleable properties of those guilds, and purveyors of such and such articles to a given number of families. A perfectly well-educated person might, without the least degradation, hold such an office as this, however poorly paid ; and it would be precisely the fact of his being well educated which would enable him to fulfil his duties to the public without the stimulus of direct profit. Of course the current objection to such a system would be that no man, for a regularly paid salary, would take pains to please his customers ;

and the answer to that objection is, that if you can train a man to so much unselfishness as to offer himself fearlessly to the chance of being shot, in the course of his daily duty, you can most assuredly, if you make it also a point of honour with him, train him to the amount of self-denial involved in looking you out with care such a piece of cheese or bacon as you have asked for.

135. You see that I have already much diminished the number of employments involving degradation; and raised the character of many of those that are left. There remain to be considered the necessarily painful or mechanical works of mining, forging, and the like: the unclean, noisome, or paltry manufactures—the various kinds of transport—(by merchant shipping, etc.) and the conditions of menial service.

It will facilitate the examination of these if we put them for the moment aside, and pass to the other division of our dilemma, the question, namely, what kind of lives our gentlemen and ladies are to live, for whom all this hard work is to be done.

LETTER XXII

*Of the Normal Position and Duties of the Upper Classes.
General Statement of the Land Question*

April 17, 1867.

136. IN passing now to the statement of conditions affecting the interests of the upper classes, I would rather have addressed these closing letters to one of themselves than to you, for it is with their own faults and needs that each class is primarily concerned. As, however, unless I kept the letters private, this change of their address would be but a matter of courtesy and form, not of any true prudential use ; and as besides I am now no more inclined to reticence—prudent or otherwise ; but desire only to state the facts of our national economy as clearly and completely as may be, I pursue the subject without respect of persons.

137. Before examining what the occupation and estate of the upper classes ought, as far as may reasonably be conjectured, finally to become, it will be well to set down in brief terms what they actually have been in past ages : for this, in many respects, they must also always be. The upper classes, broadly speaking, are originally composed of the best-bred (in the merely animal sense of the term), the most energetic, and most thoughtful, of the population, who either by

strength of arm seize the land from the rest, and make slaves of them, or bring desert land into cultivation, over which they have therefore, within certain limits, true personal right ; or, by industry, accumulate other property, or by choice devote themselves to intellectual pursuits, and, though poor, obtain an acknowledged superiority of position, shown by benefits conferred in discovery, or in teaching, or in gifts of art. This is all in the simple course of the law of nature ; and the proper offices of the upper classes, thus distinguished from the rest, become, therefore, in the main threefold :—

138. (A) Those who are strongest of arm have for their proper function the restraint and punishment of vice, and the general maintenance of law and order ; releasing only from its original subjection to their power that which truly deserves to be emancipated.

(B) Those who are superior by forethought and industry, have for their function to be the providences of the foolish, the weak, and the idle ; and to establish such systems of trade and distribution of goods as shall preserve the lower orders from perishing by famine, or any other consequence of their carelessness or folly, and to bring them all, according to each man's capacity, at last into some harmonious industry.

(C) The third class, of scholars and artists, of course, have for function the teaching and delighting of the inferior multitude.

The office of the upper classes, then, as a body, is to keep order among their inferiors, and raise them always to the nearest level with themselves of which those inferiors are capable. So far as

they are thus occupied, they are invariably loved and reverenced intensely by all beneath them, and reach, themselves, the highest types of human power and beauty.

139. This, then, being the natural ordinance and function of aristocracy, its corruption, like that of all other beautiful things under the Devil's touch, is a very fearful one. Its corruption is, that those who ought to be the rulers and guides of the people, forsake their task of painful honourableness ; seek their own pleasure and pre-eminence only ; and use their power, subtlety, conceded influence, prestige of ancestry, and mechanical instrumentality of martial power, to make the lower orders toil for them, and feed and clothe them for nothing, and become in various ways their living property, goods, and chattels, even to the point of utter regardlessness of whatever misery these serfs may suffer through such insolent domination, or they themselves, their masters, commit of crime to enforce it.

140. And this is especially likely to be the case when means of various and tempting pleasure are put within the reach of the upper classes by advanced conditions of national commerce and knowledge : and it is *certain* to be the case as soon as position among those upper classes becomes any way purchaseable with money, instead of being the assured measure of some kind of worth, (either strength of hand, or true wisdom of conduct, or imaginative gift). It has been becoming more and more the condition of the aristocracy of Europe, ever since the fifteenth century ; and is gradually bringing about its ruin, and in that ruin, checked only by the power which here and

there a good soldier or true statesman achieves over the putrid chaos of its vain policy, the ruin of all beneath it; which can be arrested only, either by the repentance of that old aristocracy, (hardly to be hoped,) or by the stern substitution of other aristocracy worthier than it.

141. Corrupt as it may be, it and its laws together, I would at this moment, if I could, fasten every one of its institutions down with bands of iron, and trust for all progress and help against its tyranny simply to the patience and strength of private conduct. And if I had to choose, I would tenfold rather see the tyranny of old Austria triumphant in the old and new worlds, and trust to the chance (or rather the distant certainty) of some day seeing a true Emperor born to its throne, than, with every privilege of thought and act, run the most distant risk of seeing the thoughts of the people of Germany and England become like the thoughts of the people of America.

My American friends, of whom one, Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, is the dearest I have in the world, tell me I know nothing about America. It may be so, and they must do me the justice to observe that I, therefore, usually *say* nothing about America. But this much I have said, because the Americans, as a nation, set their trust in liberty and in equality, of which I detest the one, and deny the possibility of the other; and because, also, as a nation, they are wholly undesirous of Rest, and incapable of it; irreverent of themselves, both in the present and in the future; discontented with what they are,

yet having no ideal of anything which they desire to become.¹

142. But, however corrupted, the aristocracy of any nation may thus be always divided into three great classes. First, the landed proprietors and soldiers, essentially one political body (for the possession of land can only be maintained by military power); secondly, the moneyed men and leaders of commerce; thirdly, the professional men and masters in science, art, and literature.

And we were to consider the proper duties of all these, and the laws probably expedient respecting them. Whereupon, in the outset, we are at once brought face to face with the great land question.

143. Great as it may be, it is wholly subordinate to those we have hitherto been considering. The laws you make regarding methods of labour, or to secure the genuineness of the things produced by it, affect the entire moral state of the nation, and all possibility of human happiness for them. The mode of distribution of the land only affects their numbers. By this or that law respecting

¹ Some following passages in this letter, containing personal references which might, in permanence, have given pain or offence, are now omitted—the substance of them being also irrelevant to my main purpose. These few words about the American war, with which they concluded, are, I think, worth retaining:—"All methods of right government are to be communicated to foreign nations by perfectness of example and gentleness of patiently expanded power, not suddenly, nor at the bayonet's point. And though it is the duty of every nation to interfere, at bayonet point, if they have the strength to do so, to save any oppressed multitude, or even individual, from manifest violence, it is wholly unlawful to interfere in such matter, except with sacredly pledged limitation of the objects to be accomplished in the oppressed person's favour, and with absolute refusal of all selfish advantage and *increase of territory or of political power* which might otherwise accrue from the victory."

land you decide whether the nation shall consist of fifty or of a hundred millions. But by this or that law respecting work, you decide whether the given number of millions shall be rogues, or honest men ;—shall be wretches, or happy men. And the question of numbers is wholly immaterial, compared with that of character ; or rather, its own materialness depends on the prior determination of character. Make your nation consist of knaves, and, as Emerson said long ago, it is but the case of any other vermin—“the more, the worse.” Or, to put the matter in narrower limits, it is a matter of no final concern to any parent whether he shall have two children, or four ; but matter of quite final concern whether those he has, shall, or shall not, deserve to be hanged. The great difficulty in dealing with the land question at all arises from the false, though very natural, notion on the part of many reformers, and of large bodies of the poor, that the division of the land among the said poor would be an immediate and everlasting relief to them. An *immediate* relief it would be to the extent of a small annual sum (you may easily calculate how little, if you choose) to each of them ; on the strength of which accession to their finances, they would multiply into as much extra personality as the extra pence would sustain, and at that point be checked by starvation, exactly as they are now.

144. Any other form of pillage would benefit them only in like manner ; and, in reality, the difficult part of the question respecting numbers, is, not where they shall be arrested, but what shall be the method of their arrest.

An island of a certain size has standing room

only for so many people ; feeding ground for a great many fewer than could stand on it. Reach the limits of your feeding ground, and you must cease to multiply, must emigrate or starve. The modes in which the pressure is gradually brought to bear on the population depend on the justice of your laws ; but the pressure itself must come at last, whatever the distribution of the land. And arithmeticians seem to me a little slow to remark the importance of the old child's puzzle about the nails in the horseshoe—when it is populations that are doubling themselves, instead of farthings.

145. The essential land question, then, is to be treated quite separately from that of the methods of restriction of population. The land question is—At what point will you resolve to stop ? It is separate matter of discussion how you are to stop at it.

And this essential land question—"At what point will you stop ?"—is itself twofold. You have to consider first, by what methods of land distribution you can maintain the greatest number of healthy persons ; and secondly, whether, if, by any other mode of distribution and relative ethical laws, you can raise their character, while you diminish their numbers, such sacrifice should be made, and to what extent ? I think it will be better, for clearness' sake, to end this letter with the putting of these two queries in their decisive form, and to reserve suggestions of answer for my next.

LETTER XXIII

*Of the Just Tenure of Lands : and the proper
Functions of high Public Officers*

20th April, 1867.

146. I MUST repeat to you, once more, before I proceed, that I only enter on this part of our enquiry to complete the sequence of its system, and explain fully the bearing of former conclusions, and not for any immediately practicable good to be got out of the investigation. Whatever I have hitherto urged upon you, it is in the power of all men quietly to promote, and finally to secure, by the patient resolution of personal conduct ; but no action could be taken in redistribution of land or in limitation of the incomes of the upper classes, without grave and prolonged civil disturbance.

Such disturbance, however, is only too likely to take place, if the existing theories of political economy are allowed credence much longer. In the writings of the vulgar economists, nothing more excites my indignation than the subterfuges by which they endeavour to accommodate their pseudo-science to the existing abuses of wealth, by disguising the true nature of rent. I will not waste time in exposing their fallacies, but will put the truth for you into as clear a shape as I can.

147. Rent, of whatever kind, is, briefly, the price continuously paid for the loan of the

property of another person. It may be too little, or it may be just, or exorbitant, or altogether unjustifiable, according to circumstances. Exorbitant rents can only be exacted from ignorant or necessitous rent-payers : and it is one of the most necessary conditions of state economy that there should be clear laws to prevent such exaction.

148. I may interrupt myself for a moment to give you an instance of what I mean. The most wretched houses of the poor in London often pay ten or fifteen per cent. to the landlord ; and I have known an instance of sanitary legislation being hindered, to the loss of many hundreds of lives, in order that the rents of a nobleman, derived from the necessities of the poor, might not be diminished. And it is a curious thing to me to see Mr. J. S. Mill foaming at the mouth, and really afflicted conscientiously, because he supposes one man to have been unjustly hanged, while by his own failure (I believe, *wilful* failure),¹ in stating clearly to the public one of the first elementary truths of the science he professes, he is aiding and abetting the commission of the cruellest possible form of murder on many thousands of persons yearly, for the sake simply of putting money into the pockets of the landlords. I felt this evil so strongly that I bought, in the worst part of London, one freehold and one leasehold property, consisting of houses inhabited by the lowest poor ; in order to try what change in their comfort and habits I could effect by taking only a just rent, but that firmly. The houses of the leasehold pay me five per cent. ; the families that used to have one room in them have now two ; and are more

¹ See § 156.

orderly and hopeful besides ; and there is a surplus still on the rents they pay after I have taken my five per cent., with which, if all goes well, they will eventually be able to buy twelve years of the lease from me. The freehold pays three per cent., with similar results in the comfort of the tenant. This is merely an example of what might be done by firm State action in such matters.

149. Next, of wholly unjustifiable rents. These are for things which are not, and which it is criminal to consider as, personal or exchangeable property. Bodies of men, land, water, and air, are the principal of these things.

Parenthetically, may I ask you to observe, that though a fearless defender of some forms of slavery, I am no defender of the slave *trade*. It is by a blundering confusion of ideas between *governing* men, and *trading in* men, and by consequent interference with the restraint, instead of only with the sale, that most of the great errors in action have been caused among the emancipation men. I am prepared, if the need be clear to my own mind, and if the power is in my hands, to throw men into prison, or any other captivity—to bind them or to beat them—and force them, for such periods as I may judge necessary, to any kind of irksome labour : and on occasion of desperate resistance, to hang or shoot them. But I will not *sell* them.

150. Bodies of men, or women, then (and much more, as I said before, their souls), must not be bought or sold. Neither must land, nor water, nor air, these being the necessary sustenance of man's bodies and souls.

Yet all these may, on certain terms, be bound,

or secured in possession, to particular persons under certain conditions. For instance, it may be proper, at a certain time, to give a man permission to possess land, as you give him permission to marry ; and farther, if he wishes it and works for it, to secure to him the land needful for his life, as you secure his wife to him ; and make both utterly his own, without in the least admitting his right to buy other people's wives, or fields, or to sell his own.

151. And the right action of a State respecting its land is, indeed, to secure it in various portions to those of its citizens who deserve to be trusted with it, according to their respective desires and proved capacities ; and after having so secured it to each, to exercise only such vigilance over his treatment of it as the State must give also to his treatment of his wife and servants ; for the most part leaving him free, but interfering in cases of gross mismanagement or abuse of power. And in the case of great old families, which always ought to be, and in some measure, however decadent, still truly are, the noblest monumental architecture of the kingdom, living temples of sacred tradition and hero's religion, so much land ought to be granted to them in perpetuity as may enable them to live thereon with all circumstances of state and outward nobleness ; *but their income must in no wise be derived from the rents of it*, nor must they be occupied (even in the most distant or subordinately administered methods), in the exaction of rents. That is not noblemen's work. Their income must be fixed, and paid them by the State, as the King's is.

152. So far from their land being to them a

source of income, it should be, on the whole, costly to them, great part of it being kept in conditions of natural grace, which return no rent but their loveliness ; and the rest made, at whatever cost, exemplary in perfection of such agriculture as develops the happiest peasant life ;¹ agriculture which, as I will show you hereafter, must reject the aid of all mechanism except that of instruments guided solely by the human hand, or by animal, or directly natural forces ; and which, therefore, cannot compete for profitableness with agriculture carried on by aid of machinery.

And now for the occupation of this body of men, maintained at fixed perennial cost of the State.

153. You know I said I should want no soldiers of special skill or pugnacity, for all my boys would be soldiers. But I assuredly want *captains* of soldiers, of special skill and pugnacity. And also, I said I should strongly object to the appearance of any lawyers in my territory ; meaning, however, by lawyers, people who live by arguing about law,—not people appointed to administer law ; and people who live by eloquently misrepresenting facts,—not people appointed to discover and plainly represent them.

Therefore, the youth of this landed aristocracy would be trained, in my schools, to these two great callings, not *by* which, but *in* which, they are to live.

They would be trained, all of them, in perfect science of war, and in perfect science of essential law. And from their body should be chosen the captains and the judges of England, its advocates,

¹ Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XXI., page 22.

and generally its State officers, all such functions being held for fixed pay (as already our officers of the Church and army are paid), and no function connected with the administration of law ever paid by casual fee. And the head of such family should, in his own right, having passed due (and high) examination in the science of law, and not otherwise, be a judge, law-ward or Lord, having jurisdiction both in civil and criminal cases, such as our present judges have, after such case shall have been fully represented before, and received verdict from, a jury, composed exclusively of the middle or lower orders, and in which no member of the aristocracy should sit. But from the decision of these juries, or from the Lord's sentence, there should be a final appeal to a tribunal, the highest in the land, held solely in the King's name, and over which, in the capital, the King himself should preside, and therein give judgment on a fixed number of days in each year ;—and, in other places and at other times, judges appointed by election (under certain conditions) out of any order of men in the State (the election being national, not provincial) : and all causes brought before these judges should be decided, without appeal, by their own authority ; not by juries. This, then, recasting it for you into brief view, would be the entire scheme of State authorities :—

154. (1) The King : exercising, as part both of his prerogative and his duty, the office of a supreme judge at stated times in the central court of appeal of his kingdom.

(2) Supreme judges appointed by national election ; exercising sole authority in courts of final appeal.

(3) Ordinary judges, holding the office hereditarily under conditions ; and with power to add to their number (and liable to have it increased if necessary by the King's appointment) ; the office of such judges being to administer the national laws under the decision of juries.

(4) State officers charged with the direction of public agency in matters of public utility.

(5) Bishops, charged with offices of supervision and aid, to family by family, and person by person.

(6) The officers of war, of various ranks.

(7) The officers of public instruction, of various ranks.

I have sketched out this scheme for you somewhat prematurely, for I would rather have conducted you to it step by step, and as I brought forward the reasons for the several parts of it ; but it is, on other grounds, desirable that you should have it to refer to, as I go on.

155. Without depending anywise upon nomenclature, yet holding it important as a sign and record of the meanings of things, I may tell you further that I should call the elected supreme judges, "Princes" ; the hereditary judges, "Lords" ; and the officers of public guidance, "Dukes" ; and that the social rank of these persons would be very closely correspondent to that implied by such titles under our present constitution ; only much more real and useful. And in conclusion of this letter, I will but add, that if you, or other readers, think it idle of me to write or dream of such things ; as if any of them were in our power, or within possibility of any near realisation, and above all, vain to write of them

to a workman at Sunderland: you are to remember what I told you at the beginning, that I go on with this part of my subject in some fulfilment of my long-conceived plan, too large to receive at present any deliberate execution from my failing strength: (being the body of the work to which *Munera Pulveris* was intended merely as an introduction;) and that I address it to you because I know that the working men of England must, for some time, be the only body to which we can look for resistance to the deadly influence of moneyed power.

I intend, however, to write to you at this moment one more letter, partly explanatory of minor details necessarily omitted in this, and chiefly of the proper office of the soldier; and then I must delay the completion of even this poor task until after the days have turned, for I have quite other work to do in the brightness of the full-opened spring.

156. *P.S.*—As I have used somewhat strong language, both here and elsewhere, of the equivocations of the economists on the subject of rent, I had better refer you to one characteristic example. You will find in paragraph 5th and 6th of Book II., chap. 2, of Mr. Mill's *Principles*, that the right to tenure of land is based, by his admission, only on the proprietor's being its improver.

Without pausing to dwell on the objection that land cannot be improved beyond a certain point, and that, at the reaching of that point, farther claim to tenure would cease, on Mr. Mill's principle —take even this admission, with its proper subsequent conclusion, that “in no sound theory

of private property was it ever contemplated that the proprietor of land should be merely a sinecurist quartered on it." Now, had that conclusion been farther followed, it would have compelled the admission that all rent was unjustifiable which normally maintained any person in idleness; which is indeed the whole truth of the matter. But Mr. Mill instantly retreats from this perilous admission; and after three or four pages of discussion (quite accurate for *its* part) of the limits of power in management of the land itself (which apply just as strictly to the peasant proprietor as to the cottier's landlord), he begs the whole question at issue in one brief sentence, slipped cunningly into the middle of a long one which appears to be telling all the other way, and in which the fatal assertion (of the right to rent) nestles itself, as if it had been already proved,—thus—I italicise the unproved assertion in which the venom of the entire falsehood is concentrated.

"Even in the case of cultivated land, a man whom, though only one among millions, the law permits to hold thousands of acres as his single share, is not entitled to think that all is given to him to use and abuse, and deal with it as if it concerned nobody but himself. *The rents or profits which he can obtain from it are his, and his only*; but with regard to the land, in everything which he abstains from doing, he is morally bound, and should, whenever the case admits, be legally compelled to make his interest and pleasure consistent with the public good."

157. I say, this sentence in italics is slipped *cunningly* into the long sentence as if it were of no great consequence; and above I have expressed

my belief that Mr. Mill's equivocations on this subject are wilful. It is a grave accusation; but I cannot, by any stretch of charity, attribute these misrepresentations to absolute dulness and bluntness of brain, either in Mr. Mill or his follower, Mr. Fawcett. Mr. Mill is capable of immense involuntary error; but his involuntary errors are usually owing to his seeing only one or two of the many sides of a thing; not to obscure sight of the side he *does* see. Thus his *Essay on Liberty* only takes cognisance of facts that make for liberty, and of none that make for restraint. But in its statement of all that can be said for liberty, it is so clear and keen, that I have myself quoted it before now as the best authority on that side. And, if arguing in favour of Rent, absolutely, and with clear explanation of what it was, he had then defended it with all his might, I should have attributed to him only the honest shortsightedness of partisanship; but when I find his defining sentences full of subtle entanglement and reserve—and that reserve held throughout his treatment of this particular subject,—I cannot, whether I utter the suspicion or not, keep the sense of wilfulness in the misrepresentation from remaining in my mind. And if there be indeed ground for this blame, and Mr. Mill, for fear of fostering political agitation,¹ has disguised what he knows to be the facts about rent, I would ask him as one of the leading members of the Jamaica

¹ With at last the natural consequences of cowardice,—nitro-glycerine and fire-balls! Let the upper classes speak the truth about themselves boldly, and they will know how to defend themselves fearlessly. It is equivocation in principle, and dereliction from duty, which melt at last into tears in a mob's presence.—(Dec. 16th, 1867.)

Committee, which is the greater crime, boldly to sign warrant for the sudden death of one man, known to be an agitator, in the immediate outbreak of such agitation, or, by equivocation in a scientific work, to sign warrants for the deaths of thousands of men in slow misery, for *fear* of an agitation which has not begun ; and if begun, would be carried on by debate, not by the sword ?

LETTER XXIV

The Office of the Soldier

April 22, 1867.

158. I MUST once more deprecate your probable supposition that I bring forward this ideal plan of State government, either with any idea of its appearing, to our present public mind, practicable even at a remote period, or with any positive and obstinate adherence to the particular form suggested. There are no wiser words among the many wise ones of the most rational and keen-sighted of old English men of the world, than these :—

“ For forms of government let fools contest ;
That which is best administered is best.”

For, indeed, no form of government is of any use among bad men ; and any form will work in the hands of the good ; but the essence of all government among good men is this, that it is mainly occupied in the *production and recognition of human worth*, and in the detection and extinction of *human unworthiness* ; and every Government which produces and recognises worth, will also inevitably use the worth it has found to govern with ; and therefore fall into some approximation to such a system as I have described. And, as I told you, I do not contend for names, nor

particular powers—though I state those which seem to me most advisable; on the contrary, I know that the precise extent of authorities must be different in every nation at different times, and ought to be so, according to their circumstances and character; and all that I assert with confidence is the necessity, within afterwards definable limits, of *some such* authorities as these; that is to say,

159. I. An *observant* one:—by which all men shall be looked after and taken note of.

II. A *helpful* one, from which those who need help may get it.

III. A *prudential* one, which shall not let people dig in wrong places for coal, nor make railroads where they are not wanted; and which shall also, with true providence, insist on their digging in right places for coal, in a safe manner, and making railroads where they *are* wanted.

IV. A *martial* one, which will punish knaves and make idle persons work.

V. An *instructive* one, which shall tell everybody what it is their duty to know, and be ready pleasantly to answer questions if anybody asks them.

VI. A *deliberate* and *decisive* one, which shall judge by law, and amend or make law;

VII. An *exemplary* one, which shall show what is loveliest in the art of life.

You may divide or name those several offices as you will, or they may be divided in practice as expediency may recommend; the plan I have stated merely puts them all into the simplest forms and relations.

160. You see I have just defined the martial

power as that "which punishes knaves and makes idle persons work." For that is indeed the ultimate and perennial soldiership; that is the essential warrior's office to the end of time. "There is no discharge in that war." To the compelling of sloth, and the scourging of sin, the strong hand will have to address itself as long as this wretched little dusty and volcanic world breeds nettles, and spits fire. The soldier's office at present is indeed supposed to be the defence of his country against other countries; but that is an office which—Utopian as you may think the saying—will soon now be extinct. I say so fearlessly, though I say it with wide war threatened, at this moment, in the East and West. For observe what the standing of nations on their defence really means. It means that, but for such armed attitude, each of them would go and rob the other; that is to say, that the majority of active persons in every nation are at present—thieves. I am very sorry that this should still be so; but it will not be so long. National exhibitions, indeed, will not bring peace; but national education will, and that is soon coming. I can judge of this by my own mind, for I am myself naturally as covetous a person as lives in this world, and am as eagerly-minded to go and steal some things the French have got, as any housebreaker could be, having clue to attractive spoons. If I could by military incursion carry off Paul Veronese's "Marriage in Cana," and the "Venus Victrix," and the "Hours of St. Louis," it would give me the profoundest satisfaction to accomplish the foray successfully; nevertheless, being a comparatively educated person, I should

most assuredly not give myself that satisfaction, though there were not an ounce of gunpowder, nor a bayonet, in all France. I have not the least mind to rob anybody, however much I may covet what they have got ; and I know that the French and British public may and will, with many other publics, be at last brought to be of this mind also ; and to see farther that a nation's real strength and happiness do not depend on properties and territories, nor on machinery for their defence ; but on their getting such territory as they *have*, well filled with none but respectable persons. Which is a way of *infinitely* enlarging one's territory, feasible to every potentate ; and dependent no wise on getting Trent turned, or Rhine-edge reached.

161. Not but that, in the present state of things, it may often be soldiers' duty to seize territory, and hold it strongly ; but only from banditti, or savage and idle persons.

Thus, both Calabria and Greece ought to have been irresistibly occupied long ago. Instead of quarrelling with Austria about Venice, the Italians ought to have made a truce with her for ten years, on condition only of her destroying no monuments, and not taxing Italians more than Germans ; and then thrown the whole force of their army on Calabria, shot down every bandit in it in a week, and forced the peasantry of it into honest work on every hill-side, with stout and immediate help from the soldiers in embanking streams, building walls, and the like ; and Italian finance would have been a much pleasanter matter for the King to take account of by this time ; and a fleet might have been floating under Garganus strong enough



to sweep every hostile sail out of the Adriatic, instead of a disgraced and useless remnant of one, about to be put up to auction.

And similarly, *we* ought to have occupied Greece instantly, when they asked us, whether Russia liked it or not ; given them an English king, made good roads for them, and stout laws ; and kept them, and their hills and seas, with righteous shepherding of Arcadian fields, and righteous ruling of Salaminian wave, until they could have given themselves a Greek king of men again ; and obeyed him, like men.

April 24.

162. It is strange that just before I finish work for this time, there comes the first real and notable sign of the victory of the principles I have been fighting for, these seven years. It is only a news paper paragraph, but it means much. Look at the second column of the 11th page of yesterday's *Pall Mall Gazette*. The paper has taken a wonderful fit of misprinting lately (unless my friend John Simon has been knighted on his way to Weimar, which would be much too right and good a thing to be a likely one) ; but its straws of talk mark which way the wind blows perhaps more early than those of any other journal—and look at the question it puts in that page, “ Whether political economy be the sordid and materialistic science some account it, or almost the noblest on which thought can be employed ? ” Might not you as well have determined that question a little while ago, friend Public ? and known what political economy *was*, before you talked so much about it ?

But, hark, again—"Ostentation, parental pride, and a host of moral" (immoral ?) "qualities must be recognised as among the springs of industry; political economy should not ignore these, but, to discuss them, *it must abandon its pretensions to the precision of a pure science.*"

163. Well done the *Pall Mall!* Had it written "Prudence and parental affection," instead of "Ostentation and parental pride," "must be recognised among the springs of industry," it would have done still better; and it would then have achieved the expression of a part of the truth, which I put into clear terms in the first sentence of "*Unto this Last,*" in the year 1862—which it has thus taken five years to get half way into the public's head.

"Among the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined, irrespectively of the influence of social affection."

Look also at the definition of skill, § 49 *n.*

"Under the term 'skill' I mean to include the united force of experience, intellect, and passion, in their operation on manual labour, and under the term 'passion' to include the entire range of the moral feelings."

164. I say half way into the public's head, because you see, a few lines further on, the *Pall Mall* hopes for a pause "half way between the rigidity of Ricardo and the sentimentality of Ruskin."

With one hand on their pocket, and the other on their heart ! Be it so for the present ; we shall see how long this statuesque attitude can be maintained ; meantime, it chances strangely—as several other things have chanced while I was writing these notes to you—that they should have put in that sneer (two lines before) at my note on the meaning of the Homeric and Platonic Sirens, at the very moment when I was doubting whether I would or would not tell you the significance of the last song of Ariel in *The Tempest*.

I had half determined not, but now I shall. And this was what brought me to think of it :—

165. Yesterday afternoon I called on Mr. H. C. Sorby, to see some of the results of an inquiry he has been following all last year, into the nature of the colouring matter of leaves and flowers.

You most probably have heard (at all events, may with little trouble hear) of the marvellous power which chemical analysis has received in recent discoveries respecting the laws of light.

My friend showed me the rainbow of the rose, and the rainbow of the violet, and the rainbow of the hyacinth, and the rainbow of forest leaves being born, and the rainbow of forest leaves dying.

And, last, he showed me the rainbow of blood. It was but the three-hundredth part of a grain, dissolved in a drop of water ; and it cast its measured bars, for ever recognisable now to human sight, on the chord of the seven colours. And no drop of that red rain can now be shed, so small that the stain of it cannot be known, and the voice of it heard out of the ground.

166. But the seeing these flower colours, and the iris of blood together with them, just while I

was trying to gather into brief space the right laws of war, brought vividly back to me my dreaming fancy of long ago, that even the trees of the earth were “capable of a kind of sorrow, as they opened their innocent leaves in vain for men ; and along the dells of England her beeches cast their dappled shades only where the outlaw drew his bow, and the king rode his careless chase ; amidst the fair defiles of the Apennines, the twisted olive-trunks hid the ambushes of treachery, and on their meadows, day by day, the lilies, which were white at the dawn, were washed with crimson at sunset.”

And so also now this chance word of the daily journal, about the Sirens, brought to my mind the divine passage in the Cratylus of Plato, about the place of the dead.

“ And none of those who dwell there desire to depart thence,—no, not even the Sirens ; but even they, the seducers, are there themselves beguiled, and they who lulled all men, themselves laid to rest—they, and all others—such sweet songs doth death know how to sing to them.”

So also the Hebrew.

“ And desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home.” For you know I told you the Sirens were not pleasures, but desires ; being always represented in old Greek art as having human faces, with birds’ wings and feet ; and sometimes with eyes upon their wings ; and there are not two more important passages in all literature, respecting the laws of labour and of life, than those two great descriptions of the Sirens in Homer and Plato,—the Sirens of death, and Sirens of eternal life, representing severally the earthly and

heavenly desires of men; the heavenly desires singing to the motion of circles of the spheres, and the earthly on the rocks of fatallest shipwreck. A fact which may indeed be regarded "sentimentally," but it is also a profoundly important politico-economical one.

And now for Shakespeare's song.

167. You will find, if you look back to the analysis of it, given in *Munera Pulveris*, § 134, that the whole play of *The Tempest* is an allegorical representation of the powers of true, and therefore spiritual, Liberty, as opposed to true, and therefore carnal and brutal, Slavery. There is not a sentence nor a rhyme, sung or uttered by Ariel or Caliban, throughout the play, which has not this under-meaning.

168. Now the fulfilment of all human liberty is in the peaceful inheritance of the earth, with its "herb yielding seed, and fruit tree yielding fruit" after his kind; the pasture, or arable, land, and the blossoming, or wooded and fruited, land uniting the final elements of life and peace, for body and soul. Therefore, we have the two great Hebrew forms of benediction, "His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk," and again, "Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good." And as the work of war and sin has always been the devastation of this blossoming earth, whether by spoil or idleness, so the work of peace and virtue is also that of the first day of Paradise, to "Dress it and to keep it." And that will always be the song of perfectly accomplished Liberty, in her industry, and rest, and shelter from troubled thoughts in the calm

of the fields, and gaining, by migration, the long summer's day from the shortening twilight :—

“ Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

And the security of this treasure to all the poor, and not the ravage of it down the valleys of the Shenandoah, is indeed the true warrior's work. But, that they may be able to restrain vice rightly, soldiers must themselves be first in virtue ; and that they may be able to compel labour sternly, they must themselves be first in toil, and their spears, like Jonathan's at Bethaven, enlighteners of the eyes.

LETTER XXV

Of inevitable Distinction of Rank, and necessary Submission to Authority. The meaning of Pure-heartedness. Conclusion.

169. I WAS interrupted yesterday, just as I was going to set my soldiers to work; and to-day, here comes the pamphlet you promised me, containing the Debates about Church-going, in which I find so interesting a text for my concluding letter that I must still let my soldiers stand at ease for a little while. Look at its twenty-fifth page, and you will find, in the speech of Mr. Thomas (carpenter), this beautiful explanation of the admitted change in the general public mind, of which Mr. Thomas, for his part, highly approves (the getting out of the unreasonable habit of paying respect to anybody). There were many reasons to Mr. Thomas's mind why the working classes did not attend places of worship: one was, that "the parson was regarded as an object of reverence. In the little town he came from, if a poor man did not make a bow to the parson he was a marked man. This was no doubt wearing away to a great extent" (the base habit of making bows), "because, the poor man was beginning to get education, and to think for himself. It was only while the priest kept the press from him that he was kept ignorant, and was compelled

to bow, as it were, to the parson. . . . It was case all over England. The clergyman seen to think himself something superior. Now (Mr. Thomas) did not admit there was any feriority" (laughter, audience throughout co of meeting mainly in the right), "except, perh on the score of his having received a clasc education, which the poor man could not get."

Now, my dear friend, here is the element wl is the veriest devil of all that have got into mod flesh ; this infidelity of the nineteenth cent St. Thomas in there being anything better t himself alive ;¹ coupled, as it always is, with farther resolution—if unwillingly convinced the fact,—to seal the Better living thing d again out of his way, under the first stone han I had not intended, till we entered on the sec section of our enquiry, namely, into the in ence of gentleness (having hitherto, you see, b wholly concerned with that of justice), to g you the clue out of our dilemma about equali produced by education ; but by the speech of superior carpenter, I am driven into it at or and it is perhaps as well.

170. The speech is not, observe, without own root of truth at the bottom of it, nor at as I think, ill intended by the speaker ; but : have in it a clear instance of what I was saying the sixteenth of these letters,—that educat was desired by the lower orders because they thor it would make them upper orders, and be a leve and effacer of distinctions. They will be migh astonished, when they really get it, to find t it is, on the contrary, the fatallest of all discern

¹ Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 136.

and enforcers of distinctions ; piercing, even to the division of the joints and marrow, to find out wherein your body and soul are less, or greater, than other bodies and souls, and to sign deed of separation with unequivocal seal.

171. Education is, indeed, of all differences not divinely appointed, an instant effacer and reconciler. Whatever is undivinely poor, it will make rich ; whatever is undivinely maimed, and halt, and blind, it will make whole, and equal, and seeing. The blind and the lame are to it as to David at the siege of the Tower of the Kings, “hated of David’s soul.” But there are other divinely-appointed differences, eternal as the ranks of the everlasting hills, and as the strength of their ceaseless waters. And these, education does *not* do away with ; but measures, manifests, and employs.

In the handful of shingle which you gather from the sea-beach, which the indiscriminate sea, with equality of fraternal foam, has only educated to be, every one, round, you will see little difference between the noble and mean stones. But the jeweller’s trenchant education of them will tell you another story. Even the meanest will be better for it, but the noblest so much better that you can class the two together no more. The fair veins and colours are all clear now, and so stern is nature’s intent regarding this, that not only will the polish show which is best, but the best will take most polish. You shall not merely see they have more virtue than the others, but see that more of virtue more clearly ; and the less virtue there is, the more dimly you shall see what there is of it.

172. And the law about education, which is sorrowfullest to vulgar pride, is this—that all its gains are at compound interest ; so that, as our work proceeds, every hour throws us farther behind the greater men with whom we began on equal terms. Two children go to school hand in hand, and spell for half an hour over the same page. Through all their lives, never shall they spell from the same page more. One is presently a page a-head,—two pages, ten pages,—and evermore, though each toils equally, the interval enlarges—at birth nothing, at death, infinite.

173. And by this you may recognise true education from false. False education is a delightful thing, and warms you, and makes you every day think more of yourself. And true education is a deadly cold thing, with a Gorgon's head on her shield, and makes you every day think worse of yourself.

Worse in two ways, also, more's the pity. It is perpetually increasing the personal sense of ignorance and the personal sense of fault. And this last is the truth which is at the bottom of the common evangelical notion about conversion, and which the Devil has got hold of, and hidden, until, instead of seeing and confessing personal ignorance and fault, as compared with the sense and virtue of others, people see nothing but corruption in human nature, and shelter their own sins under accusation of their race (the worst of all assertions of equality and fraternity). And so they avoid the blessed and strengthening pain of finding out wherein they are fools, as compared with other men, by calling everybody else a fool too ; and avoid the pain of discerning their own faults,

by vociferously claiming their share in the great capital of original sin.

I must also, therefore, tell you here what properly ought to have begun the next following section of our subject—the point usually unnoticed in the parable of the Prodigal Son.

174. First, have you ever observed that all Christ's main teachings, by direct order, by earnest parable, and by His own permanent emotion, regard the use and misuse of *money*? We might have thought, if we had been asked what a divine teacher was most likely to teach, that he would have left inferior persons to give directions about money; and himself spoken only concerning faith and love, and the discipline of the passions, and the guilt of the crimes of soul against soul. But not so. He speaks in general terms of these. But He does not speak parables about them for all men's memory, nor permit Himself fierce indignation against them, in all men's sight. The Pharisees bring Him an adulteress. He writes her forgiveness on the dust of which He had formed her. Another, despised of all for known sin, He recognises as a giver of unknown love. But He acknowledges no love in buyers and sellers in His house. One should have thought there were people in that house twenty times worse than they;—Caiaphas and his like—false priests, false prayer-makers, false leaders of the people—who needed putting to silence, or to flight, with darkest wrath. But the scourge is only against the *traffickers and thieves*. The two most intense of all the parables: the two which lead the rest in love and terror (this of the Prodigal, and of Dives), relate, both of them, to

management of riches. The practical order given to the only seeker of advice, of whom it is recorded that Christ "loved him," is briefly about his property. "Sell that thou hast."

And the arbitrament of the day of the Last Judgment is made to rest wholly, neither on belief in God, nor in any spiritual virtue in man, nor on freedom from stress of stormy crime, but on this only, "I was an hungered and ye gave me drink ; naked, and ye clothed me ; sick, and ye came unto me."

175. Well, then, the first thing I want you to notice in the parable of the Prodigal Son (and the last thing which people usually *do* notice in it), is—that it is about a Prodigal ! He begins by asking for his share of his father's goods ; he gets it, carries it off, and wastes it. It is true that he wastes it in riotous living, but you are not asked to notice in what kind of riot : he spends it with harlots—but it is not the harlotry which his elder brother accuses him of mainly, but of having devoured his father's living. Nay, it is not the sensual life which he accuses himself of—or which the manner of his punishment accuses him of. But the *wasteful* life. It is not said that he had become debauched in soul, or diseased in body, by his vice ; but that at last he would fain have filled his belly with husks, and could not. It is not said that he was struck with remorse for the consequences of his evil passions, but only that he remembered there was bread enough and to spare, even for the servants, at home.

Now, my friend, do not think I want to extenuate sins of passion (though, in very truth, the sin of Magdalene is a light one compared to

that of Judas); but observe, sins of passion, if of *real* passion, are often the errors and back-falls of noble souls; but prodigality is mere and pure selfishness, and essentially the sin of an ignoble or undeveloped creature; and I would rather, ten times rather, hear of a youth that (certain degrees of temptation and conditions of resistance being understood) he had fallen into any sin you chose to name, of all the mortal ones, than that he was in the habit of running bills which he could not pay.

Farther, though I hold that the two crowning and most accursed sins of the society of this present day are the carelessness with which it regards the betrayal of women, and the brutality with which it suffers the neglect of children, both these head and chief crimes, and all others, are rooted first in abuse of the laws, and neglect of the duties concerning wealth. And thus the love of money, with the parallel (and, observe, *mathematically commensurate*) looseness in management of it), the "mal tener," followed necessarily by the "mal dare," is, indeed, the root of all evil.

176. Then, secondly, I want you to note that when the prodigal comes to his senses, he complains of nobody but himself, and speaks of no unworthiness but his own. He says nothing against any of the women who tempted him—nothing against the citizen who left him to feed on husks—nothing of the false friends of whom "no man gave unto him"—above all, nothing of the "corruption of human nature," or the corruption of things in general. He says that *he himself* is unworthy, as distinguished from honourable persons, and that *he himself* has sinned,

distinguished from righteous persons. And *that* is the hard lesson to learn, and the beginning of faithful lessons. All right and fruitful humility, and purging of heart, and seeing of God, is in *that*. It is easy to call yourself the chief of sinners, expecting every sinner round you to decline—or return—the compliment; but learn to measure the real degrees of your own relative baseness, and to be ashamed, not in heaven's sight, but in man's sight; and redemption is indeed begun. Observe the phrase, I have sinned "*against* heaven," against the great law of *that*, and *before* thee, visibly degraded before my human sire and guide, unworthy any more of being esteemed of his blood, and desirous only of taking the place I deserve among his servants.

177. Now, I do not doubt but that I shall set many a reader's teeth on edge by what he will think my carnal and material rendering of this "beautiful" parable. But I am just as ready to spiritualise it as he is, provided I am sure first that we understand it. If we want to understand the parable of the sower, we must first think of it as of literal husbandry; if we want to understand the parable of the prodigal, we must first understand it as of literal prodigality. And the story has also for us a precious lesson in this literal sense of it, namely this, which I have been urging upon you throughout these letters, that all redemption must begin in subjection, and in the recovery of the sense of Fatherhood and authority, as all ruin and desolation begin in the loss of that sense. The lost son began by claiming his rights. He is found when he resigns them. He is lost by flying *from* his father, when his father's authority was

only paternal. He is found by returning to his father, and desiring that his authority may be absolute, as over a hired stranger.

And this is the practical lesson I want to leave with you, and all other working men.

178. You are on the eve of a great political crisis ; and every rascal with a tongue in his head will try to make his own stock out of you. Now this is the test you must try them with. Those that say to you, "Stand up for your rights—get your division of living—be sure that you are as well off as others, and have what they have !—don't let any man dictate to you—have not you all a right to your opinion ?—are you not all as good as everybody else ?—let us have no governors, or fathers—let us all be free and alike." Those, I say, who speak thus to you, take Nelson's rough order for—and hate them as you do the Devil, for they *are* his ambassadors. But those, the few, who have the courage to say to you, " My friends, you and I, and all of us, have somehow got very wrong ; we've been hardly treated, certainly ; but here we are in a piggery, mainly by our own fault, hungry enough, and for ourselves, anything but respectable : we *must* get out of this ; there are certainly laws we may learn to live by, and there are wiser people than we are in the world, and kindly ones, if we can find our way to them ; and an infinitely wise and kind Father, above all of them and us, if we can but find our way to *Him*, and ask Him to take us for servants, and put us to any work He will, so that we may never leave Him more." The people who will say that to you, and (for by *no* saying, but by their fruits, only, you shall finally know them) who are themselves orderly

and kindly, and do their own business well,—take *those* for your guides, and trust them ; on ice and rock alike, tie yourselves well together with them, and with much scrutiny, and cautious walking (perhaps nearly as much back as forward, at first), you will verily get off the glacier, and into meadow land, in God's time.

179. I meant to have written much to you respecting the meaning of that word “hired servants,” and to have gone on to the duties of soldiers, for you know “ Soldier ” means a person who is paid to fight with regular pay—literally with “ soldi ” or “ sous ”—the “ penny a day ” of the vineyard labourers : but I can't now : only just this much, that our whole system of work must be based on the nobleness of soldiership—so that we shall all be soldiers of either plough-share or sword ; and literally all our actual and professed soldiers, whether professed for a time only, or for life, must be kept to hard work of hand, when not in actual war ; their honour consisting in being set to service of more pain and danger than others ; to life-boat service ; to redeeming of ground from furious rivers or sea—or mountain ruin ; to subduing wild and unhealthy land, and extending the confines of colonies in the front of miasm and famine, and savage races.

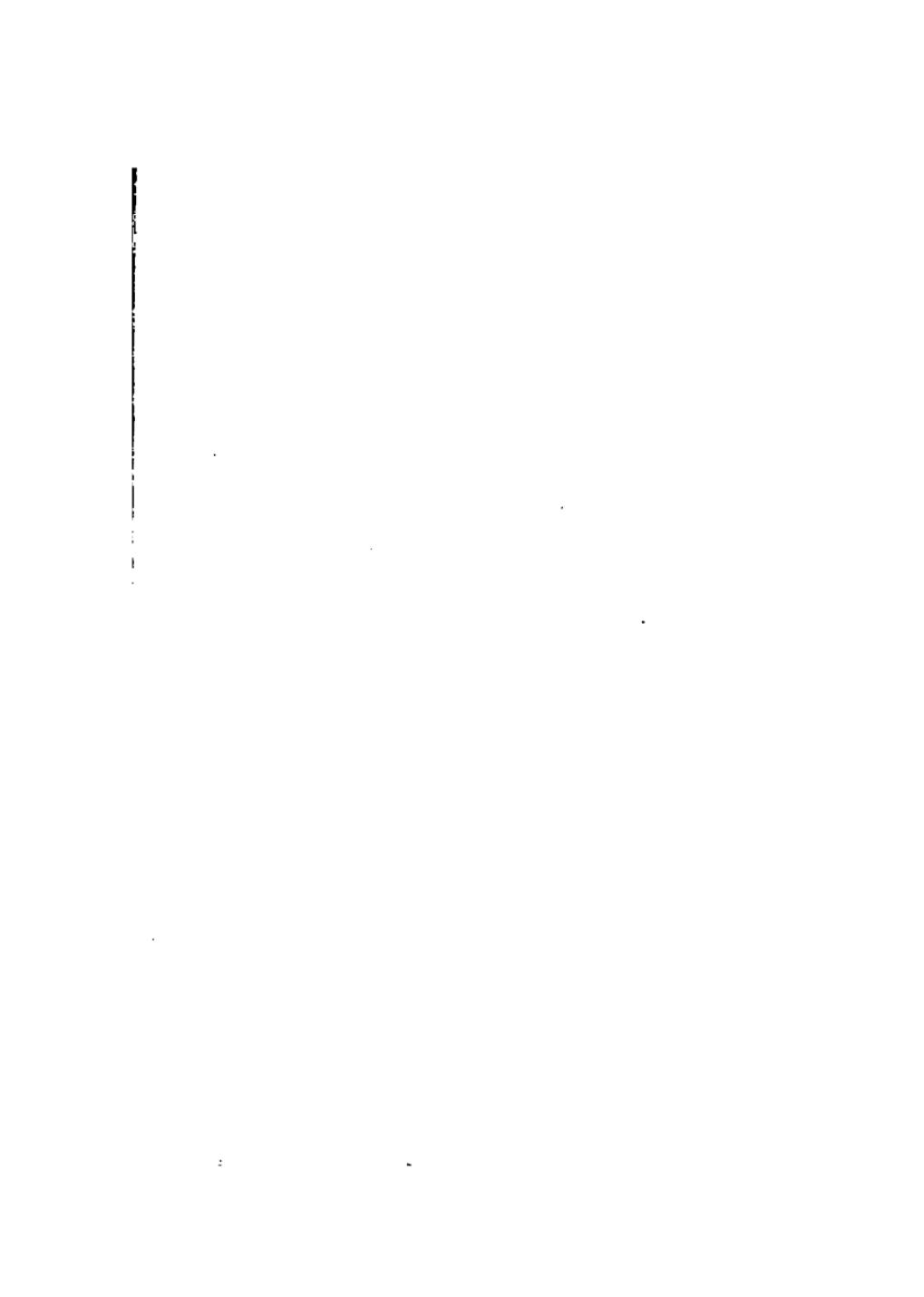
And much of our harder home work must be done in a kind of soldiership, by bands of trained workers sent from place to place and town to town ; doing, with strong and sudden hand, what is needed for help, and setting all things in more prosperous courses for the future.

Of all which I hope to speak in its proper place after we know what offices the higher arts of

gentleness have among the lower ones of force, and how their prevalence may gradually change spear to pruning-hook, over the face of all the earth.

180. And now—but one word more—either for you, or any other readers who may be startled at what I have been saying, as to the peculiar stress laid by the Founder of our religion on right dealing with wealth. Let them be assured that it is with no fortuitous choice among the attributes or powers of evil, that “Mammon” is assigned for the direct adversary of the Master whom they are bound to serve. You cannot, by any artifice of reconciliation, be God’s soldier, and his. Nor while the desire of gain is within your heart, can any true knowledge of the Kingdom of God come there. No one shall enter its stronghold,—no one receive its blessing, except, “he that hath clean hands and a pure heart ;” clean hands that have done no cruel deed,—pure heart, that knows no base desire. And, therefore, in the highest spiritual sense that can be given to words, be assured, not respecting the literal temple of stone and gold, but of the living temple of your body and soul, that no redemption, nor teaching, nor hallowing, will be anywise possible for it, until these two verses have been, for it also, fulfilled :—

“And He went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought. And He taught daily in the temple.”



APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

PAGE 29, § 15.—*Expenditure on Science and Art*

THE following is the passage referred to. The fact it relates is so curious, and so illustrative of our national interest in science, that I do not apologise for the repetition :—

“ Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria ; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred : but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich museum at this moment, if Professor Owen¹ had not, with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in the person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three !—which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while ; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically,

¹ I originally stated this fact without Professor Owen's permission ; which, of course, he could not with propriety have granted, had I asked it ; but I considered it so important that the public should be aware of the fact, that I did what seemed to me right, though rude.

what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus) is at least fifty millions. Now seven hundred pounds is to fifty million pounds, roughly, as seven pence to two thousand pounds. Suppose, then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science ; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of sevenpence sterling ; and that the gentleman who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, ‘ Well, I’ll give you fourpence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra threepence yourself till next year.’ ”

APPENDIX II

PAGES 38, 24, §§ 25, 9.—*Legislation of Frederick the Great*

THE following are the portions of Mr. Dixon’s letters referred to :—

“ Well, I am now busy with *Frederick the Great* ; I am not now astonished that Carlyle calls him Great, neither that this work of his should have had such a sad effect upon him in producing it, when I see the number of volumes he must have had to wade through to produce such a clear terse set of utterances ; and yet I do not feel the work as a book likely to do a reader of it the good that some of his other books will do. It is truly awful to read these battles after battles, lies after lies, called Diplomacy ; it’s fearful to read all this, and one wonders how he that set himself to this—He, of all men—could have the rare patience to produce such a laboured, heart-rending piece of work. Again, when one reads of the stupidity, the shameful waste of our moneys by our forefathers, to see our National Debt (the curse to our labour now, the millstone to our commerce, to our fair chance of competition in our day) thus created, and for what ? Even Carlyle cannot tell ; then how are we to tell ? Now,

who will deliver us ? that is the question ; who will help us in these days of *idle or no work*, while our foreign neighbours have plenty and are actually selling their produce to our men of capital cheaper than we can make it ! House-rent getting dearer, taxes getting dearer, rates, clothing, food, etc. Sad times, my master, do seem to have fallen upon us. And the cause of nearly all this lies embedded in that Frederick ; and yet, so far as I know of it, no critic has yet given an exposition of such laying there. For our behoof, is there no one that will take this, that there lies so woven in with much other stuff so sad to read, to any man that does not believe man was made to fight alone, to be a butcher of his fellow-man ? Who will do this work, or piece of work, so that all who care may know how it is that our debt grew so large, and a great deal more that we ought to know ?—that clearly is one great reason why the book was written and was printed. Well, I hope some day all this will be clear to our people, and some man or men will arise and sweep us clear of these hindrances, these sad drawbacks to the vitality of our work in this world."

" 57, NILE STREET,
" SUNDERLAND, Feb. 7, 1867.

" DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of two letters as additions to your books, which I have read with deep interest, and shall take care of them, and read them over again, so that I may thoroughly comprehend them, and be able to think of them for future use. I myself am not fully satisfied with our co-operation, and never have been ; it is too much tinged with the very elements that they complain of in our present systems of trade—selfishness. I have for years been trying to direct the attention of the editor of the *Co-operator* to such evils that I see in it. Now further, I may state that I find you and Carlyle seem to agree quite on the idea of the *Masterhood* qualification. There again I find you both feel and write as all working men consider just. I can assure you there is not an honest, noble working man that would not by far serve under such *master-hood*, than be the employé or workman of a co-operative store. Working men do not as a rule make good masters :

neither do they treat each other with that courtesy as a noble master treats his working man. George Fox shadows forth some such treatment that Friends ought to make law and guidance for their working men and slaves, such as you speak of in your letters. I will look the passage up, as it is quite to the point, so far as I now remember it. In Vol. VI. of *Frederick the Great*, I find a great deal there that I feel quite certain, if our Queen or Government could make law, thousands of English working men would hail it with such a shout of joy and gladness as would astonish the Continental world. These changes suggested by Carlyle and placed before the thinkers of England, are the noblest, the truest utterances on real kinghood, that I have ever read ; the more I think over them, the more I feel the truth, the justness, and also the fitness of them, to our nation's present dire necessities ; yet this is the man, and these are the thoughts of his, that our critics seem never to see, or if seen, don't think worth printing or in any way wisely directing the attention of the public thereto, alas ! All this and much more fills me with such sadness that I am driven almost to despair. I see from the newspapers, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and other places are sternly endeavouring to carry out the short time movement until such times as trade revives, and I find the masters and men seem to adopt it with a good grace and friendly spirit. I also beg to inform you I see a Mr. Morley, a large manufacturer at Nottingham, has been giving pensions to all his old workmen. I hope such a noble example will be followed by other wealthy masters. It would do more to make a master loved, honoured, and cared for, than thousands of pounds expended in other ways. The Government Savings Banks is one of the wisest acts of late years done by our Government. I, myself, often wish the Government held all our banks instead of private men ; that would put an end to false speculations, such as we too often in the provinces suffer so severely by, so I hail with pleasure and delight the shadowing forth by you of these noble plans for the future : I feel glad and uplifted to think of the good that such teaching will do for us all.

"Yours truly,

"THOMAS DIXON."

" 57 NILE STREET,
" SUNDERLAND, Feb. 24, 1867.

" DEAR SIR.—I now give you the references to *Frederick the Great*. Vol. VI.: Land Question, 365 page, where he increases the number of small farmers to 4000 (202, 204). English soldiers and T. C.'s remarks on our system of purchase, etc. His law (620, 623, 624). State of Poland and how he repaired it (487, 488, 489, 490). I especially value the way he introduced all kinds of industries therein, and so soon changed the chaos into order. Again, the school-masters also are given (not yet in England, says T. C.). Again the use he made of £15,000 surplus in Brandenburg; how it was applied to better his staff of masters. To me, the Vol. VI. is one of the wisest pieces of modern thought in our language. I only wish I had either your power, C. Kingsley, Maurice, or some such able pen-generalship, to illustrate and show forth all the wise teaching on law, government, and social life I see in it, and shining like a star through all its pages.¹ I feel also the truth of all you have written, and will do all I can to make such men or women that care for such thoughts, see it, or read it. I am copying the letters as fast and as well as I can, and will use my utmost endeavour to have them done that justice to they merit.

" Yours truly,
" THOMAS DIXON."

APPENDIX III

PAGE 40, § 28.—*Effect of Modern Entertainments on the Mind of Youth*

THE letter of the *Times*' correspondent referred to contained an account of one of the most singular cases of depravity ever brought before a criminal court; but it is unnecessary to bring any of its details under the

¹ I have endeavoured to arrange some of the passages to which Mr. Dixon here refers, in a form enabling the reader to see their bearing on each other more distinctly, as a sequel to the essay on War in the *Crown of Wild Olive*.

reader's attention, for nearly every other number of our journals has of late contained some instances of atrocities before unthought of, and, it might have seemed, impossible to humanity. The connection of these with the modern love of excitement in the sensational novel and drama may not be generally understood, but it is direct and constant; all furious pursuit of pleasure ending in actual desire of horror and delight in death. I entered into some fuller particulars on this subject in a lecture given in the spring at the Royal Institution.

[Any part of the Lecture referred to likely to be of permanent interest will be printed, somewhere, in this series.]

APPENDIX IV

PAGE 70, § 63.—*Drunkenness as the Cause of Crime*

THE following portions of Mr. Dixon's letter referred to, will be found interesting:—

" DEAR SIR,—Your last letter, I think, will arouse the attention of thinkers more than any of the series, it being on topics they in general feel more interested in than the others, especially as in these you do not assail their pockets so much as in the former ones. Since you seem interested with the notes or rough sketches on gin, G * * * of Dublin was the man I alluded to as making his money by drink, and then giving the results of such traffic to repair the Cathedral of Dublin. It was thousands of pounds. I call such charity robbing Peter to pay Paul! Immense fortunes are made in the *Liquor Traffic*, and I will tell you why; it is all paid for in cash, at least such as the poor people buy; they get credit for clothes, butchers' meat, groceries, etc., while they give the gin-palace keeper *cash*; they never begrudge the price of a glass of gin or beer, they never haggle over its price, never once think of doing that; but in the purchase of almost every other article they haggle and begrudge its price. To give you an idea of its profits—there are houses here whose average weekly takings in cash

at their bars, is £50, £60, £70, £80, £90, to £150 per week ! Nearly all the men of intelligence in it, say it is the curse of the *working classes*. Men whose earnings are, say 20s. to 30s. per week, spend on the average 3s. to 6s. per week (some even 10s.). It's my mode of living to supply these houses with corks that makes me see so much of the drunkenness ; and that is the cause why I never really cared for *my trade*, seeing the misery that was entailed on my fellow men and women by the use of this stuff. Again, a house with a licence to sell spirits, wine, and ale, to be consumed on the premises, is worth two to three times more money than any other class of property. One house here worth nominally £140 sold the other day for £520 ; another one worth £200 sold for £800. I know premises with a licence that were sold for £1300, and then sold again two years after for £1800 ; another place was rented for £50, now rents at £100—this last is a house used by working men and labourers chiefly ! No, I honour men like *Sir W. Trevelyan*, that are teetotalers, or total abstainers, as an example to poor men, and, to prevent his work-people being tempted, will not allow any public-house on his estate. If our land had a few such men it would help the cause. We possess one such a man here, a banker. I feel sorry to say the progress of temperance is not so great as I would like to see it. The only religious body that approaches to your ideas of political economy is Quakerism as taught by George Fox. Carlyle seems deeply tinged with their teachings. *Silence* to them is as valuable as to him. Again, why should people howl and shriek over the law that the Alliance is now trying to carry out in our land called the Permissive Bill ? If we had just laws we then would not be so miserable or so much annoyed now and then with cries of Reform and cries of Distress. I send you two pamphlets ;—one gives the working man's reasons why he don't go to church ; in it you will see a few opinions expressed very much akin to those you have written to me. The other gives an account how it is the poor Indians have died of *Famine*, simply because they have destroyed the very system of Political Economy, or one having some approach to it, that you are now endeavouring to direct the attention of

thinkers to in our country. The *Sesame and Lilies* I have read as you requested. I feel now fully the aim and object you have in view in the Letters, but I cannot help directing your attention to that portion where you mention or rather exclaim against the Florentines pulling down their *Ancient Walls* to build a *Boulevard*. That passage is one that would gladden the hearts of all true *Italians*, especially men that love *Italy and Dante!*"

APPENDIX V

PAGE 71, § 63.—*Abuse of Food*

PARAGRAPHS cut from *Manchester Examiner* of March 16, 1867 :—

"A PARISIAN CHARACTER.—A celebrated character has disappeared from the Palais Royal. Réné Lartique was a Swiss, and a man of about sixty. He actually spent the last fifteen years in the Palais Royal—that is to say, he spent the third of his life at dinner. Every morning at ten o'clock he was to be seen going into a restaurant (usually Tissat's), and in a few moments was installed in a corner, which he only quitted about three o'clock in the afternoon, after having drunk at least six or seven bottles of different kinds of wine. He then walked up and down the garden till the clock struck five, when he made his appearance again at the same restaurant, and always at the same place. His second meal, at which he drank quite as much as at the first, invariably lasted till half-past nine. Therefore, he devoted nine hours a day to eating and drinking. His dress was most wretched—his shoes broken, his trousers torn, his paletot without any lining and patched, his waistcoat without buttons, his hat a rusty red from old age, and the whole surmounted by a dirty white beard. One day he went up to the *comptoir*, and asked the presiding divinity there to allow him to run in debt for one day's dinner. He perceived some hesitation in complying with the request, and immediately called one of the waiters, and desired him to follow him. He went into the office, unbuttoned

a certain indispensable garment, and, taking off a broad leather belt, somewhat startled the waiter by displaying two hundred gold pieces, each worth one hundred francs. Taking up one of them, he tossed it to the waiter, and desired him to pay whatever he owed. He never again appeared at that restaurant, and died a few days ago of indigestion."

"REVENGE IN A BALL-ROOM.—A distressing event lately took place at Castellaz, a little commune of the Alpes-Maritimes, near Mentone. All the young people of the place being assembled in a dancing-room, one of the young men was seen to fall suddenly to the ground, whilst a young woman, his partner, brandished a poniard, and was preparing to inflict a second blow on him, having already desperately wounded him in the stomach. The author of the crime was at once arrested. She declared her name to be Marie P—, twenty-one years of age, and added that she had acted from a motive of revenge, the young man having led her astray formerly with a promise of marriage, which he had never fulfilled. In the morning of that day she had summoned him to keep his word, and, upon his refusal, had determined on making the dancing-room the scene of her revenge. She was at first locked up in the prison of Mentone, and afterwards sent on to Nice. The young man continues in an alarming state."

APPENDIX VI

PAGE 84, § 75.—*Regulations of Trade*

I PRINT portions of two letters of Mr. Dixon's in this place ; one referring to our former discussion respecting the sale of votes :—

"57 NILE STREET,
"SUNDERLAND, March 21, 1867.

"I only wish I could write in some tolerable good style, so that I could idealise, or rather realise to folks, the life, and love, and marriage of a working man and his wife. It is in my opinion a working man that really does know what a true wife is, for his every

want, his every comfort in life depends on her ; and his children's home, their daily lives and future lives, are shaped by her. Napoleon wisely said, 'France needs good mothers more than brave men. Good mothers are the makers or shapers of good and brave men.' I cannot say that these are the words, but it is the import of his speech on the topic. We have a saying amongst us : 'The man may spend and money lend, if his wife be *ought*'—i.e. good wife ;—'but he may work and try to save, but will have *nought*, if his wife be *nought*'—i.e. bad or thrifless wife.

"Now, since you are intending to treat of the working man's parliament and its duties, I will just throw out a few suggestions of what I consider should be the questions or measures that demand an early enquiry into and debate on. That guilds be established in every town, where masters and men may meet, so as to avoid the temptations of the public-house and drink. And then, let it be made law that every lad should serve an apprenticeship of not less than seven years to a trade or art, before he is allowed to be a member of such guild ; also, that all wages be based on a rate of so much *per hour*, and not day, as at present ; and let every man prove his workmanship before such a guild ; and then allow to him such payment per hour as his craft merits. Let there be three grades, and then let there be trials of skill in workmanship every year ; and then, if the workman of the third grade prove that he has made progress in his craft, reward him accordingly. Then, before a lad is put to any trade, why not see what he is naturally fitted for ? Combe's book, entitled 'The Constitution of Man,' throws a good deal of truth on to these matters. Now, here are two branches of the science of life that, so far, have never once been given trial of in this way. We certainly use them after a *crime* has been committed, but not till then.

"Next to that, cash payment for all and everything needed in life. *Credit* is a curse to him that gives it, and that takes it. He that lives by credit lives in general carelessly. If there was no credit, people then would have to live on what they earned ! Then, after that, the Statute of Limitations of Fortune you propose. By the hour system, not a single man need

be *idle*; it would give employment to all, and even two hours per day would realise more to a man than *breaking stones*. Thus you would make every one self-dependent—also no fear of being out of work altogether. Then let there be a Government fund for all the savings of the working man. I am afraid you will think this a wild, discursive sort of a letter.

"Yours truly,
"THOMAS DIXON."

"I have read your references to the *Times* on 'Bribery.' Well, that has long been my own opinion; they simply have a vote to sell, and sell it the same way as they sell potatoes, or a coat, or any other saleable article. Voters generally say, 'What does this gentleman want in Parliament? Why, to help himself and his family or friends; he does not spend all the money he spends over his election for pure good of his country! No: it's to benefit his pocket, to be sure. Why should I not make a penny with my vote, as well as he does with his in Parliament?' I think that if the system of canvassing or election agents were done away with, and all personal canvassing for votes entirely abolished, it would help to put down bribery. Let each gentleman send to the electors his political opinions in a circular, and then let papers be sent, or cards, to each elector, and then let them go and record their votes in the same way they do for a councillor in the Corporation. It would save a great deal of expense, and prevent those scenes of drunkenness so common in our towns during elections. *Bewick's opinions* of these matters are quite to the purpose, I think (*see page 201 of Memoir*). Again, respecting the Paris matter referred to in your last letter, I have read it. Does it not manifest plainly enough that Europeans are also in a measure possessed with that same *demoniacal spirit like the Japanese?*"

APPENDIX VII

THE following letter did not form part of the series written to Mr. Dixon; but it is perhaps worth re-printing. I have not the date of the number of the

Gazette in which it appeared, but it was during the tailors' strike in London.

"To THE EDITOR OF THE *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"SIR,—In your yesterday's article on strikes you have very neatly and tersely expressed the primal fallacy of modern political economy—to wit, that 'the value of any piece of labour cannot be defined'—and that 'all that can be ascertained is simply whether any man can be got to do it for a certain sum.' Now, sir, the 'value' of any piece of labour, that is to say, the quantity of food and air which will enable a man to perform it without losing actually any of his flesh or his nervous energy, is as absolutely fixed a quantity as the weight of powder necessary to carry a given ball a given distance. And within limits varying by exceedingly minor and unimportant circumstances, it is an ascertainable quantity. I told the public this five years ago—and under pardon of your politico-economical contributors—it is not a 'sentimental,' but a chemical fact.

"Let any half-dozen of recognised London physicians state in precise terms the quantity and kind of food, and space of lodging, they consider approximately necessary for the healthy life of a labourer in any given manufacture, and the number of hours he may, without shortening his life, work at such business daily if so sustained.

"And let all masters be bound to give their men a choice between an order for that quantity of food and lodging, or such wages as the market may offer for that number of hours' work.

"Proper laws for the maintenance of families would require further concession—but, in the outset, let but *this* law of wages be established, and if then we have any more strikes you may denounce them without one word of remonstrance either from sense or sensibility.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN RUSKIN."



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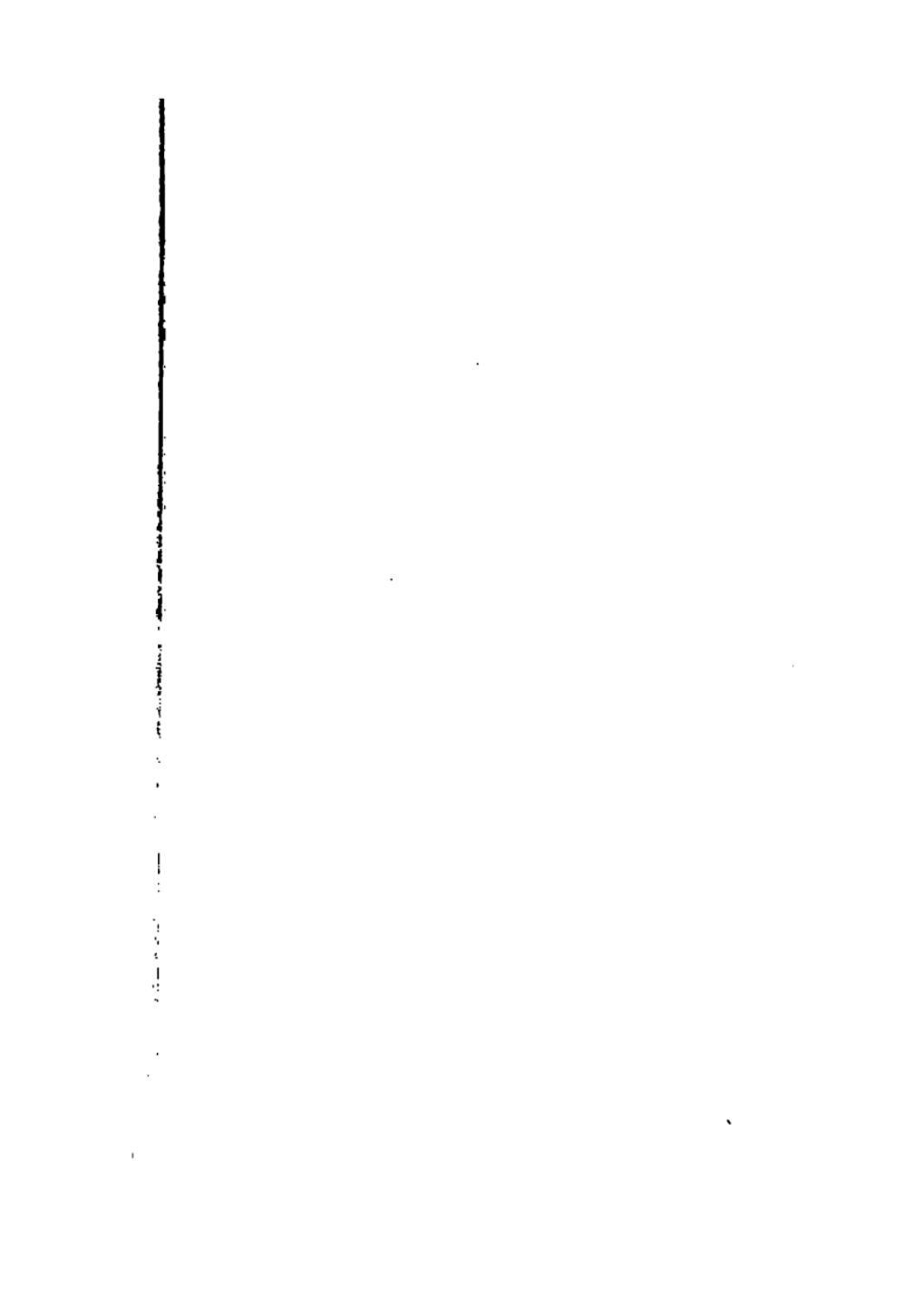
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THE
CROWN OF WILD OLIVE

FOUR LECTURES
ON
INDUSTRY AND WAR

BY
JOHN RUSKIN

[*Bibliographical Note*.—"The Crown of Wild Olive" was first issued in 1866, the edition consisting of the first three lectures only. In 1873 appeared a fourth edition, in which the fourth lecture and the Appendix were added. There were also some footnotes, here marked "[1873]," to the earlier lectures, and a revision of the text. Since then there have been numerous editions, the present issue bringing up the total to the ninety-eighth thousand.]

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THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE

INTRODUCTION¹

1. TWENTY years ago, there was no lovelier piece of lowland scenery in South England, nor any more pathetic, in the world, by its expression of sweet human character and life, than that immediately bordering on the sources of the Wandel, and including the low moors of Addington, and the villages of Beddington and Carshalton, with all their pools and streams. No clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which “giveth rain from heaven”; no pastures ever lightened in spring-time with more passionate blossoming; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the passer-by with their pride of peaceful gladness,—fain-hidden—yet full-confessed. The place remains (1870) nearly unchanged in its

¹ Called the “Preface” in former editions; it is one of my bad habits to put half my books into preface. Of this one, the only prefatory thing I have to say is that most of the contents are stated more fully in my other volumes; but here, are put in what, at least, I meant to be a more popular form, all but this introduction, which was written very carefully to be read, not spoken, and the last lecture on the Future of England, with which, and the following notes on it, I have taken extreme pains.

larger features ; but with deliberate mind I say, that I have never seen anything so ghastly in its inner tragic meaning,—not in Pisan Maremma,—not by Campagna tomb,—not by the sand-isles of the Torcellan shore,—as the slow stealing of aspects of reckless, indolent, animal neglect, over the delicate sweetness of that English scene : nor is any blasphemy or impiety, any frantic saying, or godless thought, more appalling to me, using the best power of judgment I have to discern its sense and scope, than the insolent defiling of those springs by the human herds that drink of them. Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure, like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, through warp of feathery weeds, all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcedony in moss-agate, starred here and there with the white grenouillette ; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness ; heaps of dust and slime, and broken shreds of old metal, and rags of putrid clothes ; which, having neither energy to cart away, nor decency enough to dig into the ground, they thus shed into the stream, to diffuse what venom of it will float and melt, far away, in all places where God meant those waters to bring joy and health. And, in a little pool behind some houses farther in the village, where another spring rises, the shattered stones of the well, and of the little fretted channel which was long ago built and traced for it by gentler hands, lie scattered, each from each, *under a ragged bank of mortar, and scoria, and*

bricklayer's refuse, on one side, which the clean water nevertheless chastises to purity ; but it cannot conquer the dead earth beyond : and there, circled and coiled under festering scum, the stagnant edge of the pool effaces itself into a slope of black slime, the accumulation of indolent years. Half-a-dozen men, with one day's work, could cleanse those pools, and trim the flowers about their banks, and make every breath of summer air above them rich with cool balm ; and every glittering wave medicinal, as if it ran, troubled only of angels, from the porch of Bethesda. But that day's work is never given, nor, I suppose, will be ; nor will any joy be possible to heart of man, for evermore, about those wells of English waters.

2. When I last left them, I walked up slowly through the back streets of Croydon, from the old church to the hospital ; and, just on the left, before coming up to the crossing of the High Street, there was a new public-house built. And the front of it was built in so wise manner, that a recess of two feet was left below its front windows, between them and the street-pavement ; a recess too narrow for any possible use (for even if it had been occupied by a seat, as in old time it might have been, everybody walking along the street would have fallen over the legs of the reposing wayfarer). But, by way of making this two feet depth of freehold land more expressive of the dignity of an establishment for the sale of spirituous liquors, it was fenced from the pavement by an imposing iron railing, having four or five spear-heads to the yard of it, and six feet high ; containing as much iron and iron-work,

indeed, as could well be put into the space ; and by this stately arrangement, the little piece of dead ground within, between wall and street, became a protective receptacle of refuse ; cigar ends, and oyster shells, and the like, such as an open-handed English street-populace habitually scatters ; and was thus left, unsweepable by any ordinary methods. Now the iron bars which, uselessly (or in great degree worse than uselessly) enclosed this bit of ground, and made it pestilential, represented a quantity of work which would have cleansed the Carshalton pools three times over : of work, partly cramped and perilous, in the mine ; partly grievous and horrible, at the furnace : partly foolish and sedentary, of ill-taught students making bad designs : work from the beginning to the last fruits of it, and in all the branches of it, venomous, deathful,¹ and miserable.

3. Now, how did it come to pass that this work was done instead of the other ; that the strength and life of the English operative were spent in defiling ground, instead of redeeming it, and in

¹ "A fearful occurrence took place a few days since, near Wolverhampton. Thomas Snape, aged nineteen, was on duty as the 'keeper' of a blast furnace at Deepfield, assisted by John Gardner, aged eighteen, and Joseph Swift, aged thirty-seven. The furnace contained four tons of molten iron, and an equal amount of cinders, and ought to have been run out at 7.30 P.M. But Snape and his mates, engaged in talking and drinking, neglected their duty, and, in the meantime, the iron rose in the furnace until it reached a pipe wherein water was contained. Just as the men had stripped, and were proceeding to tap the furnace, the water in the pipe, converted into steam, burst down its front and let loose on them the molten metal, which instantaneously consumed Gardner : Snape, terribly burnt, and mad with pain, leaped into the canal and then ran home and fell dead on the threshold ; Swift survived to reach the hospital where he died too."

producing an entirely (in that place) valueless, piece of metal, which can neither be eaten nor breathed, instead of medicinal fresh air and pure water ?

4. There is but one reason for it, and at present a conclusive one,—that the capitalist can charge per-cent-age on the work in the one case, and cannot in the other. If, having certain funds for supporting labour at my disposal, I pay men merely to keep my ground in order, my money is, in that function, spent once for all ; but if I pay them to dig iron out of my ground, and work it, and sell it, I can charge rent for the ground, and per-cent-age both on the manufacture and the sale, and make my capital profitable in these three by-ways. The greater part of the profitable investment of capital, in the present day, is in operations of this kind, in which the public is persuaded to buy something of no use to it, on production or sale of which the capitalist may charge per-cent-age ; the said public remaining all the while under the persuasion that the percentages thus obtained are real national gains, whereas, they are merely filchings out of light pockets, to swell heavy ones.

5. Thus, the Croydon publican buys the iron railing, to make himself more conspicuous to drunkards. The public-house keeper on the other side of the way presently buys another railing, to out-rail him with. Both are, as to their *relative* attractiveness, just where they were before ; but they have both lost the price of the railings ; which they must either themselves finally lose, or make their aforesaid customers, the amateurs of railings, pay, by raising the price of their beer,

or adulterating it. Either the publicans, or their customers, are thus poorer by *precisely what the capitalist has gained*; and the value of the industry itself, meantime, has been lost to the nation; the iron bars, in that form and place, being wholly useless.

6. It is this mode of taxation of the poor by the rich which is referred to in the text (§ 34), in comparing the modern acquisitive power of capital with that of the lance and sword; the only difference being that the levy of black mail in old times was by force, and is now by cozening. The old rider and reiver frankly quartered himself on the publican for the night;—the modern one merely makes his lance into an iron spike, and persuades his host to buy it. One comes as an open robber, the other as a cheating pedlar; but the result, to the injured person's pocket, is absolutely the same. Of course many useful industries mingle with, and disguise the useless ones; and in the habits of energy aroused by the struggle, there is a certain direct good. It is better to spend four thousand pounds in making a gun, and then to blow it to pieces, than to pass life in idleness. Only do not let the proceeding be called "political economy."

7. There is also a confused notion in the minds of many persons, that the gathering of the property of the poor into the hands of the rich does no ultimate harm; since, in whosesoever hands it may be, it must be spent at last; and thus, they think, return to the poor again. This fallacy has been again and again exposed; but granting the plea true, the same apology may, of course, be made for black mail, or any other form of robbery.

It might be (though practically it never is) as advantageous for the nation that the robber should have the spending of the money he extorts, as that the person robbed should have spent it. But this is no excuse for the theft. If I were to put a turnpike on the road where it passes my own gate, and endeavour to exact a shilling from every passenger, the public would soon do away with my gate, without listening to any plea on my part that “it was as advantageous to them, in the end, that I should spend their shillings, as that they themselves should.” But if, instead of out-facing them with a turnpike, I can only persuade them to come in and buy stones, or old iron, or any such useless thing, out of my ground, I may rob them to the same extent, and be, moreover, thanked as a public benefactor, and promoter of commercial prosperity. And this main question for the poor of England—for the poor of all countries—is wholly omitted in every common treatise on the subject of wealth. Even by the labourers themselves, the operation of capital is regarded only in its effect on their immediate interests; never in the far more terrific power of its appointment of the kind and the object of labour. It matters little, ultimately, how much a labourer is paid for making anything; but it matters fearfully what the thing is, which he is compelled to make. If his labour is so ordered as to produce food, and fresh air, and fresh water, no matter that his wages are low;—the food and fresh air and water will be at last there; and he will at last get them. But if he is paid to *destroy* food and fresh air, or to produce iron bars instead of them,—the food and air will finally not be

there, and he will *not* get them, to his *gre* final inconvenience.

8. I have been long accustomed, as a engaged in work of investigation must be, t my statements laughed at for years, befor are examined or believed ; and I am ger content to wait the public's time. But it h been without displeased surprise that I have myself totally unable, as yet, by any repetiti illustration, to force this plain thought int readers' heads,—that the wealth of nations, a men, consists in substance, not in ciphers ; that the real good of all work, and of all comm depends on the final intrinsic worth of the th you make, or get by it.¹ This is a “ practical enough statement, one would think : but English public has been so possessed by its mod school of economists with the notion that Busir is always good, whether it be busy in mischie in benefit ; and that buying and selling are alw salutary, whatever the intrinsic worth of w you buy or sell, that it seems impossible to g so much as a patient hearing for any inq respecting the substantial result of our ea modern labour.

9. I have never felt more checked by the se of this impossibility than in arranging the he of the following lectures, which, though delive at considerable intervals of time, and in differ places, were not prepared without reference each other. Their connection would, howe' have been made far more distinct, if I had been prevented, by what I feel to be another gi difficulty in addressing English audiences, fi

¹ Compare Preface to *Munera Pulveris*. [1873.]

nforcing, with any decision, the common, and
to me the most important, part of their subjects.
chiefly desired to question my hearers—oper-
atives, merchants, and soldiers,—as to the ultimate
leaning of the *business* they had in hand ; and
to know from them what they expected or in-
tended their manufacture to come to, their selling
to come to, and their killing to come to. That
appeared the first point needing determination
before I could speak to them with any real utility
or effect. “ You craftsmen—salesmen—swords-
men,—do but tell me clearly what you want ;
then, if I can say anything to help you, I will ;
and if not, I will account to you as I best may
for my inability.”

10. But in order to put this question into any
terms, one had first of all to face a difficulty—
to me for the present insuperable,—the difficulty
of knowing whether to address one’s audience as
believing, or not believing, in any other world
than this. For if you address any average
modern English company as believing in an
Eternal life ; and then endeavour to draw any
conclusions from this assumed belief, as to their
present business, they will forthwith tell you
that “ what you say is very beautiful, but it is
not practical.” If, on the contrary, you frankly
address them as *unbelievers* in Eternal life, and
try to draw any consequences from that unbelief,
—they immediately hold you for an accursed
person, and shake off the dust from their feet
at you.

11. And the more I thought over what I had
got to say, the less I found I could say it, without
some reference to this intangible or intractable

question. It made all the difference, in asserting any principle of war, whether one assumed that a discharge of artillery would merely knead down a certain quantity of once living clay into a level line, as in a brick-field ; or whether, out of every separately Christian-named portion of the ruinous heap, there went out, into the smoke and dead-fallen air of battle, some astonished condition of soul, unwillingly released. It made all the difference, in speaking of the possible range of commerce, whether one assumed that all bargains related only to visible property—or whether property, for the present invisible, but nevertheless real, was elsewhere purchasable on other terms. It made all the difference, in addressing a body of men subject to considerable hardship, and having to find some way out of it—whether one could confidently say to them, ‘ My friends,—you have only to die, and all will be right ; ’ or whether one had any secret misgiving that such advice was more blessed to him that gave than to him that took it.

12. And therefore the deliberate reader will find, throughout these lectures, a hesitation in driving points home, and a pausing short of conclusions which he will feel I would fain have come to ;—hesitation which arises wholly from this uncertainty of my hearers’ temper. For I do not speak, nor have I ever spoken, since the time of first forward youth, in any proselytising temper, as desiring to persuade any one to believe anything ; but whomsoever I venture to address, I take for the time, his creed as I find it ; and endeavour to push it into such vital fruit as it seems capable of. Thus, it is a creed with a great



part of the existing English people, that they are in possession of a book which tells them, straight from the lips of God, all they ought to do, and need to know. I have read that book, with as much care as most of them, for some forty years ; and am thankful that, on those who trust it, I can press its pleadings. My endeavour has been uniformly to make them trust it more deeply than they do ; trust it, not in their own favourite verses only, but in the sum of all ; trust it, not as a fetish or talisman, which they are to be saved by daily repetitions of ; but as a Captain's order, to be heard and obeyed at their peril. I was always encouraged by supposing my hearers to hold such belief. To these, if to any, I once had hope of addressing, with acceptance, words which insisted on the guilt of pride, and the futility of avarice ; from these, if from any, I once expected ratification of a political economy, which asserted that the life was more than the meat, and the body than raiment ; and these, it once seemed to me, I might ask, without being accused of fanaticism, not merely in doctrine of the lips, but in the bestowal of their heart's treasure, to separate themselves from the crowd of whom it is written, “ After all these things do the Gentiles seek.”

13. It cannot, however, be assumed, with any semblance of reason, that a general audience is now wholly, or even in majority, composed of these religious persons. A large portion must always consist of men who admit no such creed ; or who, at least, are inaccessible to appeals founded on it. And as, with the so-called Christian, I desired to plead for honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in life, — with the

so-called Infidel, I desired to plead for an honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in death. The dilemma is inevitable. Men must either hereafter live, or hereafter die ; fate may be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on either expectation ; but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope, and unconfronted fear. We usually believe in immortality, so far as to avoid preparation for death ; and in mortality, so far as to avoid preparation for anything after death. Whereas, a wise man will at least hold himself ready for one or other of two events, of which one or other is inevitable ; and will have all things ended in order, for his sleep, or left in order, for his awakening.

14. Nor have we any right to call it an ignoble judgment, if he determine to end them in order, as for sleep. A brave belief in life is indeed an enviable state of mind, but as far as I can discern, an unusual one. I know few Christians so convinced of the splendour of the rooms in their Father's house, as to be happier when their friends are called to those mansions, than they would have been if the Queen had sent for them to live at Court : nor has the Church's most ardent "desire to depart, and be with Christ," ever cured it of the singular habit of putting on mourning for every person summoned to such departure. On the contrary, a brave belief in death has been assuredly held by many not ignoble persons ; and it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief is inconsistent with either purity of character, or energy of hand. The shortness of life is not, to any *rational* person, a conclusive reason for wasting

the space of it which may be granted him ; nor does the anticipation of death, to-morrow, suggest, to any one but a drunkard, the expediency of drunkenness to-day. To teach that there is no device in the grave, may indeed make the deviceless person more contented in his dulness : but it will make the deviser only more earnest in devising : nor is human conduct likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrong-doing in a moment redeemed ; and that the sigh of repentance, which purges the guilt of the past, will waft the soul into a felicity which forgets its pain,—than it may be under the sterner, and to many not unwise minds, more probable, apprehension, that “what a man soweth that shall he also reap”—or others reap,—when he, the living seed of pestilence, walketh no more in darkness, but lies down therein.

15. But to men for whom feebleness of sight, or bitterness of soul, or the offence given by the conduct of those who claim higher hope, may have rendered this painful creed the only possible one, there is an appeal to be made, more secure than any which can be addressed to happier persons. Might not a preacher, in comfortless, but faithful, zeal—from the poor height of a grave-hillock for his Hill of Mars, and with the Cave of the Eumenides at his side—say to them thus : Hear me, you dying men, who will soon be deaf for ever. For these others, at your right hand and your left, who look forward to a state of infinite existence, in which all their errors will be overruled, and all their faults forgiven ;—for these, who, stained and blackened in the battle

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mortality, have but to dip themselves for an instant in the font of death, and to rise renewed of plumage, as a dove that is covered with silver, and her feathers like gold :—for these, indeed, it may be permissible to waste their numbered moments, through faith in a future of innumerable hours ; to these, in their weakness, it may be conceded that they should tamper with sin which can only bring forth fruit of righteousness, and profit by the iniquity which, one day, will be remembered no more. In them, it may be no sign of hardness of heart to neglect the poor, over whom they know their Master is watching ; and to leave those to perish temporarily, who cannot perish eternally. But, for *you* there is no such hope, and therefore no such excuse. This fate, which you ordain for the wretched, you believe to be all their inheritance ; you may crush them, before the moth, and they will never rise to rebuke you ;—their breath, which fails for lack of food, once expiring, will never be recalled to whisper against you a word of accusing ;—they and you, as you think, shall lie down together in the dust, and the worms cover you ; and for them there shall be no consolation, and on you no vengeance,—only the question murmured above your grave : “Who shall repay him what he hath done ?” Is it therefore easier for you, in your heart, to inflict the sorrow for which there is no remedy ? Will you take, wantonly, this little all of his life from your poor brother, and make his brief hours long to him with pain ? Will you be more prompt to the injustice which can never be redressed ; and *more niggardly* of the mercy which you *can*

bestow but once, and which, refusing, you refuse for ever ?

16. I think better of you, even of the most selfish, than that you would act thus, well understanding your act. And for yourselves, it seems to me, the question becomes not less grave when brought into these curt limits. If your life were but a fever fit,—the madness of a night, whose follies were all to be forgotten in the dawn, it might matter little how you fretted away the sickly hours,—what toys you snatched at or let fall,—what visions you followed, wistfully, with the deceived eyes of sleepless phrenzy. Is the earth only an hospital ? are health and heaven to come ? *Then* play, if you care to play, on the floor of the hospital dens. Knit its straw into what crowns please you ; gather the dust of it for treasure, and die rich in that, though clutching at the black motes in the air with your dying hands ;—and yet, it may be well with you. But if this life be *no* dream, and the world no hospital, but your palace-inheritance ;—if all the peace and power and joy you can ever win, must be won now, and all fruit of victory gathered here, or never ;—will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire for vanity ? If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take ? was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed ? and can you never lie down *upon* it, but only *under* it ? The heathen, in their saddest hours, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest : No proud one ! no jewelled circlet flaming through

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Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne ; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought ; but Jupiter was poor ; this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a better than this, they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of *wild* olive, mark you :—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch ; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with grey leaf and thorn-set stem ; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery ! But this, such as it is, you may win, while yet you live ; type of grey honour, and sweet rest.¹ Free-heartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain ; these,—and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath ; and mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things,—may yet be here your riches ; untormenting and divine : serviceable for the life that now is ; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come.

¹ μελιτέσσα, δέθλων γ' ἔνεκεν.

LECTURE I

WORK

*Delivered before the Working Men's Institute,
at Camberwell*

[January 24, 1865]

17. **MY FRIENDS**,—I have not come among you to-night to endeavour to give you an entertaining lecture; but to tell you a few plain facts, and ask you a few plain questions. I have seen and known too much of the struggle for life among our labouring population, to feel at ease, under any circumstances, in inviting them to dwell on the trivialities of my own studies; but, much more, as I meet to-night, for the first time, the members of a working Institute established in the district in which I have passed the greater part of my life, I am desirous that we should at once understand each other, on graver matters. I would fain tell you, with what feelings, and with what hope, I regard this Institute, as one of many such, now happily established throughout England, as well as in other countries; and preparing the way for a great change in all the circumstances of industrial life; but of which the success must wholly depend upon our clearly understanding the conditions, and above all, the necessary limits of

this change. No teacher can truly promote the cause of education, until he knows the mode of life for which that education is to prepare his pupil. And the fact that he is called upon to address you, nominally, as a "Working Class," must compel him, if he is in any wise earnest or thoughtful, to enquire at the outset, on what you yourselves suppose this class-distinction has been founded in the past, and must be founded in the future. The manner of the amusement, and the matter of the teaching, which any of us can offer you, must depend wholly on our first understanding from you, whether you think the distinction heretofore drawn between working men and others, is truly or falsely founded. Do you accept it as it stands? do you wish it to be modified? or do you think the object of education is to efface it, and enable us to forget it for ever?

18. Let me make myself more distinctly understood. We call this—you and I—a "Working Men's" Institute, and our college in London, a "Working Men's" College. Now, how do you consider that these several institutes differ, or ought to differ, from "idle men's" institutes, and "idle men's" colleges? Or by what other word than "idle" shall I distinguish those whom the happiest and wisest of working men do not object to call the "Upper Classes"? Are there necessarily upper classes? necessarily lower? How much should those always be elevated, how much these always depressed? And I pray those among my audience who chance to occupy, at present, the higher position, to forgive me what offence there may be in what I am going to say. It is not *I* who wish to say it. Bitter

voices say it; voices of battle and of famine through all the world, which must be heard some day, whoever keeps silence. Neither, as you well know, is it to *you* specially that I say it. I am sure that most now present know their duties of kindness, and fulfil them, better perhaps than I do mine. But I speak to you as representing your whole class, which errs, I know, chiefly by thoughtlessness, but not therefore the less terribly. Wilful error is limited by the will, but what limit is there to that of which we are unconscious?

19. Bear with me, therefore, while I turn to these workmen, and ask them, what they think the "upper classes" are, and ought to be, in relation to them. Answer, you workmen who are here, as you would among yourselves, frankly; and tell me how you would have me call your employers. Am I to call them—would *you* think me right in calling them—the idle classes? I think you would feel somewhat uneasy, and as if I were not treating my subject honestly, or speaking from my heart, if I proceeded in my lecture under the supposition that all rich people were idle. You would be both unjust and unwise if you allowed me to say that;—not less unjust than the rich people, who say that all the poor are idle, and will never work if they can help it, or more than they can help.

20. For indeed the fact is, that there are idle poor, and idle rich; and there are busy poor, and busy rich. Many a beggar is as lazy as if he had ten thousand a year; and many a man of large

¹ Note this paragraph. I cannot enough wonder at the want of common charity which blinds so many people to the quite simple truth to which it refers. [1873.]

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fortune is busier than his errand-boy, and never would think of stopping in the street to play marbles. So that, in a large view, the distinction between workers and idlers, as between knaves and honest men, runs through the very heart and innermost nature of men of all ranks and in all positions. There is a working class—strong and happy,—among both rich and poor; there is an idle class—weak, wicked, and miserable, among both rich and poor. And the worst of the misunderstandings arising between the two orders come of the unlucky fact that the wise of one class [how little wise in this!] habitually contemplate the foolish of the other. If the busy rich people watched and rebuked the idle rich people, all would be right among *them*: and if the busy poor people watched and rebuked the idle poor people, all would be right among *them*. But each look for the faults of the other. A hardworking man of property is particularly offended by an idle beggar; and an orderly, but poor, workman is naturally intolerant of the licentious luxury of the rich. And what is severe judgment in the minds of the just men of either class, becomes fierce enmity in the unjust—but among the unjust only. None but the dissolute among the poor look upon the rich as their natural enemies, or desire to pillage their houses and divide their property. None but the dissolute among the rich speak in opprobrious terms of the vices and follies of the poor.

21. There is, then, no worldly distinction between idle and industrious people; and I am going to-night to speak only of the industrious. The idle people we will put out of our thoughts

at once—they are mere nuisances—what ought to be done with *them*, we'll talk of at another time. But there are class distinctions among the industrious themselves;—tremendous distinctions, which rise and fall to every degree in the infinite thermometer of human pain and of human power,—distinctions of high and low, of lost and won, to the whole reach of man's soul and body.

22. These separations we will study, and the laws of them, among energetic men only, who, whether they work or whether they play, put their strength into the work, and their strength into the game; being in the full sense of the word “industrious,” one way or another,—with purpose, or without. And these distinctions are mainly four :

- > I. Between those who work, and those who play.
- > II. Between those who produce the means of life, and those who consume them.
- > III. Between those who work with the head, and those who work with the hand.
- > IV. Between those who work wisely, and those who work foolishly.

For easier memory, let us say we are going to oppose, in our examination,—

- / I. Work to play ;
- / II. Production to consumption ;
- / III. Head to hand ; and,
- / IV. Sense to nonsense.

23. I. First, then, of the distinction between the classes who work and the classes who play. Of course we must agree upon a definition of these terms,—work and play, before going farther. Now, roughly, not with vain subtlety of definition, but for plain use of the words, “play” is

an exertion of body or mind, made to please ourselves, and with no determined end ; and work is a thing done because it ought to be done, and with a determined end. You play, as you call it, at cricket, for instance. That is as hard work as anything else ; but it amuses you, and it has no result but the amusement. If it were done as an ordered form of exercise, for health's sake, it would become work directly. So, in like manner, whatever we do to please ourselves, and only for the sake of the pleasure, not for an ultimate object, is "play," the "pleasing thing," not the useful thing. Play may be useful, in a secondary sense ; (nothing is indeed more useful or necessary) ; but the use of it depends on its being spontaneous.

24. Let us, then, enquire together what sort of games the playing class in England spend their lives in playing at.

The first of all English games is making money. That is an all-absorbing game ; and we knock each other down oftener in playing at that, than at football, or any other roughest sport : and it is absolutely without purpose ; no one who engages heartily in that game ever knows why. Ask a great money-maker what he wants to do with his money,—he never knows. He doesn't make it to do anything with it. He gets it only that he *may* get it. "What will you make of what you have got ?" you ask. "Well, I'll get more," he says. Just as, at cricket, you get more runs. There's no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other people is the game. And there's no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game. So all that

great foul city of London there,—rattling, growling, smoking, stinking,—a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore,—you fancy it is a city of work? Not a street of it! It is a great city of play; very nasty play, and very hard play, but still play. It is only Lord's cricket-ground without the turf: a huge billiard-table without the cloth, and with pockets as deep as the bottomless pit; but mainly a billiard-table, after all.

25. Well, the first great English game is this playing at counters. It differs from the rest in that it appears always to be producing money, while every other game is expensive. But it does not always produce money. There's a great difference between "winning" money and "making" it: a great difference between getting it out of another man's pocket into ours, or filling both.

26. Our next great English games, however, hunting and shooting, are costly altogether; and how much we are fined for them annually in land, horses, gamekeepers, and game laws, and the resultant demoralisation of ourselves, our children, and our retainers, I will not endeavour to count now; but note only that, except for exercise, this is not merely a useless game, but a deadly one, to all connected with it. For through horse-racing, you get every form of what the higher classes everywhere call "Play," in distinction from all other plays; that is, gambling; and through game-preserving, you get also some curious laying out of ground: that beautiful arrangement of dwelling-house for man and beast, by which we have grouse and blackcock—so many brace to

the acre, and men and women—so many brace to the garret. I often wonder what the angelic builders and surveyors—the angelic builders who build the “many mansions” up above there; and the angelic surveyors who measured that four-square city with their measuring reeds—I wonder what they think, or are supposed to think, of the laying out of ground by this nation.¹

27. Then, next to the gentlemen’s game of hunting, we must put the ladies’ game of dressing. It is not the cheapest of games. And I wish I could tell you what this “play” costs, altogether, in England, France, and Russia annually. But it is a pretty game, and on certain terms I like it; nay, I don’t see it played quite as much as I would fain have it. You ladies like to lead the fashion:—by all means lead it—lead it thoroughly—lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everybody else nicely. Lead the *fashions for the poor* first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look, in ways of which you have now no conception, all the better. The fashions you have set for some time among your peasantry are not pretty ones; their doublets are too irregularly slashed, or as Chaucer calls it “all to-slittered,” though not “for queintise,” and the wind blows too frankly through them.

28. Then there are other games, wild enough, as I could show you if I had time.

There’s playing at literature, and playing at art;—very different, both, from working at literature, or working at art, but I’ve no time to

¹ The subject is pursued at some length in *Fors Clavigera* for March, 1873; but I have not yet properly stated the opposite side of the question, nor insisted on the value of uncultivated land to the national health of body and mind. [1873.]

speak of these. I pass to the greatest of all—the play of plays, the great gentleman's game, which ladies like them best to play at,—the game of War. It is entrancingly pleasant to the imagination ; we dress for it, however, more finely than for any other sport ; and go out to it, not merely in scarlet, as to hunt, but in scarlet and gold, and all manner of fine colours ; of course we could fight better in grey, and without feathers ; but all nations have agreed that it is good to be well dressed at this play. Then the bats and balls are very costly ; our English and French bats, with the balls and wickets, even those which we don't make any use of, costing, I suppose, now about fifteen millions of money annually to each nation ; all which you know is paid for by hard labourer's work in the furrow and furnace. A costly game ! —not to speak of its consequences ; I will say at present nothing of these. The mere immediate cost of all these plays is what I want you to consider ; they are all paid for in deadly work somewhere, as many of us know too well. The jewel-cutter, whose sight fails over the diamonds ; the weaver, whose arm fails over the web ; the iron-forger, whose breath fails before the furnace—*they* know what work is—they, who have all the work, and none of the play, except a kind they have named for themselves down in the black north country, where “play” means being laid up by sickness. It is a pretty example for philologists, of varying dialect, this change in the sense of the word as used in the black country of Birmingham, and the red and black country of Baden Baden. Yes, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, of England, who think “one moment unamused a misery not

made for feeble man," this is what you have brought the word "play" to mean, in the heart of merry England! You may have your fluting and piping; but there are sad children sitting in the market-place, who indeed cannot say to you, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced:" but eternally shall say to you, "We have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented."

29. This, then, is the first distinction between the "upper and lower" classes. And this is one which is by no means necessary; which indeed must, in process of good time, be by all honest men's consent abolished. Men will be taught that an existence of play, sustained by the blood of other creatures, is a good existence for gnats and jelly-fish; but not for men: that neither days, nor lives, can be made holy or noble by doing nothing in them: that the best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments; and the best grace before meat, the consciousness that we have justly earned our dinner. And when we have this much of plain Christianity preached to us again, and cease to translate the strict words, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," into the dainty ones, "Baby, go play to-day in my vineyard," we shall all be workers in one way or another; and this much at least of the distinction between "upper" and "lower" forgotten.

30. II. I pass then to our second distinction; between the rich and poor, between Dives and Lazarus,—distinction which exists more sternly, I suppose, in this day, than ever in the world, Pagan or Christian, till now. Consider, for instance, what

the general tenor of such a paper as the *Morning Post* implies of delicate luxury among the rich ; and then read this chance extract from it :—

“ Yesterday morning, at eight o’clock, a woman, passing a dung heap in the stone yard near the recently-erected alms-houses in Shadwell Gap, High Street, Shadwell, called the attention of a Thames police-constable to a man in a sitting position on the dung heap, and said she was afraid he was dead. Her fears proved to be true. The wretched creature appeared to have been dead several hours. He had perished of cold and wet, and the rain had been beating down on him all night. The deceased was a bone-picker. He was in the lowest stage of poverty, poorly clad, and half-starved. The police had frequently driven him away from the stone yard, between sunset and sunrise, and told him to go home. He selected a most desolate spot for his wretched death. A penny and some bones were found in his pockets. The deceased was between fifty and sixty years of age. Inspector Roberts, of the K division, has given directions for inquiries to be made at the lodging-houses respecting the deceased, to ascertain his identity if possible.”—*Morning Post*, November 25, 1864.

Compare the statement of the finding bones in his pocket with the following, from the *Telegraph* of January 16 of this year :—

“ Again the dietary scale for adult and juvenile paupers was drawn up by the most conspicuous political economists in England. It is low in quantity, but it is sufficient to support nature : yet, within ten years of the passing of the Poor Law Act, we heard of the Paupers in the Andover

Union gnawing the scraps of putrid flesh, and sucking the marrow from the bones of horses which they were employed to crush."

You see my reason for thinking that our Lazarus of Christianity has some advantage over the Jewish one. Jewish Lazarus expected, or, at least, prayed, to be fed with crumbs from the rich man's table ; but *our* Lazarus is fed with crumbs from the dog's table.

31. Now this distinction between rich and poor rests on two bases. Within its proper limits, on a basis which is lawful and everlasting necessity ; beyond them, on a basis unlawful, and everlasting corrupting the frame-work of society. The lawful basis of wealth is, that a man who works should be paid the fair value of his work ; and that if he does not choose to spend it to-day, he should have free leave to keep it, and spend it to-morrow. Thus, an industrious man working daily, and laying by daily, attains at last the possession of an accumulated sum of wealth, to which he has absolute right. The idle person who will not work, and the wasteful person who lays nothing by, at the end of the same time will be doubly poor—poor in possession, and dissolute in moral habit ; and he will then naturally covet the money which the other has saved. And if he is then allowed to attack the other, and rob him of his well-earned wealth, there is no more any motive for saving, or any reward for good conduct ; and all society is thereupon dissolved, or exists only in systems of rapine. Therefore the first necessity of social life is the clearness of national conscience in enforcing the law—that he should keep who has JUSTLY EARNED.

32. That law, I say, is the proper basis of distinction between rich and poor. But there is also a false basis of distinction ; namely, the power held over those who are earning wealth by those who already possess it, and only use it to gain more. There will be always a number of men who would fain set themselves to the accumulation of wealth as the sole object of their lives. Necessarily, that class of men is an uneducated class, inferior in intellect, and, more or less, cowardly. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts ; just as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthily-minded people like making money—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it : but the main object of their life is not money ; it is something better than money.) A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay—very properly so, and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it—still, his main notion of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them. So of clergymen. They like pew-rents, and baptismal fees, of course ; but yet, if they are brave and well-educated, the pew-rent is not the sole object of their lives, and the baptismal fee is not the sole purpose of the baptism ; the clergyman's object is essentially to baptize and preach, not to be paid for preaching. So of doctors. They like fees no doubt,—ought to like them ; yet if they are brave and well-educated, the entire object of their lives is not

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fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick ; and,—if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them—would rather cure their patient, and lose their fee, than kill him, and get it. And so with all other brave and rightly-trained men ; their work is first, their fee second—very important always, but still second. But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first, and the work second, as with brave people the work is first, and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is between life and death *in a man* ; between heaven and hell *for him*. You cannot serve two masters :—you *must* serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil ; and not only the Devil, but the lowest of devils—the “least erected fiend that fell.” So there you have it in brief terms ; Work first—you are God's servants ; Fee first—you are the Fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him Who has on His vesture and thigh written, “King of Kings,” and whose service is perfect freedom ; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written, “Slave of Slaves,” and whose service is perfect slavery.

33. However in every nation there are, and must always be, a certain number of these Fiend's servants, who have it principally for the object of their lives to make money. They are always, as I said, more or less stupid, and cannot conceive

of anything else so nice as money. Stupidity is always the basis of the Judas bargain. We do great injustice to Iscariot, in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money-lover, and, like all money-lovers, did not understand Christ ;—could not make out the worth of Him, or meaning of Him. He never thought He would be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed ; threw his money away instantly, and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whoever was killed ? But Judas was a common, selfish, muddle-headed, pilfering fellow ; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. Helpless to understand Christ, he yet believed in Him, much more than most of us do ; had seen Him do miracles, thought He was quite strong enough to shift for Himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own little bye-perquisites out of the affair. Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have his thirty pieces. Now, that is the money-seeker's idea, all over the world. He doesn't hate Christ, but can't understand Him —doesn't care for Him—sees no good in that benevolent business ; makes his own little job out of it at all events, come what will. And thus, out of every mass of men, you have a certain number of bagmen—your “fee-first” men, whose main object is to make money. And they do make it—make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by the weight and force of money itself, or what is called the power of capital ; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labour of the poor, so that the

capitalist can take all its produce to himself, except the labourer's food. That is the modern Judas's way of "carrying the bag." and "bearing what is put therein."

34. Nay, but (it is asked) how is that an unfair advantage? Has not the man who has worked for the money a right to use it as he best can? No, in this respect, money is now exactly what mountain promontories over public roads were in old times. The barons fought for them fairly:—the strongest and cunningest got them; then fortified them, and made every one who passed below pay toll. Well, capital now is exactly what crags were then. Men fight fairly (we will, at least, grant so much, though it is more than we ought) for their money; but, once having got it, the fortified millionaire can make everybody who passes below pay toll to his million, and build another tower of his money castle. And I can tell you, the poor vagrants by the roadside suffer now quite as much from the bag-baron, as ever they did from the crag-baron. Bags and crags have just the same result on rags. I have not time, however, to-night, to show you in how many ways the power of capital is unjust; but remember this one great principle—you will find it unfailing—that whenever money is the principal object of life with either man or nation, it is both got ill, and spent ill; and does harm both in the getting and spending; but when it is not the principal object, it and all other things will be well got, and well spent.. And here is the test, with every man, whether money is the principal object with him or not. If in mid-life he could pause and say, "Now I have enough to live upon,

I'll live upon it ; and having well earned it, I will also well spend it, and go out of the world poor, as I came into it," then money is not principal with him ; but if, having enough to live upon in the manner befitting his character and rank, he still wants to make more, and to *die* rich, then money is the principal object with him, and it becomes a curse to himself, and generally to those who spend it after him. For you know it *must* be spent some day ; the only question is whether the man who makes it shall spend it, or some one else ; and generally it is better for the maker to spend it, for he will know best its value and use. And if a man does not choose thus to spend his money, he must either hoard it or lend it, and the worst thing he can generally do is to lend it ; for borrowers are nearly always ill-spenders, and it is with lent money that all evil is mainly done, and all unjust war protracted.

35. For observe what the real fact is, respecting loans to foreign military governments, and how strange it is. If your little boy came to you to ask for money to spend in squibs and crackers, you would think twice before you gave it him : and you would have some idea that it was wasted, when you saw it fly off in fireworks, even though he did no mischief with it. But the Russian children, and Austrian children, come to you, borrowing money, not to spend in innocent squibs, but in cartridges and bayonets to attack you in India with, and to keep down all noble life in Italy with, and to murder Polish women and children with ; and *that* you will give at once, because they pay you interest for it. Now, in order to pay you that interest, they must tax every working peasant,

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in their dominions : and on that work you live. You therefore at once rob the Austrian peasant, assassinate or banish the Polish peasant, and you live on the produce of the theft, and the bribe for the assassination ! That is the broad fact—that is the practical meaning of your foreign loans, and of most large interest of money ; and then you quarrel with Bishop Colenso, forsooth, as if *he* denied the Bible, and you believed it ! though every deliberate act of your lives is a new defiance of its primary orders.

36. III. I must pass, however, now to our third condition of separation, between the men who work with the hand, and those who work with the head.

And here we have at last an inevitable distinction. There *must* be work done by the arms, or none of us could live. There *must* be work done by the brains, or the life we get would not be worth having. And the same men cannot do both. There is rough work to be done, and rough men must do it ; there is gentle work to be done, and gentlemen must do it ; and it is physically impossible that one class should do, or divide, the work of the other. And it is of no use to try to conceal this sorrowful fact by fine words, and to talk to the workman about the honourableness of manual labour and the dignity of humanity. Rough work, honourable or not, takes the life out of us ; and the man who has been heaving clay out of a ditch all day, or driving an express train against the north wind all night, or holding a collier's helm in a gale on a lee shore, or whirling white-hot iron at a furnace mouth, is *not* the same man at the end of his day, or night,

as one who has been sitting in a quiet room, with everything comfortable about him, reading books, or classing butterflies, or painting pictures.¹ If it is any comfort to you to be told that the rough work is the more honourable of the two, I should be sorry to take that much of consolation from you ; and in some sense I need not. The rough work is at all events real, honest, and, generally, though not always, useful ; while the fine work is, a great deal of it, foolish and false, as well as fine, and therefore dishonourable ; but when both kinds are equally well and worthily done the head's is the noble work, and the hand's the ignoble. Therefore, of all hand work whatsoever, necessary for the maintenance of life, those old words, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread," indicate that the inherent nature of it is one of calamity ; and that the ground, cursed for our sake, casts also some shadow of degradation into our contest with its thorn and its thistle : so that all nations have held their days honourable, or " holy," and constituted them " holydays," or " holidays," by making them days of rest ; and the promise, which, among all our distant hopes, seems to cast the chief brightness over death, is that blessing of the dead who die in the Lord, that " they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

37. And thus the perpetual question and contest must arise, who is to do this rough work ? and how is the worker of it to be comforted, redeemed, and rewarded ? and what kind of play should he have, and what rest, in this world, sometimes, as well as in the next ? Well, my good, laborious

¹ Compare § 57. [1873.]

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friends, these questions will take a little time to answer yet. They *must* be answered : all good men are occupied with them, and all honest thinkers. There's grand head work doing about them ; but much must be discovered, and much attempted in vain, before anything decisive can be told you. Only note these few particulars, which are already sure.

38. As to the distribution of the hard work. None of us, or very few of us, do either hard or soft work because we think we ought ; but because we have chanced to fall into the way of it, and cannot help ourselves. Now, nobody does anything well that they cannot help doing : work is only done well when it is done with a will ; and no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should, and is in his place. And, depend upon it, all work must be done at last, not in a disorderly, scrambling, doggish way, but in an ordered, soldierly, human way—a lawful or “loyal” way. Men are enlisted for the labour that kills—the labour of war : they are counted, trained, fed, dressed, and praised for that. Let them be enlisted also for the labour that feeds : let them be counted, trained, fed, dressed, praised for that. Teach the plough exercise as carefully as you do the sword exercise, and let the officers of troops of life be held as much gentlemen as the officers of troops of death ; and all is done : but neither this, nor any other right thing, can be accomplished—you can't even see your way to it—unless, first of all, both servant and master are resolved that, come what will of it, they will do each other justice.

39. People are perpetually squabbling about

what will be best to do, or easiest to do, or adviseablest to do, or profitablest to do ; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, ever ask what it is *just* to do. And it is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others that is given oftenest—“Do justice and judgment.” That’s your Bible order ; that’s the “Service of God,”—not praying nor psalm-singing. You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything ; and, by the perverseness of the evil Spirit in us, we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are “service.” If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs in and asks its father for it—does it call that doing its father a service ? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake—does it call that serving its father ? That, with God, is prayer, and He likes to hear it : He likes you to ask Him for cake when you want it ; but He doesn’t call that “serving Him.” Begging is not serving : God likes mere beggars as little as you do—He likes honest servants,—not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him ; but it doesn’t call that serving its father ; neither is singing songs about God, serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it’s anything, most probably it is nothing ; but if it’s anything it is serving ourselves, not God. And yet we are impudent enough to call our beggings and chaunting “Divine service” : we say, “Divine service will be ‘performed’ ” (that’s our word—the form

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of it gone through) "at so-and-so o'clock." Alas! unless we perform Divine service in every willing act of life, we never perform it at all. The one Divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice. "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not, at first, charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him; and you will come to hate him.

40. It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with; but you will find all you have got to begin with begins at home, and is essentially love of yourself. You well-to-do people, for instance, who are here to-night, will go to "Divine service" next Sunday, all nice and tidy; and your little children will have their tight little Sunday boots on, and lovely little Sunday feathers in their hats; and you'll think, complacently and piously, how lovely they look going to church in their best! So they do: and you love them heartily, and you like sticking feathers in their hats. That's all right: that is charity; but it is charity beginning at home. Then you will come to the poor little crossing sweeper, got up also—it in its Sunday dress,—the

dirtiest rags it has,—that it may beg the better : you will give it a penny, and think how good you are, and how good God is to prefer *your* child to the crossing sweeper, and bestow on it a divine hat, feather, and boots, and the pleasure of giving pence, instead of begging for them. That's charity going abroad. But what does Justice say, walking and watching near us ? Christian Justice has been strangely mute and seemingly blind ; and, if not blind, decrepit, this many day : she keeps her accounts still, however—quite steadily—doing them at nights, carefully, with her bandage off, and through acutest spectacles (the only modern scientific invention she cares about). You must put your ear down ever so close to her lips, to hear her speak ; and then you will start at what she first whispers, for it will certainly be, “ Why shouldn't that little crossing sweeper have a feather on its head, as well as *your own child* ? ” Then you may ask Justice, in an amazed manner, “ How she can possibly be so foolish as to think children could sweep crossings with feathers on their heads ? ” Then you stoop again, and Justice says—still in her dull, stupid way—“ Then, why don't you, every other Sunday, leave your child to sweep the crossing, and take the little sweeper to church in a hat and feather ? ” Mercy on us (you think), what will she say next ! And you answer, of course, that “ you don't, because everybody ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them.” Ah, my friends, that's the gist of the whole question. *Did Providence put them in that position, or did you?* You knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain

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content in the "position in which Providence has placed him." That's modern Christianity. You say—"We did not knock him into the ditch." We shall never know what you have done, or left undone, until the question with us, every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing, during the day; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian, as to acknowledge that maxim of the poor half-way Mahometan, "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."

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41. Supposing, then, we have it determined with appropriate justice, *who* is to do the hand work, the next questions must be how the hand-workers are to be paid, and how they are to be refreshed, and what play they are to have. Now, the possible quantity of play depends on the possible quantity of pay; and the quantity of pay is not a matter for consideration to hand-workers only, but to all workers. Generally, good, useful work, whether of the hand or head, is either ill-paid, or not paid at all. I don't say it should be so, but it always is so. People, as a rule, only pay for being amused or being cheated, not for being served. Five thousand a year to your talker, and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger, and thinker, is the rule. None of the best head work in art, literature, or science, is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his *Iliad*? or Dante for his *Paradise*? only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs. In science, the man who discovered the telescope, and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon; the man who invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died of

starvation, driven from his home. It is indeed very clear that God means all thoroughly good work and talk to be done for nothing. Baruch the scribe did not get a penny a line for writing Jeremiah's second roll for him, I fancy ; and St. Stephen did not get bishop's pay for that long sermon of his to the Pharisees ; nothing but stones. For indeed that is the world-father's proper payment. So surely as any of the world's children work for the world's good, honestly, with head and heart ; and come to it, saying, " Give us a little bread, just to keep the life in us," the world-father answers them, " No, my children, not bread ; a stone, if you like, or as many as you need, to keep you quiet, and tell to future ages, how unpleasant you made yourself to the one you lived in."

42. But the hand-workers are not so ill off as all this comes to. The worst that can happen to *you* is to break stones ; not be broken by them. And for you there will come a time for better payment ; some day, assuredly, we shall pay people not quite so much for talking in Parliament and doing nothing, as for holding their tongues out of it, and doing something ; we shall pay our ploughman a little more, and our lawyer a little less, and so on : but, at least, we may even now take care that whatever work is done shall be fully paid for ; and the man who does it, paid for it, not somebody else ; and that it shall be done in an orderly, soldierly, well-guided, wholesome way, under good captains and lieutenants of labour ; and that it shall have its appointed times of rest, and enough of them ; and that, in those times, the play shall be wholesome play, not in theatrical

gardens, with tin flowers and gas sunshine, and girls dancing because of their misery ; but in true gardens, with real flowers, and real sunshine, and children dancing because of their gladness ; so that truly the streets shall be full (the "streets," mind you, not the gutters,) of children, playing in the midst thereof. We may take care that working men shall have at least as good books to read as anybody else, when they've time to read them ; and as comfortable firesides to sit at as anybody else, when they've time to sit at them. This, I think, can be managed for you, my laborious friends, in the good time.

43. IV. I must go on, however, to our last head, concerning ourselves all, as workers. What is wise work, and what is foolish work ? What the difference between sense and nonsense, in daily occupation ?

There are three tests of wise work :—that it must be honest, useful, and cheerful.

(I.) It is HONEST. I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognise honesty in play, and you do not in work. In your lightest games, you have always some one to see what you call "fair-play." In boxing, you must hit fair ; in racing, start fair. Your English watchword is "fair-play," your English hatred, foul-play. Did it never strike you that you wanted another watchword also, "fair-work," and another and bitterer hatred,—"foul-work" ? Your prize-fighter has some honour in him yet : and so have the men in the ring round him : they will judge him to lose the match, by foul hitting. But your prize-merchant gains his match by foul selling, *and no one cries out against that ! You drive a*

gambler out of the gambling-room who loads dice, but you leave a tradesman in flourishing business, who loads scales ! For observe, all dishonest dealing *is* loading scales. What difference does it make whether I get short weight, adulterate substance, or dishonest fabric—unless that flaw in the substance or fabric is the worse evil of the two. Give me short measure of food, and I only lose by you ; but give me adulterate food, and I die by you.

Here, then, is your chief duty, you workmen and tradesmen,—to be true to yourselves and to us who would help you. We can do nothing for you, nor you for yourselves, without honesty. Get that, you get all ; without that, your suffrages, your reforms, your free-trade measures, your institutions of science, are all in vain. It is useless to put your heads together, if you can't put your hearts together. Shoulder to shoulder, right hand to right hand, among yourselves, and no wrong hand to anybody else, and you'll win the world yet.

44. (II.) Then, secondly, wise work is USEFUL. No man minds, or ought to mind, its being hard, if only it comes to something ; but when it is hard, and comes to nothing ; when all our bees' business turns to spider's ; and for honeycomb we have only resultant cobweb, blown away by the next breeze,—that is the cruel thing for the worker. Yet do we ever ask ourselves, personally, or even nationally, whether our work is coming to anything or not ? We don't care to keep what has been nobly done ; still less do we care to do nobly what others would keep ; and, least of all, to make the work itself useful, instead of

deadly, to the doer, so as to exert his life indeed, but not to waste it. Of all wastes, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labour. If you went down in the morning into your dairy, and found that your youngest child had got down before you ; and that he and the cat were at play together, and that he had poured out all the cream on the floor for the cat to lap up, you would scold the child, and be sorry the cream was wasted. But if, instead of wooden bowls with milk in them, there are golden bowls with human life in them, and instead of the cat to play with,—the devil to play with : and you yourself the player ; and instead of leaving that golden bowl to be broken by God at the fountain, you break it in the dust yourself, and pour the human life out on the ground for the fiend to lick up—that is no waste !

45. What ! you perhaps think, “to waste the labour of men is not to kill them.” Is it not ? I should like to know how you could kill them more utterly,—kill them with second deaths, seventh deaths, hundredfold deaths ? It is the slightest way of killing to stop a man’s breath. Nay, the hunger, and the cold, and the whistling bullets—our love messengers between nation and nation,—have brought pleasant messages to many a man before now : orders of sweet release, and leave ~~at last~~ to go where he will be most welcome and most happy. At the worst you do but shorten his life, you do not corrupt his life. But if you put him to base labour, if you bind his thoughts, if you blind his eyes, if you blunt his hopes, if you steal his joys, if you stunt his body, and blast his soul, and at last leave him not so much as strength

to reap the poor fruit of his degradation, but gather that for yourself, and dismiss him to the grave, when you have done with him, having, so far as in you lay, made the walls of that grave everlasting : (though, indeed, I fancy the goodly bricks of some of our family vaults will hold closer in the resurrection day than the sod over the labourer's head), this you think is no waste, and no sin !

46. (III.) Then, lastly, wise work is **CHEERFUL**, as a child's work is. And now I want you to take one thought home with you, and let it stay with you.

Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, "Thy kingdom come." Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking His name in vain than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want*. He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it : such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can insult Him with ; the soldiers striking Him on the head with the reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it ; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is ; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us ; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly ; nobody knows how. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not

to come outside of us, but in our hearts : "the kingdom of God is within you." And, being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt ; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that : "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost ;" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and helpful Spirit. Now, if we want to work for this kingdom, and to bring it, and enter into it, there's one curious condition to be first accepted. You must enter it as children, or not at all : "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, *for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"¹

47. *Of such*, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. I believe most mothers who read that text think that all heaven, or the earth—when it gets to be like heaven—is to be full of babies. But that's not so. "Length of days and long life and peace," that is the blessing ; not to die, still less to live, in babyhood. It is the *character* of children we want, and must gain at our peril ; let us see, briefly, in what it consists.

The first character of right childhood is that it is Modest. A well-bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it knows everything. It may think its father and mother know everything—perhaps that all grown-up people know everything ; very certainly it is sure that

¹ I have referred oftener to the words of the English Bible in this lecture than in any other of my addresses, because I was here speaking to an audience which professed to accept *its authority implicitly.* [1873.]

it does not. And it is always asking questions, and wanting to know more. Well, that is the first character of a good and wise man at his work. To know that he knows very little ;—to perceive that there are many above him wiser than he : and to be always asking questions, wanting to learn, not to teach. No one ever teaches well who wants to teach, or governs well who wants to govern ; it is an old saying (Plato's, but I know not if his, first) and as wise as old.

48. Then, the second character of right childhood is to be Faithful. Perceiving that its father knows best what is good for it, and having found always, when it has tried its own way against his, that he was right and it was wrong, a noble child trusts him at last wholly, gives him its hand, and will walk blindfold with him, if he bids it. And that is the true character of all good men also, as obedient workers, or soldiers under captains. They must trust their captains ;—they are bound for their lives to choose none but those whom they *can* trust. Then, they are not always to be thinking that what seems strange to them, or wrong in what they are desired to do, is strange or wrong. They know their captain ; where he leads they must follow,—what he bids, they must do ; and without this trust and faith, without this captainship and soldiership, no great deed, no great salvation, is possible to man.

49. Then, the third character of right childhood is to be Loving. Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is a right kind of child ; would hurt nothing, would give the best it has away, always if you need it ; does not lay plans for

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getting everything in the house for itself : and, above all, delights in helping people ; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, in ever so humble a way.

50. And because of all these characters, lastly, it is Cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing—being full of love to every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow ; taking thought only for the duty of the day ; trusting somebody else to take care of tomorrow ; knowing indeed what labour is, but not what sorrow is ; and always ready for play—beautiful play. For lovely human play is like the play of the Sun. There's a worker for you. He, steady to his time, is set as a strong man to run his course, but also he *rejoiceth* as a strong man to run his course. See how he plays in the morning, with the mists below, and the clouds above, with a ray here, and a flash there, and a shower of jewels everywhere ; that's the Sun's play ; and great human play is like his—all various—all full of light and life, and tender, as the dew of the morning.

51. So then, you have the child's character in these four things—Humility, Faith, Charity, and Cheerfulness. That's what you have got to be converted to. “ Except ye be converted and become as little children.”—You hear much of conversion now-a-days : but people always seem to think they have got to be made wretched by conversion,—to be converted to long faces. No, friends, you have got to be converted to short ones ; you have to repent into childhood, to

repent into delight, and delightsomeness. You can't go into a conventicle but you'll hear plenty of talk of backsliding. Backsliding, indeed ! I can tell you, on the ways most of us go, the faster we slide back the better. Slide back into the cradle, if going on is into the grave :—back, I tell you ; back—out of your long faces, and into your long clothes. It is among children only, and as children only, that you will find medicine for your healing and true wisdom for your teaching. There is poison in the counsels of the men of this world ; the words they speak are all bitterness, “the poison of asps is under their lips,” but “the sucking child shall play by the hole of the asp.” There is death in the looks of men. “Their eyes are privily set against the poor :” they are as the uncharitable serpent, the cockatrice, which slew by seeing. But “the weaned child shall lay his hand on the cockatrice’ den.” There is death in the steps of men : “their feet are swift to shed blood ; they have compassed us in our steps like the lion that is greedy of his prey, and the young lion lurking in secret places ;” but, in that kingdom, the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the fatling with the lion, and “a little child shall lead them.” There is death in the thoughts of men : the world is one wide riddle to them, darker and darker as it draws to a close ; but the secret of it is known to the child, and the Lord of heaven and earth is most to be thanked in that “He has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes.” Yes, and there is death—infinitude of death—in the principalities and powers of men. As far as the east is from the

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west, so far our sins are—not set from us, but multiplied around us: the Sun himself, think you he *now* “ rejoices ” to run his course, when he plunges westward to the horizon, so widely red, not with clouds, but blood ? And it will be red more widely yet. Whatever drought of the early and latter rain may be, there will be none of that red rain. You fortify yourselves, you arm yourselves against it, in vain ; the enemy and avenger will be upon you also, unless you learn that it is not out of the mouths of the knitted gun, or the smoothed rifle, but “ out of the mouths of babes and sucklings ” that the strength is ordained, which shall “ still the enemy and avenger.”

LECTURE II

TRAFFIC

Delivered in the Town Hall, Bradford

[April 21, 1864]

52. My good Yorkshire friends, you asked me down here among your hills that I might talk to you about this Exchange you are going to build : but, earnestly and seriously asking you to pardon me, I am going to do nothing of the kind. I cannot talk, or at least can say very little, about this same Exchange. I must talk of quite other things, though not willingly ;—I could not deserve your pardon, if, when you invited me to speak on one subject, I *wilfully* spoke on another. But I cannot speak, to purpose, of anything about which I do not care ; and most simply and sorrowfully I have to tell you, in the outset, that I do *not* care about this Exchange of yours.

If, however, when you sent me your invitation, I had answered, “ I won’t come, I don’t care about the Exchange of Bradford,” you would have been justly offended with me, not knowing the reasons of so blunt a carelessness. So I have come down, hoping that you will patiently let me tell you why, on this, and many other such occasions, I now remain silent, when formerly

should have caught at the opportunity of speaking to a gracious audience.

53. In a word, then, I do not care about this Exchange—because *you* don't; and because you know perfectly well I cannot make you. Look at the essential conditions of the case, which you, as business men, know perfectly well, though perhaps you think I forget them. You are going to spend £30,000, which to you, collectively, is nothing; the buying a new coat is, as to the cost of it, a much more important matter of consideration to me, than building a new Exchange is to you. But you think you may as well have the right thing for your money. You know there are a great many odd styles of architecture about; you don't want to do anything ridiculous; you hear of me, among others, as a respectable architectural man-milliner; and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion; and what is, in our shops, for the moment, the newest and sweetest thing in pinnacles.

54. Now pardon me for telling you frankly, you cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion. All good architecture is the expression of national life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty. And I want you to think a little of the deep significance of this word "taste"; for no statement of mine has been more earnestly or oftener controverted than that good taste is essentially a moral quality. "No," say many of my antagonists, "taste is one thing, morality is another. Tell us what is pretty: we shall be glad to know that; but we

need no sermons—even were you able to preach them, which may be doubted."

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality;—it is the **ONLY** morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" (Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are.) Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their "taste" is; and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. "You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?" "A pipe, and a quartern of gin." I know you. "You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?" "A swept hearth, and a clean tea-table; and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast." Good, I know you also. "You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?" "My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths." "You, little boy with the dirty hands, and the low forehead, what do you like?" "A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch farthing." Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?

55. "Nay," perhaps you answer; "we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they *do* right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they *do* wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing, and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at

the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday school." Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time to come they like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they have come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thinking of the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning, and wine in the evening, each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things:—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

56. But you may answer or think, "Is the liking for outside ornaments,—for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture, a moral quality?" Yes, most surely, if a rightly set liking. Taste for any pictures or statues is not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only here again we have to define the word "good." I don't mean by "good," clever—or learned—or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers, of sots quarrelling over their dice; it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an "unmannered," or "immoral" quality. It is "bad

taste" in the profoundest sense—it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality—it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call "loveliness"—(we ought to have an opposite word, hateliness, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. (What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.)

57. As I was thinking over this, in walking up Fleet Street the other day, my eye caught the title of a book standing open in a bookseller's window. It was—"On the necessity of the diffusion of taste among all classes." "Ah," I thought to myself, "my classifying friend, when you have diffused your taste, where will your classes be? The man who likes what you like, belongs to the same class with you, I think. Inevitably so. You may put him to other work if you choose; but, by the condition you have brought him into, he will dislike the work as much as you would yourself. You get hold of a scavenger or a costermonger, who enjoyed the Newgate Calendar for literature, and 'Pop goes the Weasel' for music. You think you can make him like Dante and Beethoven? I wish

you joy of your lessons ; but if you do, you have made a gentleman of him :—he won't like to go back to his costermongering."

58. And so completely and unexceptionally is this so, that, if I had time to-night, I could show you that a nation cannot be affected by any vice, or weakness, without expressing it, legibly, and for ever, either in bad art, or by want of art ; and that there is no national virtue, small or great, which is not manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that virtue to produce. Take, for instance, your great English virtue of enduring and patient courage. You have at present in England only one art of any consequence—that is, iron-working. You know thoroughly well how to cast and hammer iron. Now, do you think, in those masses of lava which you build volcanic cones to melt, and which you forge at the mouths of the Infernos you have created ; do you think, on those iron plates, your courage and endurance are not written for ever,—not merely with an iron pen, but on iron parchment ? And take also your great English vice—European vice—vice of all the world—vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell—the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonour into your wars —that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighbouring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible, but with the mail upon your breasts and the sword loose in its sheath ; so that at last, you have realised for all the multitudes of the two great peoples who

lead the so-called civilisation of the earth,—you have realised for them all, I say, in person and in policy, what was once true only of the rough Border riders of your Cheviot hills—

“They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet
barr'd ;”—

do you think that this national shame and dastardliness of heart are not written as legibly on every rivet of your iron armour as the strength of the right hands that forged it ?

59. Friends, I know not whether this thing be the more ludicrous or the more melancholy. It is quite unspeakably both. Suppose, instead of being now sent for by you, I had been sent for by some private gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated only by a fruit wall from his next door neighbour's ; and he had called me to consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing-room. I begin looking about me, and find the walls rather bare ; I think such and such a paper might be desirable—perhaps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling—a damask curtain or so at the windows. “Ah,” says my employer, “damask curtains, indeed ! That's all very fine, but you know I can't afford that kind of thing just now ! ” “ Yet the world credits you with a splendid income ! ” “ Ah, yes,” says my friend, “ but do you know, at present I am obliged to spend it nearly all in steel-traps ? ” “ Steel-traps ! for whom ? ” “ Why, for that fellow on the other side the wall, you know : we're very good friends, capital friends ; but we

are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall ; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them, and our spring guns. The worst of it is, we are both clever fellows enough ; and there's never a day passes that we don't find out a new trap, or a new gun-barrel, or something ; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our traps, take it altogether ; and I don't see how we're to do with less." A highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen ! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic. Bedlam would be comic, perhaps, if there were only one madman in it ; and your Christmas pantomime is comic, when there is only one clown in it ; but when the whole world turns clown, and paints itself red with its own heart's blood instead of vermillion, it is something else than comic, I think.

60. Mind, I know a great deal of this is play, and willingly allow for that. You don't know what to do with yourselves for a sensation : fox-hunting and cricketing will not carry you through the whole of this unendurably long mortal life : you liked pop-guns when you were schoolboys, and rifles and Armstrongs are only the same things better made : but then the worst of it is, that what was play to you when boys, was not play to the sparrows ; and what is play to you now, is not play to the small birds of State neither ; and for the black eagles, you are somewhat shy of taking shots at them, if I mistake not.

61. I must get back to the matter in hand, however. Believe me, without farther instance, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's

vice, or virtue, was written in its art : the soldiership of early Greece ; the sensuality of late Italy ; the visionary religion of Tuscany ; the splendid human energy of Venice. I have no time to do this to-night (I have done it elsewhere before now) ; but I proceed to apply the principle to ourselves in a more searching manner.

I notice that among all the new buildings which cover your once wild hills, churches and schools are mixed in due, that is to say, in large proportion, with your mills and mansions ; and I notice also that the churches and schools are almost always Gothic, and the mansions and mills are never Gothic. May I ask the meaning of this ? for, remember, it is peculiarly a modern phenomenon. When Gothic was invented, houses were Gothic as well as churches ; and when the Italian style superseded the Gothic, churches were Italian as well as houses. If there is a Gothic spire to the cathedral of Antwerp, there is a Gothic belfry to the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels ; if Inigo Jones builds an Italian Whitehall, Sir Christopher Wren builds an Italian St. Paul's. But now you live under one school of architecture, and worship under another. What do you mean by doing this ? Am I to understand that you are thinking of changing your architecture back to Gothic ; and that you treat your churches experimentally, because it does not matter what mistakes you make in a church ? Or am I to understand that you consider Gothic a pre-eminently sacred and beautiful mode of building, which you think, like the fine frankincense, should be mixed for the tabernacle only, and reserved for your religious services ? For if this be the feeling, though it

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may seem at first as if it were graceful and reverent, at the root of the matter, it signifies neither more nor less than that you have separated your religion from your life.

62. For consider what a wide significance this fact has ; and remember that it is not you only, but all the people of England, who are behaving thus, just now.

You have all got into the habit of calling the church "the house of God." I have seen, over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved, "*This is the house of God and this is the gate of heaven.*" Now, note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his father's house to go on a long journey on foot, to visit his uncle : he has to cross a wild hill-desert ; just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wolds to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Hawes and Brough, in the midst of the moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy ; he cannot go one foot farther that night. Down he lies, to sleep, on

Wharnside, where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head ; —so wild the place is, he cannot get anything but stones. And there, lying under the broad night, he has a dream ; and he sees a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaches to heaven, and the angels of God are seen ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says, "How dreadful is this place ; surely this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." This PLACE, observe ; not this church ; not this city ; not

this stone, even, which he puts up for a memorial—the piece of flint on which his head was lain. But this *place*; this windy slope of Wharnside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow-blighted! this *any* place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to know where that will be? or how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always? Do you know where the lightning is to fall next? You *do* know that, partly; you can guide the lightning; but you cannot guide the going forth of the Spirit, which is as that lightning when it shines from the east to the west.

63. But the perpetual and insolent warping of that strong verse to serve a merely ecclesiastical purpose, is only one of the thousand instances in which we sink back into gross Judaism. We call our churches “temples.” Now, you know perfectly well they are *not* temples. They have never had, never can have, anything whatever to do with temples. They are “synagogues”—“gathering places”—where you gather yourselves together as an assembly; and by not calling them so, you again miss the force of another mighty text—“Thou, when thou prayest, shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the *churches*” [we should translate it], “that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father,”—which is, not in chancel nor in aisle, but “in secret.”

64. Now, you feel, as I say this to you—I know you feel—as if I were trying to take away the honour of your churches. Not so; I am trying

to prove to you the honour of your houses and your hills ; not that the Church is not sacred—but that the whole Earth is. I would have you feel what careless, what constant, what infectious sin there is in all modes of thought, whereby, in calling your churches only. “holy,” you call your hearths and homes “profane” ; and have separated yourselves from the heathen by casting all your household gods to the ground, instead of recognising, in the places of their many and feeble Lares, the presence of your One and Mighty Lord and Lar.

65. “But what has all this to do with our Exchange ?” you ask me, impatiently. My dear friends, it has just everything to do with it ; on these inner and great questions depend all the outer and little ones ; and if you have asked me down here to speak to you, because you had before been interested in anything I have written, you must know that all I have yet said about architecture was to show this. The book I called *The Seven Lamps* was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced. *The Stones of Venice* had, from beginning to end, no other aim than to show that the Gothic architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith, and of domestic virtue ; and that its Renaissance architecture had arisen out of, and in all its features indicated, a state of concealed national infidelity, and of domestic corruption. And now, you ask me what style is best to build in, and how can I answer, knowing the meaning of the

two styles, but by another question—do you mean to build as Christians or as infidels? And still more—do you mean to build as honest Christians or as honest Infidels? as thoroughly and confessedly either one or the other? You don't like to be asked such rude questions. I cannot help it; they are of much more importance than this Exchange business; and if they can be at once answered, the Exchange business settles itself in a moment. But before I press them farther, I must ask leave to explain one point clearly.

66. In all my past work, my endeavour has been to show that good architecture is essentially religious—the production of a faithful and virtuous, not of an infidel and corrupted people. But in the course of doing this, I have had also to show that good architecture is not *ecclesiastical*. People are so apt to look upon religion as the business of the clergy, not their own, that the moment they hear of anything depending on “religion,” they think it must also have depended on the priesthood; and I have had to take what place was to be occupied between these two errors, and fight both, often with seeming contradiction. Good architecture is the work of good and believing men; therefore, you say, at least some people say, “Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity.” No—a thousand times no; good architecture¹ has always been the work of the commonalty, *not* of the clergy. “What,” you say, “those glorious cathedrals—the pride of Europe

¹ And all other arts, for the most part; even of incredulous and secularly-minded commonalties. [1873]

—did their builders not form Gothic architecture ? ” No ; they corrupted Gothic architecture. Gothic was formed in the baron’s castle, and the burgher’s street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of labouring citizens and warrior kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for the aid of his superstition : when that superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade,—through that fury of perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and finally, most foolish dreams ; and in those dreams was lost.

67. I hope, now, that there is no risk of your misunderstanding me when I come to the gist of what I want to say to-night ;—when I repeat, that every great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can’t have bits of it here, bits there—you must have it everywhere or nowhere. It is not the monopoly of a clerical company—it is not the exponent of a theological dogma—it is not the hieroglyphic writing of an initiated priesthood ; it is the manly language of a people inspired by resolute and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God.

68. Now there have as yet been three distinct schools of European architecture. I say, European, because Asiatic and African architectures belong so entirely to other races and climates, that there is no question of them here ; only, in passing, I will simply assure you that whatever is good or great in

Egypt, and Syria, and India, is just good or great for the same reasons as the buildings on our side of the Bosphorus. We Europeans, then, have had three great religions : the Greek, which was the worship of the God of Wisdom and Power ; the Mediæval, which was the worship of the God of Judgment and Consolation ; the Renaissance, which was the worship of the God of Pride and Beauty : these three we have had—they are past, —and now, at last, we English have got a fourth religion, and a God of our own, about which I want to ask you. But I must explain these three old ones first.

69. I repeat, first, the Greeks essentially worshipped the God of Wisdom ; so that whatever contended against their religion,—to the Jews a stumbling-block,—was, to the Greeks—*Foolishness*.

The first Greek idea of deity was that expressed in the word, of which we keep the remnant in our words “*Di-urnal*” and “*Di-vine*”—the god of *Day*, Jupiter the revealer. Athena is his daughter, but especially daughter of the Intellect, springing armed from the head. We are only with the help of recent investigation beginning to penetrate the depth of meaning couched under the Athenaic symbols : but I may note rapidly, that her *egis*, the mantle with the serpent fringes, in which she often, in the best statues, is represented as folding up her left hand, for better guard ; and the Gorgon, on her shield, are both representative mainly of the chilling horror and sadness (turning men to stone, as it were,) of the outmost and superficial spheres of knowledge—that knowledge which separates, in bitterness, hardness, and sorrow, the heart of the full-grown man from the

heart of the child. For out of imperfect knowledge spring terror, dissension, danger, and disdain ; but from perfect knowledge given by the full-revealed Athena, strength and peace, in sign of which she is crowned with the olive spray, and bears the resistless spear.

This, then, was the Greek conception of purest Deity ; and every habit of life, and every form of his art developed themselves from the seeking this bright, serene, resistless wisdom ; and setting himself, as a man, to do things evermore rightly and strongly ;¹ not with any ardent affection or ultimate hope ; but with a resolute and continent energy of will, as knowing that for failure there was no consolation, and for sin there was no remission. And the Greek architecture rose unerring, bright, clearly defined, and self-contained.

70. Next followed in Europe the great Christian faith, which was essentially the religion of Comfort. Its great doctrine is the remission of sins ; for which cause, it happens, too often, in certain phases of Christianity, that sin and sickness themselves are partly glorified, as if, the more you had to be healed of, the more divine was the healing. The practical result of this doctrine, in art, is a continual contemplation of sin and disease, and

¹ It is an error to suppose that the Greek worship, or seeking, was chiefly of Beauty. It was essentially of rightness and strength, founded on Forethought : the principal character of Greek art is not beauty, but design : and the Dorian Apollo-worship and Athenian Virgin-worship are both expressions of adoration of divine wisdom and purity. Next to these great deities, rank, in power over the national mind, Dionysius and Ceres, the givers of human strength and life ; then, for heroic examples, Hercules. There is no Venus-worship among the Greeks in the great times : and the Muses are essentially teachers of Truth, and of its harmonies. (Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 200. 1873.)

of imaginary states of purification from them ; thus we have an architecture conceived in a mingled sentiment of melancholy and aspiration, partly severe, partly luxuriant, which will bend itself to every one of our needs, and every one of our fancies, and be strong or weak with us, as we are strong or weak ourselves. It is, of all architecture, the basest, when base people build it—of all, the noblest, when built by the noble.

71. And now note that both these religions—Greek and Mediæval—perished by falsehood in their own main purpose. The Greek religion of Wisdom perished in a false philosophy—"Oppositions of science, falsely so called." The Mediæval religion of Consolation perished in false comfort ; in remission of sins given lyingly. It was the selling of absolution that ended the Mediæval faith ; and I can tell you more, it is the selling of absolution which, to the end of time, will mark false Christianity. Pure Christianity gives her remission of sins only by *ending* them ; but false Christianity gets her remission of sins by *compounding for* them. And there are many ways of compounding for them. We English have, beautiful little quiet ways of buying absolution, whether in low Church or high, far more cunning than any of Tetzel's trading.

72. Then, thirdly, there followed the religion of Pleasure, in which all Europe gave itself to luxury, ending in death. First, *bals masqués* in every saloon, and then guillotines in every square. And all these three worships issue in vast temple building. Your Greek worshipped Wisdom, and built you the Parthenon—the Virgin's temple. The Mediæval worshipped Consolation, and built

you Virgin temples also—but to our Lady of Salvation. Then the Revivalist worshipped beauty, of a sort, and built you Versailles and the Vatican. Now, lastly, will you tell me what *we* worship, and what *we* build?

73. You know we are speaking always of the real, active, continual, national worship; that by which men act, while they live; not that which they talk of, when they die. Now, we have, indeed, a nominal religion, to which we pay tithes of property and sevenths of time; but we have also a practical and earnest religion, to which we devote nine-tenths of our property, and six-sevenths of our time. And we dispute a great deal about the nominal religion: but we are all unanimous about this practical one; of which I think you will admit that the ruling goddess may be best generally described as the "Goddess of Getting-on," or "Britannia of the Market." The Athenians had an "Athena Agoraia," or Athena of the Market; but she was a subordinate type of their goddess, while our Britannia Agoraia is the principal type of ours. And all your great architectural works are, of course, built to her. It is long since you built a great cathedral; and how you would laugh at me if I proposed building a cathedral on the top of one of these hills of yours, to make it an Acropolis! But your railroad mounds, vaster than the walls of Babylon; your railroad stations, vaster than the temple of Ephesus, and innumerable; your chimneys, how much more mighty and costly than cathedral spires! your harbour-piers; your warehouses; your exchanges!—all these are built to your great Goddess of "Getting-on"; and she has formed,

and will continue to form, your architecture, as long as you worship her ; and it is quite vain to ask me to tell you how to build to *her* ; you know far better than I.

74. There might, indeed, on some theories, be a conceivably good architecture for Exchanges—that is to say, if there were any heroism in the fact or deed of exchange, which might be typically carved on the outside of your building. For, you know, all beautiful architecture must be adorned with sculpture or painting ; and for sculpture or painting, you must have a subject. And hitherto it has been a received opinion among the nations of the world that the only right subjects for either, were *heroisms* of some sort. Even on his pots and his flagons, the Greek put a Hercules slaying lions, or an Apollo slaying serpents, or Bacchus slaying melancholy giants, and earthborn despondencies. On his temples, the Greek put contests of great warriors in founding states, or of gods with evil spirits. On his houses and temples alike, the Christian put carvings of angels conquering devils ; or of hero-martyrs exchanging this world for another : subject inappropriate, I think, to our direction of exchange here. And the Master of Christians not only left His followers without any orders as to the sculpture of affairs of exchange on the outside of buildings, but gave some strong evidence of His dislike of affairs of exchange within them. (And yet there might surely be a heroism in such affairs ; and all commerce become a kind of selling of doves, not impious. The wonder has always been great to me, that heroism has never been supposed to be in any-wise consistent with the practice of supplying

people with food, or clothes ; but rather with that of quartering one's self upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armour is an heroic deed in all ages ; but the selling of clothes, old, or new, has never taken any colour of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base businesses, even when engaged in on a large scale. If one could contrive to attach the notion of conquest to them anyhow ! so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort !¹ and, as it were, "*occupying* a country" with one's gifts, instead of one's armies ? If one could only consider it as much a victory to get a barren field sown, as to get an eared field stripped ; and contend who should build villages, instead of who should "carry" them ! Are not all forms of heroism conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds ? You doubt who is strongest ? It might be ascertained by push of spade, as well as push of sword. Who is wisest ? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other business than campaigns. Who is bravest ? There are always the elements to fight with, stronger than men ; and nearly as merciless.

75. The only absolutely and unapproachably heroic element in the soldier's work seems to be—that he is paid little for it—and regularly : while you traffickers, and exchangers, and others occupied in presumably benevolent business, like to be paid much for it—and by chance. I never can make out how it is that a *knight*-errant does

¹ Quite serious, all this, though it reads like jest. [1873.]

not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a *pedlar-errant* always does ;—that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribands cheap ; that they are ready to go on fervent crusades, to recover the tomb of a buried God, but never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living one ;—that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it, and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel gratis, but never the loaves and fishes.¹

76. If you chose to take the matter up on any such soldierly principle ; to do your commerce, and your feeding of nations, for fixed salaries ; and to be as particular about giving people the best food, and the best cloth, as soldiers are about giving them the best gunpowder, I could carve something for you on your exchange worth looking at. But I can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendant purses ; and making its pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills. And in the innermost chambers of it there might be a statue of Britannia of the Market, who may have, perhaps advisably, a partridge for her crest, typical at once of her courage in fighting for noble ideas, and of her interest in game ; and round its neck, the inscription in golden letters, “*Perdix fovit quæ non peperit.*”² Then, for her spear, she might have

¹ Please think over this paragraph, too briefly and antithetically put, but one of those which I am happiest in having written. [1873.]

² Jerem. xvii. 11, (best in Septuagint and Vulgate). “As the partridge, fostering what she brought not forth, so he that getteth riches, not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.”

a weaver's beam ; and on her shield, instead of St. George's Cross, the Milanese boar, semi-fleeced, with the town of Gennesaret proper, in the field ; and the legend, " In the best market,"¹ and her corslet, of leather, folded over her heart in the shape of a purse, with thirty slits in it, for a piece of money to go in at, on each day of the month. And I doubt not but that people would come to see your exchange, and its goddess, with applause.

77. Nevertheless, I want to point out to you certain strange characters in this goddess of yours. She differs from the great Greek and Mediæval deities essentially in two things—first, as to the continuance of her presumed power ; secondly, as to the extent of it.

1st, as to the Continuance.

The Greek Goddess of Wisdom gave continual increase of wisdom, as the Christian Spirit of Comfort (or Comforter) continual increase of comfort. There was no question, with these, of any limit or cessation of function. But with your Agora Goddess, that is just the most important question. Getting on—but where to ? Gathering together—but how much ? Do you mean to gather always—never to spend ? If so, I wish you joy of your goddess, for I am just as well off as you, without the trouble of worshipping her at all. But if you do not spend, somebody else will—somebody else must. And it is because of this (among many other such errors) that I have fearlessly declared your so-called science of Political Economy to be no science ; because, namely, it has omitted the study of exactly the

¹ Meaning, fully, " We have brought our pigs to it." [1873.]

most important branch of the business—the study of *spending*.) For spend you must, and as much as you make, ultimately. You gather corn :—will you bury England under a heap of grain ; or will you, when you have gathered, finally eat ? You gather gold :—will you make your house-roofs of it, or pave your streets with it ? That is still one way of spending it. But if you keep it, that you may get more, I'll give you more ; I'll give you all the gold you want—all you can imagine—if you can tell me what you'll do with it. You shall have thousands of gold pieces ;—thousands of thousands—millions—mountains, of gold : where will you keep them ? Will you put an Olympus of silver upon a golden Pelion—make Ossa like a wart ? Do you think the rain and dew would then come down to you, in the streams from such mountains, more blessedly than they will down the mountains which God has made for you, of moss and whinstone ? But it is not gold that you want to gather ! What is it ? greenbacks ? No ; not those neither. What is it then—is it ciphers after a capital I ? Cannot you practise writing ciphers, and write as many as you want ! Write ciphers for an hour every morning, in a big book, and say every evening, I am worth all those noughts more than I was yesterday. Won't that do ? Well, what in the name of Plutus is it you want ? Not gold, not greenbacks, not ciphers after a capital I ? You will have to answer, after all, “No ; we want, somehow or other, money's *worth*.” Well, what is that ? Let your Goddess of Getting-on discover it, and let her learn to stay therein.

78. II. But there is yet another question to be

asked respecting this Goddess of Getting-on. The first was of the continuance of her power ; the second is of its extent.

Pallas and the Madonna were supposed to be all the world's Pallas, and all the world's Madonna. They could teach all men, and they could comfort all men. But, look strictly into the nature of the power of your Goddess of Getting-on ; and you will find she is the Goddess—not of everybody's getting on—but only of somebody's getting on. This is a vital, or rather deathful, distinction. Examine it in your own ideal of the state of national life which this Goddess is to evoke and maintain. I asked you what it was, when I was last here ;¹—you have never told me. Now, shall I try to tell you ?

79. Your ideal of human life then is, I think, that it should be passed in a pleasant undulating world, with iron and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings ; and stables, and coach-houses ; a moderately-sized park ; a large garden and hot-houses ; and pleasant carriage drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favoured votaries of the Goddess ; the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family ; he always able to have the boudoir and the jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank, is to be the mill ; not less than a quarter of a mile long, with one steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney

¹ *The Two Paths*, § 89.

three hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful language.

80. Is not that, broadly, and in the main features, the kind of thing you propose to yourselves ? It is very pretty indeed, seen from above ; not at all so pretty, seen from below. For, observe, while to one family this deity is indeed the Goddess of Getting-on, to a thousand families she is the Goddess of *not* Getting-on. "Nay," you say, "they have all their chance." Yes, so has every one in a lottery, but there must always be the same number of blanks. "Ah ! but in a lottery it is not skill and intelligence which take the lead, but blind chance." What then ! do you think the old practice, that "they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can," is less iniquitous, when the power has become power of brains instead of fist ? and that, though we may not take advantage of a child's or a woman's weakness, we may of a man's foolishness ? "Nay, but finally, work must be done, and some one must be at the top, some one at the bottom." Granted, my friends. Work must always be, and captains of work must always be ; and if you in the least remember the tone of any of my writings, you must know that they are thought unfit for this age, because they are always insisting on need of government, and speaking with scorn of liberty. But I beg you to observe that there is a wide difference between being captains or governors of work, and taking the profits of it. It does not follow, because you

are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins ; (if it fight for treasure or land;) neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of the nation's work. Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the reverse of this,—by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kinghood so infallible as that. Does the crowned creature live simply, bravely, unostentatiously ? probably he *is* a King. Does he cover his body with jewels, and his table with delicates ? in all probability he is *not* a King. It is possible he may be, as Solomon was ; but that is when the nation shares his splendour with him. Solomon made gold, not only to be in his own palace as stones, but to be in Jerusalem as stones. But, even so, for the most part, these splendid kinghoods expire in ruin, and only the true kinghoods live, which are of royal labourers governing loyal labourers ; who, both leading rough lives, establish the true dynasties. Conclusively you will find that because you are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to gather for yourself all the wealth of that nation ; neither, because you are king of a small part of the nation, and lord over the means of its maintenance—over field, or mill, or mine,—are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for yourself.

81. You will tell me I need not preach against these things, for I cannot mend them. No, good friends, I cannot ; but you can, and you will ; or something else can and will. Even good things have no abiding power—and shall these evil

things persist in victorious evil ? All history shows, on the contrary, that to be the exact thing they never can do. Change *must* come ; but it is ours to determine whether change of growth, or change of death. Shall the Parthenon be in ruins on its rock, and Bolton priory in its meadow, but these mills of yours be the consummation of the buildings of the earth, and their wheels be as the wheels of eternity ? Think you that “men may come, and men may go,” but—mills—go on for ever ? Not so ; out of these, better or worse shall come ; and it is for you to choose which.

82. I know that none of this wrong is done with deliberate purpose. I know, on the contrary, that you wish your workmen well ; that you do much for them, and that you desire to do more for them, if you saw your way to such benevolence safely. I know that even all this wrong and misery are brought about by a warped sense of duty, each of you striving to do his best ; but, unhappily, not knowing for whom this best should be done. And all our hearts have been betrayed by the plausible impiety of the modern economist, telling us that, “To do the best for ourselves, is finally to do the best for others.” Friends, our great Master said not so ; and most absolutely we shall find this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourselves ; but it will not do to have our eyes fixed on that issue. The Pagans had got beyond that. Hear what a Pagan says of this matter ; hear what were, perhaps, the last written words of Plato,—if not the last actually written (for this we cannot know), yet assuredly in fact and power his parting words—in which,

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endeavouring to give full crowning and harmonious close to all his thoughts, and to speak the sum of them by the imagined sentence of the Great Spirit, his strength and his heart fail him, and the words cease, broken off for ever.

83. They are at the close of the dialogue called *Critias*, in which he describes, partly from real tradition, partly in ideal dream, the early state of Athens; and the genesis, and order, and religion, of the fabled isle of Atlantis; in which genesis he conceives the same first perfection and final degeneracy of man, which in our own Scriptural tradition is expressed by saying that the Sons of God inter-married with the daughters of men, for he supposes the earliest race to have been indeed the children of God; and to have corrupted themselves, until "their spot was not the spot of his children." And this, he says, was the end; that indeed "through many generations, so long as the God's nature in them yet was full, they were submissive to the sacred laws, and carried themselves lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in every wise great; so that, in *all meekness of wisdom, they dealt with each other*, and took all the chances of life; and despising all things except virtue, they cared little what happened day by day, and bore lightly the burden of gold and of possessions; for they saw that, if *only their common love and virtue increased, all these things would be increased together with them*; but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession would be to lose that first, and their virtue and affection together with it. And by such reasoning, and

what of the divine nature remained in them, they gained all this greatness of which we have already told ; but when the God's part of them faded and became extinct, being mixed again and again, and effaced by the prevalent mortality ; and the human nature at last exceeded, they then became unable to endure the courses of fortune ; and fell into shapelessness of life, and baseness in the sight of him who could see, having lost everything that was fairest of their honour ; while to the blind hearts which could not discern the true life, tending to happiness, it seemed that they were then chiefly noble and happy, being filled with all iniquity of inordinate possession and power. Whereupon, the God of Gods, whose Kinghood is in laws, beholding a once just nation thus cast into misery, and desiring to lay such punishment upon them as might make them repent into restraining, gathered together all the gods into his dwelling place, which from heaven's centre overlooks whatever has part in creation ; and having assembled them, he said "—

84. The rest is silence. Last words of the chief wisdom of the heathen, spoken of this idol of riches ; this idol of yours ; this golden image, high by measureless cubits, set up where your green fields of England are furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plain of Dura : this idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our own Master and faith ; forbidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible.

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Catastrophe will come ; or, worse than catastrophe, slow mouldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for—life, good for all men, as for yourselves ; if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence ; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace ;¹—then, and so sanctifying wealth into “commonwealth,” all your art, your literature, your daily labours, your domestic affection, and citizen’s duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough ; you will build with stone well, but with flesh better ; temples not made with hands, but riveted of hearts ; and that kind of marble, crimson-veined, is indeed eternal.

¹ I imagine the Hebrew chant merely intends passionate repetition, and not a distinction of this somewhat fanciful kind ; yet we may profitably make it in reading the English.

LECTURE III

WAR

*Delivered at the Royal Military Academy,
Woolwich, 1865*

85. YOUNG soldiers, I do not doubt but that many of you came unwillingly to-night, and many in merely contemptuous curiosity, to hear what a writer on painting could possibly say, or would venture to say, respecting your great art of war. You may well think within yourselves that a painter might, perhaps without immodesty, lecture younger painters upon painting, but not young lawyers upon law, nor young physicians upon medicine—least of all, it may seem to you, young warriors, upon war. And, indeed, when I was asked to address you, I declined at first, and declined long; for I felt that you would not be interested in my special business, and would certainly think there was small need for me to come to teach you yours. Nay, I knew that there ought to be *no* such need, for the great veteran soldiers of England are now men every way so thoughtful, so noble, and so good, that no other teaching than their knightly example, and their few words of grave and tried counsel, should be either necessary for you, or even, without assurance of due modesty in the offerer, endured by you.

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86. But being asked, not once nor twice, I have not ventured persistently to refuse ; and I will try, in very few words, to lay before you some reason why you should accept my excuse, and hear me patiently. You may imagine that your work is wholly foreign to, and separate from, mine. So far from that, all the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war ; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers. There is no art among a shepherd people, if it remains at peace. There is no art among an agricultural people, if it remains at peace. Commerce is barely consistent with fine art ; but cannot produce it. Manufacture not only is unable to produce it, but invariably destroys whatever seeds of it exist. There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle.

87. Now, though I hope you love fighting for its own sake, you must, I imagine, be surprised at my assertion that there is any such good fruit of fighting. You supposed, probably, that your office was to defend the works of peace, but certainly not to found them : nay, the common course of war, you may have thought, was only to destroy them. And truly, I, who tell you this of the use of war, should have been the last of men to tell you so, had I trusted my own experience only. Hear why : I have given a considerable part of my life to the investigation of Venetian painting ; and the result of that enquiry was my fixing upon one man as the greatest of all Venetians, and therefore, as I believed, of all painters whatsoever. I formed this faith (whether right or wrong matters at present nothing) in the

supremacy of the painter Tintoret, under a roof covered with his pictures ; and of those pictures, three of the noblest were then in the form of shreds of ragged canvas, mixed up with the laths of the roof, rent through by three Austrian shells. Now, it is not every lecturer who *could* tell you that he had seen three of his favourite pictures torn to rags by bomb-shells. And after such a sight, it is not every lecturer who *would* tell you that, nevertheless, war was the foundation of all great art.

88. Yet the conclusion is inevitable, from any careful comparison of the states of great historic races at different periods. Merely to show you what I mean, I will sketch for you, very briefly, the broad steps of the advance of the best art of the world. The first dawn of it is in Egypt ; and the power of it is founded on the perpetual contemplation of death, and of future judgment, by the mind of a nation of which the ruling caste were priests, and the second, soldiers. The greatest works produced by them are sculptures of their kings going out to battle, or receiving the homage of conquered armies. And you must remember also, as one of the great keys to the splendour of the Egyptian nation, that the priests were not occupied in theology only. Their theology was the basis of practical government and law; so that they were not so much priests as religious judges ; the office of Samuel, among the Jews, being as nearly as possible correspondent to theirs.

89. All the rudiments of art then, and much more than the rudiments of all science, were laid first by this great warrior-nation, which held in contempt all mechanical trades, and in absolute

hatred the peaceful life of shepherds. From Egypt art passes directly into Greece, where all poetry, and all painting, are nothing else than the description, praise, or dramatic representation of war, or of the exercises which prepare for it, in their connection with offices of religion. All Greek institutions had first respect to war ; and their conception of it, as one necessary office of all human and divine life, is expressed simply by the images of their guiding gods. Apollo is the god of all wisdom of the intellect ; he bears the arrow and the bow, before he bears the lyre. Again, Athena is the goddess of all wisdom in conduct. Yet it is by the helmet and the shield, oftener than by the shuttle, that she is distinguished from other deities.

90. There were, however, two great differences in principle between the Greek and the Egyptian theories of policy. In Greece there was no soldier caste ; every citizen was necessarily a soldier. And, again, while the Greeks rightly despised mechanical arts as much as the Egyptians, they did not make the fatal mistake of despising agricultural and pastoral life ; but perfectly honoured both. These two conditions of truer thought raise them quite into the highest rank of wise manhood that has yet been reached ; for all our great arts, and nearly all our great thoughts, have been borrowed or derived from them. Take away from us what they have given ; and we hardly can imagine how low the modern¹ European would stand.

¹ The *modern*, observe, because we have lost all inheritance from Florence or Venice, and are now pensioners upon the *Greeks only*. [1873.]

91. Now, you are to remember, in passing to the next phase of history, that though you *must* have war to produce art—you must also have much more than war; namely, an art-instinct or genius in the people; and that, though all the talent for painting in the world won't make painters of you, unless you have a gift for fighting as well, you may have the gift for fighting, and none for painting. Now, in the next great dynasty of soldiers, the art-instinct is wholly wanting. I have not yet investigated the Roman character enough to tell you the causes of this; but I believe, paradoxical as it may seem to you, that however truly the Roman might say of himself that he was born of Mars, and suckled by the wolf, he was nevertheless, at heart, more of a farmer than a soldier. The exercises of war were with him practical, not poetical; his poetry was in domestic life only, and the object of battle, “*pacis imponere morem.*” And the arts are extinguished in his hands, and do not rise again, until, with Gothic chivalry, there comes back into the mind of Europe a passionate delight in war itself, for the sake of war. And then, with the romantic knighthood which can imagine no other noble employment,—under the fighting kings of France, England, and Spain; and under the fighting dukeships and citizenships of Italy, art is born again, and rises to her height in the great valleys of Lombardy and Tuscany, through which there flows not a single stream, from all their Alps or Apennines, that did not once run dark red from battle; and it reaches its culminating glory in the city which gave to history the most intense type of soldiership yet seen among men:—

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the city whose armies were led in their assault by their king,¹ led through it to victory by their king, and so led, though that king of theirs was blind, and in the extremity of his age.

92. And from this time forward, as peace is established or extended in Europe, the arts decline. They reach an unparalleled pitch of costliness, but lose their life, enlist themselves at last on the side of luxury and various corruption, and, among wholly tranquil nations, wither utterly away; remaining only in partial practice among races who, like the French and us, have still the minds, though we cannot all live the lives, of soldiers.

93. "It may be so," I can suppose that a philanthropist might exclaim. "Perish then the arts, if they can flourish only at such a cost. What worth is there in toys of canvas and stone, if compared to the joy and peace of artless domestic life?" And the answer is—truly, in themselves, none. But as expressions of the highest state of the human spirit, their worth is infinite. As results they may be worthless, but, as signs, they are above price. For it is an assured truth that, whenever the faculties of men are at their fulness, they *must* express themselves by art; and to say that a state is without such expression, is to say that it is sunk from its proper level of manly nature. So that, when I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men.

¹ Henry Dandolo: the king of Bohemia at Crécy is very grand, too, and in the issue, his knighthood is, to us, more memorable. [1873.]

94. It is very strange to me to discover this ; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the *vices* of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilisation ; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together : that, on her lips, the words were—peace, and sensuality—peace, and selfishness—peace, and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war ; that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace ; taught by war, and deceived by peace ; trained by war, and betrayed by peace ;—in a word, that they were born in war, and expired in peace.

95. Yet now note carefully, in the second place, it is not *all* war of which this can be said—nor all dragon's teeth, which, sown, will start up into men. It is not the rage of a barbarian wolf-flock, as under Genseric or Suwarrow ; nor the habitual restlessness and rapine of mountaineers, as on the old borders of Scotland ; nor the occasional struggle of a strong peaceful nation for its life, as in the wars of the Swiss with Austria ; nor the contest of merely ambitious nations for extent of power, as in the wars of France under Napoleon, or the just terminated war in America. None of these forms of war build anything but tombs. But the creative, or foundational, war is that in which the natural restlessness and love of contest among men are disciplined, by consent, into modes of beautiful—though it may be fatal—

play : in which the natural ambition and love of power of men are disciplined into the aggressive conquest of surrounding evil : and in which the natural instincts of self-defence are sanctified by the nobleness of the institutions, and purity of the households which they are appointed to defend. To such war as this all men are born ; in such war as this any man may happily die ; and out of such war as this have arisen throughout the extent of past ages, all the highest sanctities and virtues of humanity.

I shall therefore divide the war of which I would speak to you into three heads. War for exercise or play ; war for dominion ; and, war for defence.

96. (1.) And first, of war for exercise or play. I speak of it primarily in this light, because, through all past history, manly war has been more an exercise than anything else, among the classes who cause and proclaim it. It is not a game to the conscript, or the pressed sailor ; but neither of these are the causers of it. To the governor who determines that war shall be, and to the youths who voluntarily adopt it as their profession, it has always been a grand pastime ; and chiefly pursued because they had nothing else to do. And this is true without any exception. No king whose mind was fully occupied with the development of the inner resources of his kingdom, or with any other sufficing subject of thought, ever entered into war but on compulsion. No youth who was earnestly busy with any peaceful subject of study, or set on any serviceable course of action, ever voluntarily became a soldier. Occupy him, *early and wisely*, in agriculture or business, in

science or in literature, and he will never think of war otherwise than as a calamity.¹ But leave him idle ; and, the more brave and active and capable he is by nature, the more he will thirst for some appointed field for action ; and find, in the passion and peril of battle, the only satisfying fulfilment of his unoccupied being. And from the earliest incipient civilisation until now, the population of the earth divides itself, when you look at it widely, into two races ; one of workers, and the other of players—one tilling the ground, manufacturing, building, and otherwise providing for the necessities of life ; the other part proudly idle, and continually therefore needing recreation, in which they use the productive and laborious orders partly as their cattle, and partly as their puppets or pieces in the game of death.

97.² Now, remember, whatever virtue or goodness there may be in this game of war, rightly played, there is none when you thus play it with a multitude of human pawns.

If you, the gentlemen of this or any other kingdom, choose to make your pastime of contest, do so, and welcome ; but set not up these unhappy peasant-pieces upon the chequer of forest and field. If the wager is to be of death, lay it on your own heads, not theirs. A goodly struggle in the Olympic dust, though it be the dust of the

¹ A wholesome calamity, observe ; not to be shrunk from, though not to be provoked. But see the opening of the notes on Prussia, § 161. [1873.]

² I dislike more and more every day the declamatory forms in which what I most desired to make impressive was arranged for oral delivery ; but these two paragraphs, 97, and 98, sacrifice no accuracy in their endeavour to be pompous, and are among the most importantly true passages I have ever written. [1873.]

grave, the gods will look upon, and be with you in ; but they will not be with you, if you sit on the sides of the amphitheatre, whose steps are the mountains of earth, whose arena its valleys, to urge your peasant millions into gladiatorial war. You also, you tender and delicate women, for whom, and by whose command, all true battle has been, and must ever be ; you would perhaps shrink now, though you need not, from the thought of sitting as queens above set lists where the jousting game might be mortal. How much more, then, ought you to shrink from the thought of sitting above a theatre pit in which even a few condemned slaves were slaying each other only for your delight ! And do you *not* shrink from the *fact* of sitting above a theatre pit, where,—not condemned slaves,—but the best and bravest of the poor sons of your people, slay each other,—not man to man,—as the coupled gladiators ; but race to race, in duel of generations ? You would tell me, perhaps, that you do not sit to see this ; and it is, indeed, true that the women of Europe—those who have no heart-interest of their own at peril in the contest—draw the curtains of their boxes, and muffle the openings ; so that from the pit of the circus of slaughter there may reach them only at intervals a half-heard cry, and a murmur as of the wind's sighing, when myriads of souls expire. They shut out the death-cries ; and are happy, and talk wittily among themselves. That is the utter literal fact, of what our ladies do in their pleasant lives.

98. Nay, you might answer, speaking with them—"We do not let these wars come to pass

for our play, nor by our carelessness ; we cannot help them. How can any final quarrel of nations be settled otherwise than by war ? ”

I cannot now delay to tell you how political quarrels might be otherwise settled. But grant that they cannot. Grant that no law of reason can be understood by nations ; no law of justice submitted to by them ; and that, while questions of a few acres, and of petty cash, can be determined by truth and equity, the questions which are to issue in the perishing or saving of kingdoms can be determined only by the truth of the sword, and the equity of the rifle. Grant this, and even then, judge if it will always be necessary for you to put your quarrel into the hearts of your poor, and sign your treaties with peasants' blood. You would be ashamed to do this in your own private position and power. Why should you not be ashamed also to do it in public place and power ? If you quarrel with your neighbour, and the quarrel be indeterminable by law, and mortal, you and he do not send your footmen to Battersea fields to fight it out ; nor do you set fire to his tenants' cottages, nor spoil their goods. You fight out your quarrel yourselves, and at your own danger, if at all. And you do not think it materially affects the arbitrament that one of you has a larger household than the other ; so that, if the servants or tenants were brought into the field with their masters, the issue of the contest could not be doubtful ? You either refuse the private duel, or you practise it under laws of honour, not of physical force ; that so it may be, in a manner, justly concluded. Now the just or unjust conclusion of the private feud

is of little moment, while the just or unjust conclusion of the public feud is of eternal moment : and yet, in this public quarrel, you take your servants' sons from their arms to fight for it, and your servants' food from their lips to support it ; and the black seals on the parchment of your treaties of peace are the deserted hearth, and the fruitless field.

99. There is a ghastly ludicrousness in this, as there is mostly in these wide and universal crimes. Hear the statement of the very fact of it in the most literal words of the greatest of our English thinkers :—

“ What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war ? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain ‘natural enemies’ of the French there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them : she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected ; all dressed in red ; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain ; and fed there till wanted.

“ And now to that same spot in the south of Spain are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending ; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties

come into actual juxtaposition ; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand.

"Straightway the word 'Fire !' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another ; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcases, which it must bury, and anon shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel ? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest ! They lived far enough apart ; were the entirest strangers ; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then ? Simpleton ! their Governors had fallen out ; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."—*Sartor Resartus*.

100. Positively, then, gentlemen, the game of battle must not, and shall not, ultimately be played this way. But should it be played any way ? Should it, if not by your servants, be practised by yourselves ? I think, yes. Both history and human instinct seem alike to say, yes. All healthy men like fighting, and like the sense of danger ; all brave women like to hear of their fighting, and of their facing danger. This is a fixed instinct in the fine race of them ; and I cannot help fancying that fair fight is the best play for them ; and that a tournament was a better game than a steeplechase. The time may perhaps come, in France, as well as here, for universal hurdle-races and cricketing : but I do not think universal cricket will bring out the best qualities of the nobles of either country. I use, in such question, the test which I have adopted, of the connection of war with other

arts ; and I reflect how, as a sculptor, I should feel, if I were asked to design a monument for a dead knight, in Westminster Abbey, with a carving of a bat at one end, and a ball at the other. It may be the remains in me only of savage Gothic prejudice ; but I had rather carve it with a shield at one end, and a sword at the other. And this, observe, with no reference whatever to any story of duty done, or cause defended. Assume the knight merely to have ridden out occasionally to fight his neighbour for exercise ; assume him even a soldier of fortune, and to have gained his bread, and filled his purse, at the sword's point. Still, I feel as if it were, somehow, grander and worthier in him to have made his bread by sword play than any other play ; I had rather he had made it by thrusting than by batting ;—*much* rather than by betting. Much rather that he should ride war horses, than back race horses ; and—I say it sternly and deliberately—*much* rather would I have him slay his neighbour than cheat him.

101. But remember, so far as this may be true, the game of war is only that in which the *full personal power of the human creature* is brought out in management of its weapons. And this for three reasons :—

First, the great justification of this game is that it truly, when well played, determines *who is the best man* ;—who is the highest bred, the most self-denying, the most fearless, the coolest of nerve, the swiftest of eye and hand. You cannot test these qualities wholly, unless there is a clear possibility of the struggle's ending in death. It is only in the fronting of that condition

that the full trial of the man, soul and body, comes out. You may go to your game of wickets, or of hurdles, or of cards, and any knavery that is in you may stay unchallenged all the while. But if the play may be ended at any moment by a lance-thrust, a man will probably make up his accounts a little before he enters it. Whatever is rotten and evil in him will weaken his hand more in holding a sword-hilt than in balancing a billiard-cue; and on the whole, the habit of living lightly hearted, in daily presence of death, always has had, and must have, power both in the making and testing of honest men. But for the final testing, observe, you must make the issue of battle strictly dependent on fineness of frame, and firmness of hand. You must not make it the question, which of the combatants has the longest gun, or which has got behind the biggest tree, or which has the wind in his face, or which has gunpowder made by the best chemists, or iron smelted with the best coal, or the angriest mob at his back. Decide your battle, whether of nations or individuals, on *those terms*;—and you have only multiplied confusion, and added slaughter to iniquity. But decide your battle by pure trial which has the strongest arm, and steadiest heart,—and you have gone far to decide a great many matters besides, and to decide them rightly.¹

102. And the other reasons for this mode of decision of cause, are the diminution both of the material destructiveness, or cost, and of the physical distress of war. For you must not think that in speaking to you in this (as you may imagine) fantastic praise of battle, I have

¹ Compare *Post Clavigera*, Letter XIV. p. 9. (1873.)

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overlooked the conditions weighing against me. I pray all of you, who have not read, to read with the most earnest attention Mr. Helps' two essays, on War, and Government, in the first volume of the last series of *Friends in Council*. Everything that can be urged against war is there simply, exhaustively, and most graphically stated. And all, there urged, is true. But the two great counts of evil alleged against war by that most thoughtful writer, hold only against modern war. If you have to take away masses of men from all industrial employment,—to feed them by the labour of others,—to provide them with destructive machines, varied daily in national rivalryship of inventive cost ; if you have to ravage the country which you attack,—to destroy, for a score of future years, its roads, its woods, its cities and its harbours ;—and if, finally, having brought masses of men, counted by hundreds of thousands, face to face, you tear those masses to pieces with jagged shot, and leave the living creatures, countless beyond all help of surgery, to starve and parch, through days of torture, down into clots of clay—what book of accounts shall record the cost of your work ;—What book of judgment sentence the guilt of it ?

103. That, I say, is *modern* war,—scientific war,—chemical and mechanic war,—how much worse than the savage's poisoned arrow ! And yet you will tell me, perhaps, that any other war than this is impossible now. It may be so ; the progress of science cannot, perhaps, be otherwise registered than by new facilities of destruction ; and the brotherly love of our enlarging Christianity be only proved by multiplication of

murder. Yet hear, for a moment, what war was, in Pagan and ignorant days ;—what war might yet be, if we could extinguish our science in darkness, and join the heathen's practice to the Christian's creed. I read you this from a book which probably most of you know well, and all ought to know—Müller's *Dorians* ;¹—but I have put the points I wish you to remember in closer connection than in his text.

104. “The chief characteristic of the warriors of Sparta was great composure and a subdued strength; the violence (*λύσσα*) of Aristodemus and Isadas being considered as deserving rather of blame than praise; and these qualities in general distinguished the Greeks from the northern Barbarians, whose boldness always consisted in noise and tumult. The conduct of the Spartans in battle denotes a high and noble disposition, which rejected all the extremes of brutal rage. The pursuit of the enemy ceased when the victory was completed; and after the signal for retreat had been given, all hostilities ceased. The spoiling of arms, at least during the battle, was also interdicted; and the consecration of the spoils of slain enemies to the gods, as, in general, all rejoicings for victory, were considered as ill-omened. . . . For the same reason the Spartans *sacrificed to the Muses* before an action; these goddesses being expected to produce regularity and order in battle; as they *sacrificed on the same occasion in Crete to the god of love*, as the confirmier of mutual esteem and shame. . . . Every man put on a crown, when the band of flute-players gave the signal for attack; all the shields

¹ Vol. ii. Chap. 12, § 9.

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of the line glittered with their high polish, and mingled their splendour with the dark red of the purple mantles, which were meant both to adorn the combatant, and to conceal the blood of the wounded ; to fall well and decorously being an incentive the more to the most heroic valour."

105. Such was the war of the greatest soldiers who prayed to heathen gods. What Christian war is, preached by Christian ministers, let any one tell you, who saw the sacred crowning, and heard the sacred flute-playing, and was inspired and sanctified by the divinely-measured and musical language, of any North American regiment preparing for its charge. And what is the relative cost of life in pagan and Christian wars, let this one fact tell you ;—the Spartans won the decisive battle of Corinth with the loss of eight men ; the victors at indecisive Gettysburg confess to the loss of 30,000.

106. (II.) I pass now to our second order of war, the commonest among men, that undertaken in desire of dominion. And let me ask you to think for a few moments what the real meaning of this desire of dominion is—first in the minds of kings —then in that of nations.

Now, mind you this first,—that I speak either about kings, or masses of men, with a fixed conviction that human nature is a noble and beautiful thing ; not a foul nor a base thing. (All the sin of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature ; as a folly which may be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted. And my wonder, even when things are at their worst, is always at the height which this human nature can attain. Thinking it high, I find it always a higher thing

than I thought it ; while those who think it low, find it, and will find it, always, lower than they thought it : the fact being, that it is infinite, and capable of infinite height and infinite fall ; but the nature of it—and here is the faith which I would have you hold with me—the *nature* of it is in the nobleness, not in the catastrophe.

107. Take the faith in its utmost terms. When the captain of the *London* shook hands with his mate, saying, “ God speed you ! I will go down with my passengers,” *that I believe to be “ human nature.”* He does not do it from any religious motive,—from any hope of reward, or any fear of punishment ; he does it because he is a man. But when a mother, living among the fair fields of merry England, gives her two-year-old child to be suffocated under a mattress in her inner room, while the said mother waits and talks outside ; *that I believe to be not human nature.* You have the two extremes there, shortly. And you, men, and mothers, who are here face to face with me to-night, I call upon you to say which of these is human, and which inhuman,—which “ natural ” and which “ unnatural.” Choose your creed at once, I beseech you :—choose it with unshaken choice,—choose it for ever. Will you take, for foundation of act and hope, the faith that this man was such as God made him, or that this woman was such as God made her ? Which of them has failed from their nature,—from their present, possible, actual nature ;—not their nature of long ago, but their nature of now ? Which has betrayed it—falsified it ? Did the guardian who died in his trust, die inhumanly, and as a fool ; and did the murderer of her child fulfil the

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law of her being ? Choose, I say ; infinitude of choices hang upon this. You have had false prophets among you,—for centuries you have had them,—solemnly warned against them though you were ; false prophets, who have told you that all men are nothing but fiends or wolves, half beast, half devil. Believe that, and indeed you may sink to that. But refuse that, and have faith that God “made you upright,” though *you* have sought out many inventions ; so, you will strive daily to become more what your Maker meant and means you to be, and daily gives you also the power to be,—and you will cling more and more to the nobleness and virtue that is in you, saying, “ My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go.”

108. I have put this to you as a choice, as if you might hold either of these creeds you liked best. But there is in reality no choice for you ; the facts being quite easily ascertainable. You have no business to *think* about this matter, or to choose in it. The broad fact is, that a human creature of the highest race, and most perfect as a human thing, is invariably both kind and true ; and that as you lower the race, you get cruelty and falseness as you get deformity : and this so steadily and assuredly, that the two great words which, in their first use, meant only perfection of race, have come, by consequence of the invariable connection of virtue with the fine human nature, both to signify benevolence of disposition. The word “generous,” and the word “gentle,” both, in their origin, meant only “of pure race,” but because charity and tenderness are inseparable from this purity of blood, the words which once

stood only for pride, now stand as synonyms for virtue.

109. Now, this being the true power of our inherent humanity, and seeing that all the aim of education should be to develop this ;—and seeing also what magnificent self-sacrifice the higher classes of men are capable of, for any cause that they understand or feel,—it is wholly inconceivable to me how well-educated princes, who ought to be of all gentlemen the gentlest, and of all nobles the most generous, and whose title of royalty means only their function of doing every man "*right*"—how these, I say, throughout history, should so rarely pronounce themselves on the side of the poor, and of justice, but continually maintain themselves and their own interests by oppression of the poor, and by wresting of justice ; and how this should be accepted as so natural, that the word loyalty, which means faithfulness to law, is used as if it were only the duty of a people to be loyal to their king, and not the duty of a king to be infinitely more loyal to his people. How comes it to pass that a captain will die with his passengers, and lean over the gunwale to give the parting boat its course ; but that a king will not usually die with, much less *for*, his passengers —thinks it rather incumbent on his passengers, in any number, to die for *him* ?

110. Think, I beseech you, of the wonder of this. The sea captain, not captain by divine right, but only by company's appointment ;—not a man of royal descent, but only a plebeian who can steer ;—not with the eyes of the world upon him, but with feeble chance, depending on one poor boat, of his name being ever heard.

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above the wash of the fatal waves ; not with the cause of a nation resting on his act, but helpless to save so much as a child from among the lost crowd with whom he resolves to be lost,—yet goes down quietly to his grave, rather than break his faith to these few emigrants. But your captain by divine right,—your captain with the hues of a hundred shields of kings upon his breast,—your captain whose every deed, brave or base, will be illuminated or branded for ever before unescapable eyes of men,—your captain whose every thought and act are beneficent, or fatal, from sunrising to setting, blessing as the sunshine, or shadowing as the night,—this captain, as you find him in history, for the most part thinks only how he may tax his passengers, and sit at most ease in his state cabin !

111. For observe, if there had been indeed in the hearts of the rulers of great multitudes of men any such conception of work for the good of those under their command, as there is in the good and thoughtful masters of any small company of men, not only wars for the sake of mere increase of power could never take place, but our idea of power itself would be entirely altered. Do you suppose that to think and act even for a million of men, to hear their complaints, watch their weaknesses, restrain their vices, make laws for them, lead them, day by day, to purer life, is not enough for one man's work ? If any of us were absolute lord only of a district of a hundred miles square and were resolved on doing our utmost for it ; making it feed as large a number of people as possible ; making every clod productive, and every rock defensive, and every human being

happy ; should we not have enough on our hands, think you ?

112. But if the ruler has any other aim than this ; if, careless of the result of his interference, he desires only the authority to interfere ; and, regardless of what is ill-done or well-done, cares only that it shall be done at his bidding ;—if he would rather do two hundred miles' space of mischief, than one hundred miles' space of good, of course he will try to add to his territory ; and to add illimitably. But does he add to his power ? Do you call it power in a child, if he is allowed to play with the wheels and bands of some vast engine, pleased with their murmur and whirl, till his unwise touch, wandering where it ought not, scatters beam and wheel into ruin ? Yet what machine is so vast, so incognizable, as the working of the mind of a nation ; what child's touch so wanton, as the word of a selfish king ? And yet, how long have we allowed the historian to speak of the extent of the calamity a man causes, as a just ground for his pride ; and to extol him as the greatest prince, who is only the centre of the widest error. Follow out this thought by yourselves ; and you will find that all power, properly so called, is wise and benevolent. There may be capacity in a drifting fire-ship to destroy a fleet ; there may be venom enough in a dead body to infect a nation :—but which of you, the most ambitious, would desire a drifting kinghood, robed in consuming fire, or a poison-dipped sceptre whose touch was mortal ? (There is no true potency, remember, but that of help ; nor true ambition, but ambition to save.)

113. And then, observe farther, this true power,

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the power of saving, depends neither on multitude of men, nor on extent of territory. We are continually assuming that nations become strong according to their numbers. They indeed become so, if those numbers can be made of one mind ; but how are you sure you can stay them in one mind, and keep them from having north and south minds ? Grant them unanimous, how know you they will be unanimous in right ? If they are unanimous in wrong, the more they are, essentially the weaker they are. Or, suppose that they can neither be of one mind, nor of two minds, but can only be of *no* mind ? Suppose they are a mere helpless mob ; tottering into precipitant catastrophe, like a waggon-load of stones when the wheel comes off. Dangerous enough for their neighbours, certainly, but not “powerful.”

114. Neither does strength depend on extent of territory, any more than upon number of population. Take up your maps when you go home this evening,—put the cluster of British Isles beside the mass of South America ; and then consider whether any race of men need care how much ground they stand upon. The strength is in the men, and in their unity and virtue, not in their standing room : a little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools ; and only that nation gains true territory, which gains itself.

115. And now for the brief practical outcome of all this. Remember, no government is ultimately strong, but in proportion to its kindness and justice ; and that a nation does not strengthen, by merely multiplying and diffusing itself. We have not strengthened as yet, by multiplying into

America. Nay, even when it has not to encounter the separating conditions of emigration, a nation need not boast itself of multiplying on its own ground, if it multiplies only as flies or locusts do, with the god of flies for its god. It multiplies its strength only by increasing as one great family, in perfect fellowship and brotherhood. And lastly, it does not strengthen itself by seizing dominion over races whom it cannot benefit. Austria is not strengthened, but weakened, by her grasp of Lombardy; (and whatever apparent increase of majesty and of wealth may have accrued to us from the possession of India, whether these prove to us ultimately power or weakness, depends wholly on the degree in which our influence on the native race shall be benevolent and exalting.)

116. But, as it is at their own peril that any race extends their dominion in mere desire of power, so it is at their own still greater peril that they refuse to undertake aggressive war, according to their force, whenever they are assured that their authority would be helpful and protective. Nor need you listen to any sophistical objection of the impossibility of knowing when a people's help is needed, or when not. Make your national conscience clean, and your national eyes will soon be clear. No man who is truly ready to take part in a noble quarrel will ever stand long in doubt by whom, or in what cause, his aid is needed. I hold it my duty to make no political statement of any special bearing in this presence; but I tell you broadly and boldly, that, within these last ten years, we English have, as a knightly nation, lost our spurs: we have fought where we should

not have fought, for gain ; and we have been passive, where we should not have been passive, for fear. I tell you that the principle of non-intervention, as now preached among us, is as selfish and cruel as the worst frenzy of conquest, and differs from it only by being, not only malignant, but dastardly.

117. I know, however, that my opinions on this subject differ too widely from those ordinarily held, to be any farther intruded upon you ; and therefore I pass lastly to examine the conditions of the third kind of noble war ;—war waged simply for defence of the country in which we were born, and for the maintenance and execution of her laws, by whomsoever threatened or defied. It is to this duty that I suppose most men entering the army consider themselves in reality to be bound, and I want you now to reflect what the laws of mere defence are ; and what the soldier's duty, as now understood, or supposed to be understood. You have solemnly devoted yourselves to be English soldiers, for the guardianship of England. I want you to feel what this vow of yours indeed means, or is gradually coming to mean.

118. You take it upon you, first, while you are sentimental schoolboys ; you go into your military convent, or barracks, just as a girl goes into her convent while she is a sentimental school-girl ; neither of you then know what you are about, though both the good soldiers and good nuns make the best of it afterwards. You don't understand perhaps why I call you "sentimental" schoolboys, when you go into the army ? Because, on the whole, it is the love of adventure, of excitement, of fine dress and of the pride of

fame, all which are sentimental motives, which chiefly make a boy like going into the Guards better than into a counting-house. You fancy, perhaps, that there is a severe sense of duty mixed with these peacocky motives ? And in the best of you there is ; but do not think that it is principal. If you cared to do your duty to your country in a prosaic and unsentimental way, depend upon it, there is now truer duty to be done in raising harvests, than in burning them ; more in building houses, than in shelling them—more in winning money by your own work, wherewith to help men, than in other people's work, taxing for money wherewith to slay men ;—more duty finally, in honest and unselfish living than in honest and unselfish dying, though that seems to your boys' eyes the bravest. So far, then, as for your own honour, and the honour of your families, you choose brave death in a red coat before brave life in a black one, you are sentimental ; and now see what this passionate vow of yours comes to. For a little while you ride, and you hunt tigers or savages, you shoot, and are shot ; you are happy, and proud, always, and honoured and wept if you die ; and you are satisfied with your life, and with the end of it ; believing, on the whole, that good rather than harm of it comes to others, and much pleasure to you.

119. But as the sense of duty enters into your forming minds, the vow takes another aspect. You find that you have put yourselves into the hand of your country as a weapon. You have vowed to strike, when she bids you, and to stay scabbarded when she bids you ; all that you need

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answer for is, that you fail not in her grasp. And there is goodness in this, and greatness, if you can trust the hand and heart of the Britomart who has braced you to her side, and are assured that when she leaves you sheathed in darkness, there is no need for your flash to the sun. But remember, good and noble as this state may be, it is a state of slavery. There are different kinds of slaves and different masters. Some slaves are scourged to their work by whips, others are scourged to it by restlessness or ambition. It does not matter what the whip is ; it is none the less a whip, because you have cut thongs for it out of your own souls : the fact, so far, of slavery, is in being driven to your work without thought, at another's bidding. Again, some slaves are bought with money, and others with praise. It matters not what the purchase-money is. The distinguishing sign of slavery is to have a price, and be bought for it. Again, it matters not what kind of work you are set on ; some slaves are set to forced diggings, others to forced marches ; some dig furrows, others field-works, and others graves. Some press the juice of reeds, and some the juice of vines, and some the blood of men. The fact of the captivity is the same, whatever work we are set upon, though the fruits of the toil may be different.

120. But, remember, in thus vowing ourselves to be the slaves of any master, it ought to be some subject of forethought with us, what work he is likely to put us upon. You may think that the whole duty of a soldier is to be passive, that it is the country you have left behind who is to command, and you have only to obey. But are

you sure that you have left *all* your country behind, or that the part of it you have so left is indeed the best part of it ? Suppose—and, remember, it is quite conceivable—that you yourselves are indeed the best part of England ; that you, who have become the slaves, ought to have been the masters ; and that those who are the masters, ought to have been the slaves ! If it is a noble and whole-hearted England, whose bidding you are bound to do, it is well ; but if you are yourselves the best of her heart, and the England you have left be but a half-hearted England, how say you of your obedience ? You were too proud to become shop-keepers : are you satisfied, then, to become the servants of shopkeepers ? You were too proud to become merchants or farmers yourselves : will you have merchants or farmers, then, for your field-marshals ? You had no gifts of special grace for Exeter Hall : will you have some gifted person thereat for your commander-in-chief, to judge of your work, and reward it ? You imagine yourselves to be the army of England : how, if you should find yourselves at last, only the police of her manufacturing towns, and the beadle of her Little Bethels ?

121. It is not so yet, nor will be so, I trust, for ever ; but what I want you to see, and to be assured of, is, that the ideal of soldiership is not mere passive obedience and bravery ; that, so far from this, no country is in a healthy state which has separated, even in a small degree, her civil from her military power. All states of the world, however great, fall at once when they use mercenary armies ; and although it is a less

instant form of error (because involving no national taint of cowardice), it is yet an error no less ultimately fatal—it is the error especially of modern times, of which we cannot yet know all the calamitous consequences,—to take away the best blood and strength of the nation, all the soul-substance of it that is brave, and careless of reward, and scornful of pain, and faithful in trust; and to cast that into steel, and make a mere sword of it; taking away its voice and will; but to keep the worst part of the nation—whatever is cowardly, avaricious, sensual, and faithless—and to give to this the voice, to this the authority, to this the chief privilege, where there is least capacity of thought.

122. The fulfilment of your vow for the defence of England will by no means consist in carrying out such a system. You are not true soldiers, if you only mean to stand at a shop-door, to protect shop-boys who are cheating inside. A soldier's vow to his country is that he will die for the guardianship of her domestic virtue, of her righteous laws, and of her any-way challenged or endangered honour. A state without virtue, without laws, and without honour, he is bound *not* to defend; nay, bound to redress by his own right hand that which he sees to be base in her.

123. So sternly is this the law of Nature and life, that a nation once utterly corrupt can only be redeemed by a military despotism—never by talking, nor by its free effort. And the health of any state consists simply in this; that in it, those who are wisest shall also be strongest; its rulers should be also its soldiers; or, rather, by force of intellect more than of sword, its soldiers

also its rulers. Whatever the hold which the aristocracy of England has on the heart of England, in that they are still always in front of her battles, this hold will not be enough, unless they are also in front of her thoughts. And truly her thoughts need good captain's leading now, if ever ! Do you know what, by this beautiful division of labour (her brave men fighting, and her cowards thinking), she has come at last to think ? Here is a paper in my hand,¹ a good one too, and an honest one ; quite representative of the best common public thought of England at this moment ; and it is holding forth in one of its leaders upon our "social welfare,"—upon our "vivid life"—upon the "political supremacy of Great Britain." And what do you think all these are owing to ? To what our English sires have done for us, and taught us, age after age ? No : not to that. To our honesty of heart, or coolness of head, or steadiness of will ? No : not to these. To our thinkers, or our statesmen, or our poets, or our captains, or our martyrs, or the patient labour of our poor ? No : not to these ; or at least not to these in

¹ I do not care to refer to the journal quoted, because the article was unworthy of its general tone, though in order to enable the audience to verify the quoted sentence, I left the number containing it on the table, when I gave this lecture. But a saying of Baron Liebig's, quoted at the head of a leader on the same subject in the *Daily Telegraph* of January 11, 1866, summarily digests and presents the maximum folly of modern thought in this respect. "Civilisation," says the Baron, "is the economy of power, and English power is coal." Not altogether so, my chemical friend. Civilisation is the making of civil persons, which is a kind of distillation of which alembics are incapable, and does not at all imply the turning of a small company of gentlemen into a large company of iron-mongers. And English power (what little of it may be left) is by no means coal, but, indeed, of that which, "when the whole world turns to coal, then chiefly lives."

any chief measure. Nay, says the journal, “ more than any agency, it is the cheapness and abundance of our coal which have made us what we are.” If it be so, then “ ashes to ashes ” be our epitaph ! and the sooner the better.

124. Gentlemen of England, if ever you would have your country breathe the pure breath of heaven again, and receive again a soul into her body, instead of rotting into a carcase, blown up in the belly with carbonic acid (and great *that* way), you must think, and feel, for your England, as well as fight for her : you must teach her that all the true greatness she ever had, she won while her fields were green and her faces ruddy ; and that greatness is still possible for Englishmen, even though the ground be not hollow under their feet, nor the sky black over their heads.

125. And bear with me, you soldier youths,— who are thus in all ways the hope of your country, or must be, if she have any hope—if I urge you with rude earnestness to remember that your fitness for all future trust depends upon what you are now. No good soldier in his old age was ever careless or indolent in his youth. Many a giddy and thoughtless boy has become a good bishop, or a good lawyer, or a good merchant ; but no such an one ever became a good general. I challenge you, in all history, to find a record of a good soldier who was not grave and earnest in his youth. And, in general, I have no patience with people who talk of “ the thoughtlessness of youth ” indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to *that*. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him

forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will ; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions ? A youth thoughtless ! when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances, or the passions, of an hour ! A youth thoughtless ! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment ! A youth thoughtless ! when his every act is as a torch to the laid train of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death ! Be thoughtless in *any* after years, rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless,—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done *there*.

126. Having, then, resolved that you will not waste recklessly, but earnestly use, these early days of yours, remember that all the duties of her children to England may be summed in two words—industry, and honour. I say, first, industry, for it is in this that soldier youth are especially tempted to fail. Yet, surely, there is no reason, because your life may possibly or probably be shorter than other men's, that you should therefore waste more recklessly the portion of it that is granted you ; neither do the duties of your profession, which require you to keep your bodies strong, in any wise involve the keeping of your minds weak. So far from that, the experience, the hardship, and the activity of a soldier's life render his powers of thought more accurate than those of other men ; and while, for others, all knowledge is often little more than a means of amusement, there is no form of science

which a soldier may not at some time or other find bearing on business of life and death. A young mathematician may be excused for languor in studying curves to be described only with a pencil ; but not in tracing those which are to be described with a rocket. Your knowledge of a wholesome herb may involve the feeding of an army ; and acquaintance with an obscure point of geography, the success of a campaign. Never waste an instant's time, therefore : the sin of idleness is a thousand-fold greater in you than in other youths ; for the fates of those who will one day be under your command hang upon your knowledge ; lost moments now will be lost lives then, and every instant which you carelessly take for play, you buy with blood.

127. But there is one way of wasting time, of all the vilest, because it wastes, not time only, but the interest and energy of your minds. Of all the ungentlemanly habits into which you can fall, the vilest is betting, or interesting yourselves in the issues of betting. It unites nearly every condition of folly and vice ; you concentrate your interest upon a matter of chance, instead of upon a subject of true knowledge ; and you back opinions which you have no grounds for forming, merely because they are your own. All the insolence of egotism is in this ; and so far as the love of excitement is complicated with the hope of winning money, you turn yourselves into the basest sort of tradesmen—those who live by speculation. Were there no other ground for industry, this would be a sufficient one ; that it protected you from the temptation to so scandalous a vice. Work faithfully, and you will put

yourselves in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness ; not such as can be won by the speed of a horse, or marred by the obliquity of a ball.

128. First, then, by industry you must fulfil your vow to your country ; but all industry and earnestness will be useless unless they are consecrated by your resolution to be in all things men of honour ; not honour in the common sense only, but in the highest. Rest on the force of the two main words in the great verse, “*integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.*” You have vowed your life to England ; give it her wholly ;—a bright, stainless, perfect life—a knightly life. Because you have to fight with machines instead of lances, there may be a necessity for more ghastly danger, but there is none for less worthiness of character, than in olden time. You may be true knights yet, though perhaps not *equites* ; you may have to call yourselves “canonry” instead of “chivalry,” but that is no reason why you should not call yourselves true men. So the first thing you have to see to in becoming soldiers is that you make yourselves wholly true. Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinarily well-born youths ; but neither truth nor gentleness is matter of course. You must bind them like shields about your necks ; you must write them on the tables of your hearts. Though it be not exacted of you, yet exact it of yourselves, this vow of stainless truth. Your hearts are, if you leave them unstirred, as tombs in which a god lies buried. Vow yourselves crusaders to redeem that sacred sepulchre. (And remember, before all things—for no other memory will be so protective of you—that the highest law of this knightly truth is that

under which it is vowed to women. Whom else you deceive, whomsoever you injure, who soever you leave unaided, you must not desert nor injure, nor leave unaided, according to your power, any woman, of whatever rank. Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this ;—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens ; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence, to all womanhood.)

¶ 129. And now let me turn for a moment you,—wives and maidens, who are the souls soldiers ; to you,—mothers, who have devoted your children to the great hierarchy of war. I me ask you to consider what part you have take for the aid of those who love you ; for if you fail in your part they cannot fulfil theirs ; since absolute helpmates you are that no man can stand without that help, nor labour in his own strength.

I know your hearts, and that the truth of them never fails when an hour of trial comes which you recognise for such. But you know not when hour of trial first finds you, nor when it verily finds you. You imagine that you are only called upon to wait and to suffer ; to surrender and mourn. You know that you must not weaken the hearts of your husbands and lovers, even the one fear of which those hearts are capable—the fear of parting from you, or of causing you grief. Through weary years of separation through fearful expectancies of unknown fate through the tenfold bitterness of the sorrow which might so easily have been joy, and the tenfold yearning for glorious life struck down in prime ;—through all these agonies you fail not and never will fail. But your trial is not in th-

The heroic in danger is little ;—you are Englishmen. To be heroic in change and sway of fortune is little ;—for do you not love ? To be patient through the great chasm and pause of loss is little ;—for do you not still love in heaven ?

But to be heroic in happiness ; to bear yourselves gravely and righteously in the dazzling of the sunshine of morning ; not to forget the God in whom you trust, when He gives you most ; not to fail those who trust you, when they seem to need you least ; this is the difficult fortitude. It is not in the pining of absence, not in the peril of battle, not in the wasting of sickness, that your prayer should be most passionate, or your guardian-~~spirit~~ most tender. Pray, mothers and maidens, for your young soldiers in the bloom of their pride ; pray for them, while the only dangers round them lie in their own wayward wills ; watch you, and pray, when they have to face, not death, but temptation. But it is this fortitude also for which there is the crowning reward. Believe me, the whole course and character of your lovers' fates is in your hands : what you would have them be, they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so ; for they are but mirrors in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be also ; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they also will forget it ; they will listen,—they can listen,—to no other interpretation of it than that uttered from your lips. Bid them be brave ;—they will be brave for you : bid them be cowards :—and how noble soever they be, they will quail for you. Bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you—mock at the

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counsel, they will be fools for you—such and so absolute is your rule over them. You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no ! the true rule is just the reverse of that ; a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant ; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be ; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise ; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity ; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth ; from her, through all the world's clamour, he must win his praise ; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.

130. And, now, but one word more. You may wonder, perhaps, that I have spoken all this night in praise of war. Yet, truly, if it might be, I for one, would fain join in the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into ploughshares : and that this cannot be, is not the fault of us men. It is *your* fault. Wholly yours. Only by your command, or by your permission, can any contest take place among us. And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe, is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses, and ravaging peasants' fields, merely
[REDACTED] upon your own drawing-room

tables, no war in civilised countries would last a week. I tell you more, that at whatever moment you chose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many widows and orphans. We have, none of us, heart enough truly to mourn with these. But at least we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God, vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you enough for this. Let every lady in the upper classes of civilised Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear *black* ;—a mute's black,—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness—I tell you again, no war would last a week.

131. And, lastly. You women of England are all now shrieking with one voice,—you and your clergymen together,—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single down-right precept of the Book, that you are so careful for its credit : and just because you don't care to obey its whole words, that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly,—and you are mad for finery ; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor,—and you crush them under your carriage-wheels ; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice, —

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you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word "justice" means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to; know what He means when He tells you to be just; and teach your sons, that their bravery is but a fool's boast and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed Just men, and Perfect in the Fear of God:—and you will soon have no more war, unless it be indeed such as is willed by Him, of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, "In Righteousness He doth judge, and make war."

LECTURE IV

THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND

*Delivered at the R.A. Institution, Woolwich,
December 14, 1869*

132. I WOULD fain have left to the frank expression of the moment, but fear I could not have found clear words—I cannot easily find them, even deliberately,—to tell you how glad I am, and yet how ashamed, to accept your permission to speak to you. Ashamed of appearing to think that I can tell you any truth which you have not more deeply felt than I ; but glad in the thought that my less experience, and way of life sheltered from the trials, and free from the responsibilities, of yours may have left me with something of a child's power of help to you ; a sureness of hope, which may perhaps be the one thing that can be helpful to men who have done too much not to have often failed in doing all that they desired. And indeed, even the most hopeful of us, cannot but now be in many things apprehensive. For this at least we all know too well, that we are on the eve of a great political crisis, if not of political change. That a struggle is approaching between the newly-risen power of democracy and the apparently departing power of feudalism ; and another struggle, no less imminent, and ~~far more~~

dangerous, between wealth and pauperism. These two quarrels are constantly thought of as the same. They are being fought together, and an apparently common interest unites for the most part the millionaire with the noble, in resistance to a multitude, crying, part of it for bread and part of it for liberty.

133. And yet no two quarrels can be more distinct. Riches—so far from being necessary to noblesse—are adverse to it. So utterly adverse, that the first character of all the Nobilities which have founded great dynasties in the world is to be poor;—often poor by oath—always poor by generosity. And of every true knight in the chivalric ages, the first thing history tells you is that he never kept treasure for himself.

134. Thus the causes of wealth and noblesse are not the same; but opposite. On the other hand, the causes of anarchy and of the poor are not the same, but opposite. Side by side, in the same rank, are now indeed set the pride that revolts against authority, and the misery that appeals against avarice. But, so far from being a common cause, all anarchy is the forerunner of poverty, and all prosperity begins in obedience. So that, thus, it has become impossible to give due support to the cause of order, without seeming to countenance injury; and impossible to plead justly the claims of sorrow, without seeming to plead also for those of license.

Let me try, then, to put in very brief terms, the real plan of this various quarrel, and the truth of the cause on each side. Let us face that full truth, whatever it may be, and decide what part, according to our power, we should take in the quarrel.

135. First. For eleven hundred years, all but five, since Charlemagne set on his head the Lombard crown, the body of European people have submitted patiently to be governed; generally by kings—always by single leaders of some kind. But for the last fifty years they have begun to suspect, and of late they have many of them concluded, that they have been on the whole ill-governed, or misgoverned, by their kings. Whereupon they say, more and more widely, “Let us henceforth have no kings; and no government at all.”

Now we said, we must face the full truth of the matter, in order to see what we are to do. And the truth is that the people *have* been misgoverned; —that very little is to be said, hitherto, for most of their masters—and that certainly in many places they will try their new system of “no masters” :—and as that arrangement will be delightful to all foolish persons, and, at first, profitable to all wicked ones,—and as these classes are not wanting or unimportant in any human society,—the experiment is likely to be tried extensively. And the world may be quite content to endure much suffering with this fresh hope, and retain its faith in anarchy, whatever comes of it, till it can endure no more.

136. Then, secondly. The people have begun to suspect that one particular form of this past misgovernment has been, that their masters have set them to do all the work, and have themselves taken all the wages. In a word, that what was called governing them, meant only wearing fine clothes, and living on good fare at their expense. And I am sorry to say, the people are quite right.

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in this opinion also. If you enquire into the vital fact of the matter, this you will find to be the constant structure of European society for the thousand years of the feudal system ; it was divided into peasants who lived by working ; priests who lived by begging ; and knights who lived by pillaging ; and as the luminous public mind becomes gradually cognisant of these facts, it will assuredly not suffer things to be altogether arranged that way any more ; and the devising of other ways will be an agitating business ; especially because the first impression of the intelligent populace is, that whereas, in the dark ages, half the nation lived idle, in the bright ages to come, the whole of it may.

137. Now, thirdly—and here is much the worst phase of the crisis. This past system of mis-government, especially during the last three hundred years, has prepared, by its neglect, a class among the lower orders which it is now peculiarly difficult to govern. It deservedly lost their respect—but that was the least part of the mischief. The deadly part of it was, that the lower orders lost their habit, and at last their faculty, of respect ;—lost the very capability of reverence, which is the most precious part of the human soul. Exactly in the degree in which you can find creatures greater than yourself, to look up to, in that degree, you are ennobled yourself, and, in that degree, happy. If you could live always in the presence of archangels, you would be happier than in that of men ; but even if only in the company of admirable knights and beautiful ladies, the more noble and bright they were, and the more you could reverence their virtue, the

happier you would be. On the contrary, if you were condemned to live among a multitude of idiots, dumb, distorted and malicious, you would not be happy in the constant sense of your own superiority. Thus all real joy and power of progress in humanity depend on finding something to reverence, and all the baseness and misery of humanity begin in a habit of disdain. Now, by general misgovernment, I repeat, we have created in Europe a vast populace, and out of Europe a still vaster one, which has lost even the power and conception of reverence ;¹—which exists only in the worship of itself—which can neither see anything beautiful around it, nor conceive anything virtuous above it ; which has, towards all goodness and greatness, no other feelings than those of the lowest creatures—fear, hatred, or hunger ; a populace which has sunk below your appeal in their nature, as it has risen beyond your power in their multitude ;—whom you can now no more charm than you can the adder, nor discipline, than you can the summer fly.

It is a crisis, gentlemen ; and time to think of it. I have roughly and broadly put it before you in its darkness. Let us look what we may find of light.

138. Only the other day, in a journal which is a fairly representative exponent of the Conservatism of our day, and for the most part not at all in favour of strikes or other popular proceedings ; only about three weeks since, there was a leader, with this, or a similar, title—“What is to become of the House of Lords ? ” It

¹ Compare *Time and Tide*, § 169, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XIV. page 9.

startled me, for it seemed as if we were going even faster than I had thought, when such a question was put as a subject of quite open debate, in a journal meant chiefly for the reading of the middle and upper classes. Open or not—the debate is near. What is to become of them! And the answer to such question depends first on their being able to answer another question—“What is the *use* of them?” For some time back, I think the theory of the nation has been, that they are useful as impediments to business, so as to give time for second thoughts. But the nation is getting impatient of impediments to business; and certainly, sooner or later, will think it needless to maintain these expensive obstacles to its humours. And I have not heard, either in public, or from any of themselves, a clear expression of their own conception of their use. So that it seems thus to become needful for all men to tell them, as our one quite clear-sighted teacher, Carlyle, has been telling us for many a year, that the use of the Lords of a country is to govern the country. If they answer that use, the country will rejoice in keeping them; if not, that will become of them which must of all things found to have lost their serviceableness.

139. Here, therefore, is the one question, at this crisis, for them, and for us. Will they be lords indeed, and give us laws—dukes indeed, and give us guiding—princes indeed, and give us beginning, of truer dynasty, which shall not be soiled by covetousness, nor disordered by iniquity? Have they themselves sunk so far as not to hope this? Are there yet any among them who can stand forward with open English brows, and say,

—So far as in me lies, I will govern with my might, not for Dieu et *mon* Droit, but for the first grand reading of the war cry, from which that was corrupted, “Dieu et Droit”? Among them I know there are some—among you, soldiers of England, I know there are many, who can do this; and in you is our trust. I, one of the lower people of your country, ask of you in their name, —you whom I will not any more call soldiers, but by the truer name of Knights;—Equites of England—how many yet of you are there, knights errant now beyond all former fields of danger—knights patient now beyond all former endurance; who still retain the ancient and eternal purpose of knighthood, to subdue the wicked, and aid the weak? To them, be they few or many, we English people call for help to the wretchedness, and for rule over the baseness, of multitudes desolate and deceived, shrieking to one another this new gospel of their new religion. “Let the weak do as they can, and the wicked as they will.”

140. I can hear you saying in your hearts, even the bravest of you, “The time is past for all that.” Gentlemen, it is not so. The time has come for *more* than all that. Hitherto, soldiers have given their lives for false fame, and for cruel power. The day is now when they must give their lives for true fame, and for beneficent power: and the work is near every one of you—close beside you—the means of it even thrust into your hands. The people are crying to you for command, and you stand there at pause, and silent. You think they don’t want to be commanded; try them; determine what is needful.

for them—honourable for them ; show it them, promise to bring them to it, and they will follow you through fire. “ Govern us,” they cry with one heart, though many minds. They *can* be governed still, these English ; they are men still; not gnats, nor serpents. They love their old ways yet, and their old masters, and their old land. They would fain live in it, as many as may stay there, if you will show them how, there, to live ;—or show them even, how, there, like Englishmen, to die.

141. “ To live in it, as many as may ! ” How many do you think may ? How many *can* ? How many do you want to live there ? As masters, your first object must be to increase your power ; and in what does the power of a country consist ? Will you have dominion over its stones, or over its clouds, or over its souls ? What do you mean by a great nation, but a great multitude of men who are true to each other, and strong, and of worth ? Now you can increase the multitude only definitely—your island has only so much standing room—but you can increase the *worth* indefinitely. It is but a little island ;—suppose, little as it is, you were to fill it with friends ? You may, and that easily. You must, and that speedily ; or there will be an end to this England of ours, and to all its loves and enmities.

142. To fill this little island with true friends—men brave, wise, and happy ! Is it so impossible, think you, after the world’s eighteen hundred years of Christianity, and our own thousand years of toil, to fill only this little white gleaming crag with happy creatures, helpful to each other ? Africa, and India, and the Brazilian wide-watered

plain, are these not wide enough for the ignorance of our race ? have they not space enough for its pain ? Must we remain *here* also savage,—*here* at enmity with each other,—*here* foodless, houseless, in rags, in dust, and without hope, as thousands and tens of thousands of us are lying ? Do not think it, gentlemen. The thought that it is inevitable is the last infidelity ; infidelity not to God only, but to every creature and every law that He has made. Are we to think that the earth was only shaped to be a globe of torture ; and that there cannot be one spot of it where peace can rest, or justice reign ? Where are men ever to be happy, if not in England ? by whom shall they ever be taught to do right, if not by you ? Are we not of a race first among the strong ones of the earth ; the blood in us incapable of weariness, unconquerable by grief ? Have we not a history of which we can hardly think without becoming insolent in our just pride of it ? Can we dare, without passing every limit of courtesy to other nations, to say how much more we have to be proud of in our ancestors than they ? Among our ancient monarchs, great crimes stand out as monstrous and strange. But their valour, and, according to their understanding, their benevolence, are constant. The Wars of the Roses, which are as a fearful crimson shadow on our land, represent the normal condition of other nations ; while from the days of the Heptarchy downwards we have had examples given us, in all ranks, of the most varied and exalted virtue ; a heap of treasure that no moth can corrupt, and which even our traitorship, if we are to become traitors to it, cannot sully.

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143. And this is the race, then, that we know not any more how to govern ! and this the history which we are to behold broken off by sedition ! and this is the country, of all others, where life is to become difficult to the honest, and ridiculous to the wise ! And the catastrophe, forsooth, is to come just when we have been making swiftest progress beyond the wisdom and wealth of the past. Our cities are a wilderness of spinning wheels instead of palaces ; yet the people have not clothes. We have blackened every leaf of English greenwood with ashes, and the people die of cold ; our harbours are a forest of merchant ships, and the people die of hunger.

Whose fault is it ? Yours, gentlemen ; yours only. You alone can feed them, and clothe, and bring into their right minds, for you only can govern—that is to say, you only can educate them.

144. Educate, or govern, they are one and the same word. Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. And the true “compulsory education” which the people now ask of you is not catechism, but drill. It is not teaching the youth of England the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers ; and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work ; to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise,—but above all—by example.

145. Compulsory ! Yes, by all means ! " Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and *compel* them to come in." Compulsory ! Yes, and gratis also. *Dei Gratia*, they must be taught, as, *Dei Gratia*, you are set to teach them. I hear strange talk continually, " how difficult it is to make people pay for being educated ! " Why, I should think so ! Do you make your children pay for their education, or do you give it them compulsorily, and gratis ? You do not expect *them* to pay you for their teaching, except by becoming good children. Why should you expect a peasant to pay for his, except by becoming a good man ?—payment enough, I think, if we knew it. Payment enough to himself, as to us. For that is another of our grand popular mistakes—people are always thinking of education as a means of livelihood. Education is not a profitable business, but a costly one ; nay, even the best attainments of it are always unprofitable, in any terms of coin. No nation ever made its bread either by its great arts, or its great wisdoms. By its minor arts or manufactures, by its practical knowledges, yes : but its noble scholarship, its noble philosophy, and its noble art, are always to be bought as a treasure, not sold for a livelihood. You do not learn that you may live—you live that you may learn. You are to spend on National Education, and to be spent for it, and to make by it, not more money, but better men ; —to get into this British Island the greatest possible number of good and brave Englishmen. *They* are to be your " money's worth."

But where is the money to come from ? Yes, that is to be asked. Let us, as quite the first

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business in this our national crisis, look not only into our affairs, but into our accounts, and obtain some general notion how we annually spend our money, and what we are getting for it. Observe, I do not mean to enquire into the public revenue only; of that some account is rendered already. But let us do the best we can to set down the items of the national *private* expenditure; and know what we spend altogether, and how.

146. To begin with this matter of education. You probably have nearly all seen the admirable lecture lately given by Captain Maxse, at Southampton. It contains a clear statement of the facts at present ascertained as to our expenditure in that respect. It appears that of our public moneys, for every pound that we spend on education we spend twelve either in charity or punishment;—ten millions a year in pauperism and crime, and eight hundred thousand in instruction. Now Captain Maxse adds to this estimate of ten millions public money spent on crime and want, a more or less conjectural sum of eight millions for private charities. My impression is that this is much beneath the truth, but at all events it leaves out of consideration much the heaviest and saddest form of charity—the maintenance, by the working members of families, of the unfortunate or ill-conducted persons whom the general course of misrule now leaves helpless to be the burden of the rest.

147. Now I want to get first at some, I do not say approximate, but at all events some suggestive, estimate of the quantity of real distress and misguided life in this country. Then next, I want some fairly representative estimate of

our private expenditure in luxuries. We won't spend more, publicly, it appears, than eight hundred thousand a year, on educating men, gratis. I want to know, as nearly as possible, what we spend privately a year, in educating horses gratis. Let us, at least, quit ourselves in this from the taunt of Rabshakeh, and see that for every horse we train also a horseman; and that the rider be at least as high-bred as the horse,—not jockey, but chevalier. Again, we spend eight hundred thousand, which is certainly a great deal of money, in making rough *minds* bright. I want to know how much we spend annually in making rough *stones* bright; that is to say, what may be the united annual sum, or near it, of our jewellers' bills. So much we pay for educating children gratis;—how much for educating diamonds gratis? and which pays best for brightening, the spirit, or the charcoal? Let us get those two items set down with some sincerity, and a few more of the same kind. *Publicly* set down. We must not be ashamed of the way we spend our money. If our right hand is not to know what our left does, it must not be because it would be ashamed if it did.

That is, therefore, quite the first practical thing to be done. Let every man who wishes well to his country, render it yearly an account of his income, and of the main heads of his expenditure; or, if he is ashamed to do so, let him no more impute to the poor their poverty as a crime, nor set them to break stones in order to frighten them from committing it. To lose money ill is indeed often a crime; but to get it ill is a worse one, and to spend it ill, worst of all. You object,

Lords of England to increase, to the poor wages you give them, because they spend it you say, unadvisedly. Render them, therefore, an account of the wages which they give, and show them by your example, how to spend theirs, to the last farthing advisedly.

148. It is indeed time to make this an acknowledged subject of instruction, to the working man,—how to spend his wages. For, gentlemen, we must give that instruction. We have given it or no, one way or the other. We have given it in years gone by; and now we find fault with our peasantry for having been too docile, and profited too shrewdly by our tuition. Only a few days since I had a letter from the wife of a village rector, a man of common sense and kindness, who was greatly troubled in his mind because it was precisely the men who got highest wages in summer that came destitute to his door in the winter. Destitute, and of riotous temper—for their method of spending wages in their period of prosperity was by sitting two days a week in the tavern parlour, ladling port wine, not out of bowls, but out of buckets. Well, gentlemen, who taught them that method of festivity? Thirty years ago, I, a most inexperienced freshman, went to my first college supper; at the head of the table sat a nobleman of high promise and of admirable powers, since dead of palsy; there also we had in the midst of us, not buckets, indeed, but bowls as large as buckets; there also, we helped ourselves with ladles. There (for this beginning of college education was compulsory), I choosing ladlefuls of punch instead of claret, because I was then able, unperceived, to pour

them into my waistcoat instead of down my throat, stood it out to the end, and helped to carry four of my fellow students, one of them the son of the head of a college, head foremost, down stairs and home.

149. Such things are no more; but the fruit of them remains, and will for many a day to come. The labourers whom you cannot now shut out of the ale-house are only the too faithful disciples of the gentlemen who were wont to shut themselves into the dining-room. The gentlemen have not thought it necessary, in order to correct their own habits, to diminish their incomes; and, believe me, the way to deal with your drunken workman is not to lower his wages,—but to mend his wits.¹

150. And if indeed we do not yet see quite clearly how to deal with the sins of our poor brother, it is possible that our dimness of sight may still have other causes that can be cast out. There are two opposite cries of the great Liberal and Conservative parties, which are both most right, and worthy to be rallying cries. On their side, "Let every man have his chance;" on yours "Let every man stand in his place." Yes, indeed, let that be so, every man in his place, and every man fit for it. See that he holds that place from Heaven's Providence; and not from his family's Providence. Let the Lords Spiritual quit themselves of simony, we laymen will look after the heretics for them. Let the Lords Temporal quit themselves of nepotism, and we will take care of their authority for them. Publish for us, you soldiers, an army gazette, in which the one subject

¹ Compare § 70 of *Time and Tide*.

of daily intelligence shall be the grounds of promotion ; a gazette which shall simply tell us, what there certainly can be no detriment to the service in our knowing, when any officer is appointed to a new command, what his former services and successes have been,—whom he has superseded, —and on what ground. It will be always a satisfaction to us ; it may sometimes be an advantage to you : and then, when there is really necessary debate respecting reduction of wages, let us always begin not with the wages of the industrious classes, but with those of the idle ones. Let there be honorary titles, if people like them ; but let there be no honorary incomes.

151. So much for the master's motto, "Every man in his place." Next for the labourer's motto, "Every man his chance." Let us mend that for them a little, and say, "Every man his certainty"—certainty, that if he does well, he will be honoured, and aided, and advanced in such degree as may be fitting for his faculty and consistent with his peace ; and equal certainty that if he does ill, he will by sure justice be judged, and by sure punishment be chastised ; if it may be, corrected ; and if that may not be, condemned. That is the right reading of the Republican motto, "Every man his chance." And then, with such a system of government, pure, watchful and just, you may approach your great problem of national education, or in other words, of national employment. For all education begins in work. What we think, or what we know, or what we believe, is in the end, of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we *do* : and for man, woman, or child, the first point of education

is to make them do their best. It is the law of good economy to make the best of everything. How much more to make the best of every creature ! Therefore, when your pauper comes to you and asks for bread, ask of him instantly—What faculty have you ? What can you do best ? Can you drive a nail into wood ? Go and mend the parish fences. Can you lay a brick ? Mend the walls of the cottages where the wind comes in. Can you lift a spadeful of earth ? Turn this field up three feet deep all over. Can you only drag a weight with your shoulders ? Stand at the bottom of this hill and help up the overladen horses. Can you weld iron and chisel stone ? Fortify this wreck-strewn coast into a harbour ; and change these shifting sands into fruitful ground. Wherever death was, bring life ; that is to be your work ; that your parish refuge ; that your education. So and no otherwise can we meet existent distress. But for the continual education of the whole people, and for their future happiness, they must have such consistent employment as shall develop all the powers of the fingers, and the limbs, and the brain : and that development is only to be obtained by hand-labour, of which you have these four great divisions—hand-labour on the earth, hand-labour on the sea, hand-labour in art, hand-labour in war. Of the last two of these I cannot speak to-night, and of the first two only with extreme brevity.

152. (I.) Hand-labour on the earth, the work of the husbandman and of the shepherd ;—to dress the earth and to keep the flocks of it—the first task of man, and the final one—the educati

always of noblest lawgivers, kings and teachers; the education of Hesiod, of Moses, of David, of all the true strength of Rome; and all its tenderness: the pride of Cincinnatus, and the inspiration of Virgil. Hand-labour on the earth, and the harvest of it brought forth with singing:—not steam-piston labour on the earth, and the harvest of it brought forth with steam-whistling. You will have no prophet's voice accompanied by that shepherd's pipe, and pastoral symphony. Do you know that lately, in Cumberland, in the chief pastoral district of England,—in Wordsworth's own home,—a procession of villagers on their festa day provided for themselves, by way of music, a steam-plough whistling at the head of them.

153. Give me patience while I put the principle of machine labour before you, as clearly and in as short compass as possible; it is one that should be known at this juncture. Suppose a farming proprietor needs to employ a hundred men on his estate, and that the labour of these hundred men is enough, but not more than enough, to till all his land, and to raise from it food for his own family, and for the hundred labourers. He is obliged under such circumstances, to maintain all the men in moderate comfort, and can only by economy accumulate much for himself. But, suppose he contrive a machine that will easily do the work of fifty men, with only one man to watch it. This sounds like a great advance in civilisation. The farmer of course gets his machine made, turns off the fifty men, who may starve or emigrate at their choice, and now he can keep half of the produce of his estate, which

formerly went to feed them, all to himself. That is the essential and constant operation of machinery among us at this moment.

154. Nay, it is at first answered ; no man can in reality keep half the produce of an estate to himself, nor can he in the end keep more than his own human share of anything ; his riches must diffuse themselves at some time ; he must maintain somebody else with them, however he spends them. That is mainly true (not altogether so), for food and fuel are in ordinary circumstances personally wasted by rich people, in quantities which would save many lives. One of my own great luxuries, for instance, is candlelight—and I probably burn, for myself alone, as many candles during the winter, as would comfort the old eyes, or spare the young ones, of a whole rushlighted country village. Still, it is mainly true that it is not by their personal waste that rich people prevent the lives of the poor. This is the way they do it. Let me go back to my farmer. He has got his machine made, which goes creaking, screaming, and occasionally exploding, about modern Arcadia. He has turned off his fifty men to starve. Now, at some distance from his own farm, there is another on which the labourers were working for their bread in the same way, by tilling the land. The machinist sends over to these, saying—"I have got food enough for you without your digging or ploughing any more. I can maintain you in other occupations instead of ploughing that land ; if you rake in its gravel you will find some hard stones—you shall grind those on mills till they glitter ; then, my wife shall wear a necklace of them. Also, if you turn up

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meadows below you will find some fine white clay, of which you shall make a porcelain service for me : and the rest of the farm I want for pasture for horses for my carriage—and you shall groom them, and some of you ride behind the carriage with staves in your hands, and I will keep you much fatter for doing that than you can keep yourselves by digging."

155. Well—but it is answered, are we to have no diamonds, nor china, nor pictures, nor footmen, then—but all to be farmers ? I am not saying what we ought to do, I want only to show you with perfect clearness first what we *are doing* : and that, I repeat, is the upshot of machine-contriving in this country. And observe its effect on the national strength. Without machines, you have a hundred and fifty yeomen ready to join for defence of the land. You get your machine, starve fifty of them, make diamond-cutters or footmen of as many more, and for your national defence against an enemy, you have now, and *can* have, only fifty men, instead of a hundred and fifty ; these also now with minds much alienated from you as their chief,¹ and the rest, lapidaries, or footmen ;—and a steam-plough.

156. That is one effect of machinery ; but at all events, if we have thus lost in men, we have gained in riches : instead of happy human souls, we have at least got pictures, china, horses, and are ourselves better off than we were before. But very often, and in much of our machine-contriving, even *that* result does not follow. We are not one whit the richer for the machine, we

¹ They were deserting. I am informed, in the early part of this year, 1873, at the rate of a regiment a week.

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only employ it for our amusement. For observe, our gaining in riches depends on the men who are out of employment consenting to be starved, or sent out of the country. But suppose they do not consent passively to be starved; but some of them become criminals, and have to be taken charge of and fed at a much greater cost than if they were at work, and others, paupers, rioters, and the like,—then you attain the real outcome of modern wisdom and ingenuity. You had your hundred men honestly at country work; but you don't like the sight of human beings in your fields; you like better to see a smoking kettle. You pay, as an amateur, for that pleasure, and you employ your fifty men in picking oakum, or begging, rioting, and thieving.

157. (II.) By hand-labour, therefore, and that alone, we are to till the ground. By hand-labour also to plough the sea; both for food, and in commerce, and in war: not with floating kettles there neither, but with hempen bridle, and the winds of heaven in harness. That is the way the power of Greece rose on her Egean, the power of Venice on her Adria, of Amalfi in her blue bay, of the Norman sea-riders from the North Cape to Sicily:—so, your own dominion also of the past. Of the past, mind you. On the Baltic and the Nile, your power is already departed. By machinery you would advance to discovery; by machinery you would carry your commerce;—you would be engineers instead of sailors; and instantly in the North seas you are beaten among the ice, and before the very Gods of Nile, beaten among the sand. Agriculture, then, by the hand or by the plough drawn only by animals; and shepherd and

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pastoral husbandry, are to be the chief schools of Englishmen. And this most royal academy of all academies you have to open over all the land, purifying your heaths and hills, and waters, and keeping them full of every kind of lovely natural organism, in tree, herb, and living creature. All land that is waste and ugly, you must redeem into ordered fruitfulness ; all ruin, desolateness, imperfectness of hut or habitation, you must do away with ; and throughout every village and city of your English dominion, there must not be a hand that cannot find a helper, nor a heart that cannot find a comforter.

158. "How impossible!" I know you are thinking, Ah! So far from impossible, it is easy, it is natural, it is necessary, and I declare to you that, sooner or later, it *must be done*, at our peril. If now our English lords of land will fix this idea steadily before them ; take the people to their hearts, trust to their loyalty, lead their labour ;—then indeed there will be princes again in the midst of us, worthy of the island throne,

" This royal throne of kings—this sceptred isle—
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection, and the hand of war ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea ;
This happy breed of men—this little world :
This other Eden—Demi-Paradise."

But if they refuse to do this, and hesitate and equivocate, clutching through the confused catastrophe of all things only at what they can still keep stealthily for themselves,—their doom is nearer than even their adversaries hope, and it will be deeper than even their despisers dream.

159. That, believe me, is the work you have

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to do in England ; and out of England you have room for everything else you care to do. Are her dominions in the world so narrow that she can find no place to spin cotton in but Yorkshire ? We may organise emigration into an infinite power. We may assemble troops of the more adventurous and ambitious of our youth ; we may send them on truest foreign service, founding new seats of authority, and centres of thought, in uncultivated and unconquered lands ; retaining the full affection to the native country no less in our colonists than in our armies, teaching them to maintain allegiance to their fatherland in labour no less than in battle ; aiding them with free hand in the prosecution of discovery, and the victory over adverse natural powers ; establishing seats of every manufacture in the climates and places best fitted for it, and bringing ourselves into due alliance and harmony of skill with the dexterities of every race, and the wisdoms of every tradition and every tongue.

160. And then you may make England itself the centre of the learning, of the arts, of the courtesies and felicities of the world. You may cover her mountains with pasture ; her plains with corn, her valleys with the lily, and her gardens with the rose. You may bring together there in peace the wise and the pure, and the gentle of the earth, and by their word, command through its farthest darkness the birth of " God's first creature, which was Light." You know whose words those are ; the words of the wisest of Englishmen. He, and with him the wisest of all other great nations, have spoken always to men of this hope, and they would not hear. Plato, in

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the dialogue of Critias, his last, broken off at his death,—Pindar, in passionate singing of the fortunate islands,—Virgil, in the prophetic tenth eclogue,—Bacon, in his fable of the New Atlantis,—More, in the book which, too impatiently wise, became the bye-word of fools—these, all, have told us with one voice what we should strive to attain ; *they* not hopeless of it, but for our follies forced, as it seems, by heaven, to tell us only partly and in parables, lest we should hear them and obey.

Shall we never listen to the words of these wisest of men ? Then listen at least to the words of your children—let us in the lips of babes and sucklings find our strength ; and see that we do not make them mock instead of pray, when we teach them, night and morning, to ask for what we believe never can be granted ;—that the will of the Father,—which is, that His creatures may be righteous and happy,—should be done, *on earth*, as it is in Heaven.

APPENDIX

NOTES ON THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF PRUSSIA

161. I AM often accused of inconsistency ; but believe myself defensible against the charge with respect to what I have said on nearly every subject except that of war. It is impossible for me to write consistently of war, for the groups of facts I have gathered about it lead me to two precisely opposite conclusions.

When I find this the case, in other matters, I am silent, till I can choose my conclusion : but, with respect to war, I am forced to speak, by the necessities of the time ; and forced to act, one way or another. The conviction on which I act is, that it causes an incalculable amount of avoidable human suffering, and that it ought to cease among Christian nations ; and if therefore any of my boy-friends desire to be soldiers, I try my utmost to bring them into what I conceive to be a better mind. But, on the other hand, I know certainly that the most beautiful characters yet developed among men have been formed in war ;—that all great nations have been warrior nations, and that the only kinds of peace which we are likely to get in the present age are ruinous alike to the intellect, and the heart.

162. The last lecture¹ in this volume, addressed to young soldiers, had for its object to strengthen their trust in the virtue of their profession. It is inconsistent with itself, in its closing appeal to women, praying them to use their influence to bring wars to an end. And I have been hindered from completing my long intended notes on the economy of the Kings of Prussia by continually increasing doubt how far the machinery and discipline of war, under which they learned the art of government, was essential for such lesson ; and what the honesty and sagacity of the Friedrich who so nobly repaired his ruined Prussia, might have done for the happiness of his Prussia, unruined.

In war, however, or in peace, the character which Carlyle chiefly loves him for, and in which Carlyle has shown him to differ from all kings up to this time succeeding him, is his constant purpose to use every power entrusted to him for the good of his people ; and be, not in name only, but in heart and hand, their king.

Not in ambition, but in natural instinct of duty. Friedrich, born to govern, determines to govern to the best of his faculty. That "best" may sometimes be unwise ; and self-will, or love of glory, may have their oblique hold on his mind, and warp it this way or that ; but they are never principal with him. He believes that war is necessary, and maintains it ; sees that peace is necessary, and calmly persists in the work of it to the day of his death, not claiming therein more praise than the head of any ordinary

¹ Now the last lecture but one ; it was the last in the original

household, who rules it simply because it is his place, and he must not yield the mastery of it to another.

163. How far, in the future, it may be possible for men to gain the strength necessary for kingship without either fronting death, or inflicting it, seems to me not at present determinable. The historical facts are that, broadly speaking, none but soldiers, or persons with a soldierly faculty, have ever yet shown themselves fit to be kings; and that no other men are so gentle, so just, or so clear-sighted. Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior" cannot be reached in the height of it *but by* a warrior; nay, so much is it beyond common strength that I had supposed the entire meaning of it to be metaphorical, until one of the best soldiers of England himself read me the poem,¹ and taught me, what I might have known, had I enough watched his own life, that it was entirely literal. There is nothing of so high reach distinctly demonstrable in Friedrich: but I see more and more, as I grow older, that the things which are the most worth, encumbered among the errors and faults of every man's nature, are never clearly demonstrable; and are often most forcible when they are scarcely distinct to his own conscience,—how much less, clamorous for recognition by others!

Nothing can be more beautiful than Carlyle's showing of this, to any careful reader of Friedrich. But careful readers are but one in the thousand; and by the careless, the masses of detail with which the historian must deal are insurmountable.

¹ The late Sir Herbert Edwardes.

164. My own notes, made for the special purpose of hunting down the one point of economy, though they cruelly spoil Carlyle's own current and method of thought, may yet be useful in enabling readers, unaccustomed to books involving so vast a range of conception, to discern what, on this one subject only, may be gathered from that history. On any other subject of importance, similar gatherings might be made of other passages. The historian has to deal with all at once.

I therefore have determined to print here, as sequel to the *Essay on War*, my notes from the first volume of *Friedrich*, on the economies of Brandenburg, up to the date of the establishment of the Prussian monarchy. The economies of the first three Kings of Prussia I shall then take up in *Fors Clavigera*, finding them fitter for examination in connection with the subject of that book than of this.

I assume, that the reader will take down his first volume of Carlyle, and read attentively the passages to which I refer him. I give the reference first to the largest edition, in six volumes (1858-1865); then, in parenthesis, to the smallest or "people's edition" (1872-1873). The pieces which I have quoted in my own text are for the use of readers who may not have ready access to the book; and are enough for the explanation of the points to which I wish them to direct their thoughts in reading such histories of soldiers or soldier-kingdoms.

I

Year 928 to 936.—Dawn of Order in Christian Germany

Book II. Chap. i. p. 67 (47)

165. HENRY THE FOWLER, “the beginning of German kings,” is a mighty soldier *in the cause of peace*; his essential work the building and organisation of fortified towns for the protection of men.

Read page 72 with utmost care (51), “He fortified towns,” to end of small print. I have added some notes on the matter in my lecture on Giovanni Pisano; but whether you can glance at them or not, fix in your mind this institution of truly civil or civic building in Germany, as distinct from the building of baronial castles for the security of *robbers*: and of a standing army consisting of every ninth man, called a “burgher” (“townsman”)—a soldier, appointed to learn that profession that he may guard the walls—the exact reverse of *our* notion of a burgher.

Frederick’s final idea of his army is, indeed, only this.

Brannibor, a chief fortress of the Wends, is thus taken, and further strengthened by Henry the Fowler; wardens appointed for it; and thus the history of Brandenburg begins. On all frontiers, also, this “beginning of German kings” has his “Markgraf.” “Ancient of the marked place.” Read page 73, measuredly, learning it by heart, if it may be (51–52).

II

936-1000.—*History of Nascent Brandenburg*

166. THE passage I last desired you to read ends with this sentence : "The sea-wall you build, and what main floodgates you establish in it, will depend on the state of the outer sea."

From this time forward you have to keep clearly separate in your minds, (A) the history of that outer sea, Pagan Scandinavia, Russia, and Bor-Russia, or Prussia proper ; (B) the history of Henry the Fowler's Eastern and Western Marches ; asserting themselves gradually as Austria and the Netherlands ; and (c) the history of this inconsiderable fortress of Brandenburg, gradually becoming considerable, and the capital city of increasing district between them. That last history, however, Carlyle is obliged to leave vague and gray for two hundred years after Henry's death. Absolutely dim for the first century, in which nothing is evident but that its wardens or Markgraves had no peaceable possession of the place. Read the second paragraph in page 74 (32-33), "in old books" to "reader," and the first in page 88 (59), "meanwhile" to "substantial," consecutively. They bring the story of Brandenburg itself down, at any rate, from 936 to 1000.

III

936-1000.—*State of the Outer Sea*

167. READ now Chapter II. beginning at page 76 (34), wherein you will get account of the beginning of ~~missionary work~~ on the outer sea, in

Prussia proper ; of the death of St. Adalbert, and of the purchase of his dead body by the Duke of Poland.

You will not easily understand Carlyle's laugh in this chapter, unless you have learned yourself to laugh in sadness, and to laugh in love.

"No Czech blows his pipe in the woodlands without certain precautions and preliminary fuglings of a devotional nature." (Imagine St. Adalbert, in spirit, at the railway station in Birmingham !)

My own main point for notice in the chapter is the purchase of his body for its "weight in gold." Swindling angels held it up in the scales ; it did not weigh so much as a web of gossamer. "Had such excellent odour, too, and came for a mere nothing of gold," says Carlyle. It is one of the first commercial transactions of Germany, but I regret the conduct of the angels on the occasion. Evangelicalism has been proud of ceasing to invest in relics, its swindling angels helping it to better things, as it supposes. For my own part, I believe Christian Germany could not have bought at this time any treasure more precious ; nevertheless, the missionary work itself you find is wholly vain. The difference of opinion between St. Adalbert and the Wends, on Divine matters, does not signify to the Fates. They will not have it disputed about ; and end the dispute adversely to St. Adalbert,—adversely, even, to Brandenburg and its civilising power, as you will immediately see.

IV

1000-1030.—*History of Brandenburg in Trouble*

Book II. Chap. iii. p. 83 (59)

168. THE adventures of Brandenburg in contest with Pagan Prussia, irritated, rather than amended, by St. Adalbert. In 1023, roughly, a hundred years after Henry the Fowler's death, Brandenburg is taken by the Wends, and its first line of Markgraves ended; its population mostly butchered, especially the priests; and the Wend's God, Triglaph, "something like three whales' cubs combined by boiling," set up on the top of St. Mary's Hill.

Here is an adverse "Doctrine of the Trinity" which has its supporters! It is wonderful,—this Tripod and Triglyph,—three-footed, three-cut faith of the North and South, the leaf of the oxalis, and strawberry, and clover, fostering the same in their simple manner. I suppose it to be the most savage and natural of notions about Deity; a prismatic idol-shape of Him, rude as a triangular log, as a trefoil grass. I do not find how long Triglaph held his state on St. Mary's Hill. "For a time," says Carlyle, "the priests all slain or fled,—shadowy Markgraves the like—church and state lay in ashes, and Triglaph, like a triple porpoise under the influence of laudanum, stood, I know not whether on his head or his tail, aloft on the Harlungsberg, as the Supreme of this Universe for the time being."



V

1030-1130.—*Brandenburg under the Ditzmarsch Markgraves, or Ditzmarsch-Stade Markgraves*

Book II. Chap. iii. p. 85 (60)

169. OF English, or Saxon breed. They attack Brandenburg, under its Triglyphic protector, take it—dethrone him, and hold the town for a hundred years, their history “ stamped beneficially on the face of things, Markgraf after Markgraf getting killed in the business. ‘ Erschlagen,’ ‘ slain,’ fighting with the Heathen—say the old books, and pass on to another.” If we allow seven years to Triglaph—we get a clear century for these—as above indicated. They die out in 1130.

VI

1130-1170.—*Brandenburg under Albert the Bear*

Book II. Chap. iv. p. 91 (64).

170. HE is the first of the Ascanien Markgraves, whose castle of Ascanien is on the northern slope of the Hartz Mountains, “ ruins still dimly traceable.”

There had been no soldier or king of note among the Ditzmarsch Markgraves, so that you will do well to fix in your mind successively the three men, Henry the Fowler, St. Adalbert, and Albert the Bear. A soldier again, and a strong one. Named the Bear only from the device on his shield, first wholly definite Markgraf.

Brandenburg that there is, "and that the luckiest of events for Brandenburg." Read page 93 (66) carefully, and note this of his economies.

Nothing better is known to me of Albert the Bear than his introducing large numbers of Dutch Netherlanders into those countries; men thrown out of work, who already knew how to deal with bog and sand, by mixing and delving, and who first taught Brandenburg what greenness and cow-pasture was. The Wends, in presence of such things, could not but consent more and more to efface themselves—either to become German, and grow milk and cheese in the Dutch manner, or to disappear from the world.

After two hundred and fifty years of barking and worrying, the Wends are now finally reduced to silence; their anarchy well buried and wholesome Dutch cabbage planted over it; Albert did several great things in the world; but this, for posterity, remains his memorable feat. Not done quite easily, but done: big destinies of nations or of persons are not founded gratis in this world. He had a sore, toilsome time of it, coercing, warring, managing among his fellow-creatures, while his day's work lasted—fifty years or so, for it began early. He died in his Castle of Ballenstädt, peaceably among the Hartz Mountains at last, in the year 1170, age about sixty-five.

Now, note in all this the steady gain of soldiership enforcing order and agriculture, with St. Adalbert giving higher strain to the imagination. Henry the Fowler establishes walled towns, fighting for mere peace. Albert the Bear plants the country with cabbages, fighting for his cabbage-fields. And the disciples of St. Adalbert, generally, have succeeded in substituting some idea of Christ for the idea of Triglaph. Some idea only; other ideas than of Christ haunt even to this day those Hartz Mountains among which Albert the

Bear died so peacefully. Mephistopheles, and all his ministers, inhabit there, commanding mephitic clouds and earth-born dreams.

VII

1170–1320.—*Brandenburg 150 years under the Ascanien Markgraves*

Vol. I. Book II. Chap. viii. p. 135 (96)

171. “WHOLESMIE Dutch cabbages continued to be more and more planted by them in the waste sand : intrusive chaos, and Triglaph held at bay by them,” till at last in 1240, seventy years after the great Bear’s death, they fortify a new Burg, a “little rampart,” Wehrlin, diminutive of Wehr (or vallum), gradually smoothing itself, with a little echo of the Bear in it too, into Ber-lin, the oily river Spree flowing by, “in which you catch various fish”; while trade over the flats and by the dull streams, is widely possible. Of the Ascanien race, the notablest is Otto with the Arrow, whose story see, pp. 138–141 (98–100), noting that Otto is one of the first Minnesingers; that, being a prisoner to the Archbishop of Magdeburg, his wife rescues him, selling her jewels to bribe the canons; and that the Knight, set free on parole and promise of farther ransom, rides back with his own price in his hand; holding himself thereat cheaply bought, though no angelic legerdemain happens to the scales now. His own estimate of his price—“Rain gold ducats on my war-horse and me, till you cannot see the point of my spear atop.”

Emptness of utter pride, you think ?

Not so. Consider with yourself, reader, how much you dare to say, aloud, *you* are worth. If you have *no* courage to name any price whatsoever for yourself, believe me, the cause is not your modesty, but that in very truth you feel in your heart there would be no bid for you at Lucian's Sale of Lives, were that again possible, at Christie and Manson's.

172. Finally (1319 exactly; say 1320, for memory), the Ascanien line expired in Brandenburg, and the little town and its electorate lapsed to the Kaiser: meantime other economical arrangements had been in progress; but observe first how far we have got.

The Fowler, St. Adalbert, and the Bear have established order, and some sort of Christianity; but the established persons begin to think somewhat too well of themselves. On quite honest terms, a dead saint or a living knight ought to be worth their true "weight in gold." But a pyramid, with only the point of the spear seen at top, would be many times over one's weight in gold. And although men were yet far enough from the notion of modern days, that the gold is better than the flesh, and from buying it with the clay of one's body, and even the fire of one's soul, instead of soul and body with it, they were beginning to fight for their own supremacy, or for their own religious fancies, and not at all to any useful end, until an entirely unexpected movement is made in the old useful direction forsooth, only by some kind ship-captains of Lübeck !

VIII

1210-1320.—*Civil work, aiding military, during the Ascanian period*

Vol. I. Book II. Chap. vi. p. 109 (77)

173. IN the year 1190, Acre not yet taken, and the crusading army wasting by murrain on the shore, the German soldiers especially having none to look after them, certain compassionate ship-captains of Lübeck, one Walpot von Bassenheim taking the lead, formed themselves into an union for succour of the sick and the dying, set up canvas tents from the Lübeck ship stores, and did what utmost was in them silently in the name of mercy and heaven. Finding its work prosper, the little medicinal and weather-fending company took vows on itself, strict chivalry forms, and decided to become permanent "Knights Hospitallers of our dear Lady of Mount Zion," separate from the former Knights Hospitallers, as being entirely German: yet soon, as the German Order of St. Mary, eclipsing in importance Templars, Hospitallers, and every other chivalric order then extant; no purpose of battle in them, but much strength for it; their purpose only the helping of German pilgrims. To this only they are bound by their vow, "gelübde," and become one of the usefulness of clubs in all the Pall Mall of Europe.

Finding pilgrimage in Palestine falling slack, and more need for them on the homeward side of the sea, their Hochmeister, Hermann of the Salza, goes over to Venice in 1210. There, the titular bishop of still unconverted Preussen

advises him of that field of work for his idle knights. Hermann thinks well of it : sets his St. Mary's riders at Triglaph, with the sword in one hand and a missal in the other.

Not your modern way of effecting conversion ! Too illiberal, you think ; and what would Mr. J. S. Mill say ?

174. But if Triglaph *had* been verily “three whale's cubs combined by boiling,” you would yourself have promoted attack upon him for the sake of his oil, would not you ? The Teutsch Ritters, fighting him for charity, are they so much inferior to you ?

They built, and burnt, innumerable stockades for and against ; built wooden forte which are now stone towns. They fought much and prevalently ; galloped desperately to and fro, ever on the alert. In peace-abler ulterior times, they fenced in the Nogat and the Weichsel with dams, whereby unlimited quagmire might become grassy meadow—as it continues to this day. Marienburg (Mary's Burg), with its grand stone Schloss still visible and even habitable : this was at length their headquarter. But how many Burgs of wood and stone they built, in different parts ; what revolts, surprises, furious fights in woody, boggy places they had, no man has counted.

But always some preaching by zealous monks, accompanied the chivalrous fighting. And colonists came in from Germany ; trickling in, or at times streaming. Victorious Ritterdom offers terms to the beaten heathen : terms not of tolerant nature, but which *will be punctually kept by Ritterdom*. When the flame of revolt or general conspiracy burnt up again too extensively, high personages came on crusade to them. Ottocar, King of Bohemia, with his extensive far-shining chivalry, “conquered Samland in a month” ; tore up the Romova where Adalbert had been massacred, and burnt it from the face of the earth. A certain fortress was founded at that time,

in Ottocar's presence ; and in honour of him they named it King's Fortress, "Königsberg." Among King Ottocar's esquires, or subaltern junior officials, on this occasion, is one Rudolf, heir of a poor Swiss lordship and gray hill castle, called Hapsburg, rather in reduced circumstances, whom Ottocar likes for his prudent, hardy ways ; a stout, modest, wise young man, who may chance to redeem Hapsburg a little, if he lives.

Conversion, and complete conquest once come, there was a happy time for Prussia ; ploughshare instead of sword : busy sea-havens, German towns, getting built ; churches everywhere rising ; grass growing, and peaceable cows, where formerly had been quagmire and snakes, and for the Order a happy time. On the whole, this Teutsch Ritterdom, for the first century and more, was a grand phenomenon, and flamed like a bright blessed beacon through the night of things, in those Northern countries. For above a century, we perceive, it was the rallying place of all brave men who had a career to seek on terms other than vulgar. The noble soul, aiming beyond money, and sensible to more than hunger in this world, had a beacon burning (as we say), if the night chanced to overtake it, and the earth to grow too intricate, as is not uncommon. Better than the career of stump-oratory, I should fancy, and its Hesperides apples, golden, and of gilt horse-dung. Better than puddling away one's poor spiritual gift of God (loan, not gift), such as it may be, in building the lofty rhyme, the lofty review article, for a discerning public that has sixpence to spare ! Times alter greatly.¹

175. We must pause here again for a moment to think where we are and who is *with us*. The Teutsch Ritters have been fighting, independently of all states, for their own hand, or St. Adalbert's ; —partly for mere love of fight, partly for love of

¹ I would much rather print these passages of Carlyle in large golden letters than small black ones ; but they are only here at all for unlucky people who can't read them with the context.

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order, partly for love of God. Meantime, other Riders have been fighting wholly for what they could get by it; and other persons, not Riders, have not been fighting at all, but in their own towns peacefully manufacturing and selling.

Of Henry the Fowler's Marches, Austria has become a military power, Flanders a mercantile one, pious only in the degree consistent with their several occupations. Prussia is now a practical and farming country, more Christian than its longer-converted neighbours.

Towns are built, Königsberg (King Ottocar's town), Thoren (Thorn, City of the Gates), with many others; so that the wild population and the tame now lived tolerably together, under Gospel and Lübeck law; and all was ploughing and trading.

But Brandenburg itself, what of it?

The Ascanien Markgraves rule it on the whole prosperously down to 1320, when their line expires, and it falls into the power of Imperial Austria.

IX

1320-1415.—*Brandenburg under the Austrians*

176. A CENTURY—the fourteenth—of miserable anarchy and decline for Brandenburg, its Kurfürsts, in deadly succession, making what they can out of it for their own pockets. The city itself and its territory utterly helpless. Read pp. 180, 181 (129, 130). “The towns suffered much, any trade they might have had going to

wreck. Robber castles flourished, all else decayed, no highway safe. What are Hamburg pedlars made for but to be robbed ? ”

X

1415-1440.—Brandenburg under Friedrich of Nürnberg

177. THIS is the fourth of the men whom you are to remember as creators of the Prussian monarchy, Henry the Fowler, St. Adalbert, Albert the Bear, of Ascanien, and Friedrich of Nürnberg; (of Hohenzollern, by name, and by country, of the Black Forest, north of the Lake of Constance).

Brandenburg is sold to him at Constance, during the great Council, for about £200,000 of our money, worth perhaps a million in that day; still, with its capabilities, “dog cheap.” Admitting, what no one at the time denied, the general marketableness of states as private property, this is the one practical result, thinks Carlyle, (not likely to think wrong,) of that ecumenical deliberation, four years long, of the “elixir of the intellect and dignity of Europe. And that one thing was not its doing; but a pawnbroking job, intercalated,” putting, however, at last, Brandenburg again under the will of one strong man. On St. John’s day, 1412, he first set foot in his town, “and Brandenburg, under its wise Kurfürst, begins to be cosmic again.” The story of Heavy Peg, pages 195-198 (138, 140), is one of the most brilliant

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and important passages of the first volume; page 199, specially to our purpose, must be given entire :—

The offer to be Kaiser was made him in his old days; but he wisely declined that too. It was in Brandenburg, by what he silently founded there, that he did his chief benefit to Germany and mankind. He understood the noble art of governing men; had in him the justness, clearness, valour, and patience needed for that. A man of sterling probity, for one thing. *Which indeed is the first requisite in said art* :—if you will have your laws obeyed without mutiny, see well that they be pieces of God Almighty's law; otherwise all the artillery in the world will not keep down mutiny.

Friedrich “travelled much over Brandenburg”; looking into everything with his own eyes; making, I can well fancy, innumerable crooked things straight; reducing more and more that famishing dog-kennel of a Brandenburg into a fruitful arable field. His portraits represent a square-headed, mild-looking, solid gentleman, with a certain twinkle of mirth in the serious eyes of him. Except in those Hussite wars for Kaiser Sigismund and the Reich, in which no man could prosper, he may be defined as constantly prosperous. To Brandenburg he was, very literally, the blessing of blessings; redemption out of death into life. In the ruins of that old Friesack Castle, battered down by Heavy Peg, antiquarian science (if it had any eyes) might look for the taproot of the Prussian nation, and the beginning of all that Brandenburg has since grown to under the sun.

Which growth is now traced by Carlyle in its various budding and withering, under the succession of the twelve Electors, of whom Friedrich, with his heavy Peg, is first, and Friedrich, first King of Prussia, grandfather of Friedrich the Great, the twelfth.

XI

-1701.—*Brandenburg under the Hohenzollern
Kurfürsts*

Book III.

Who the Hohenzollerns were, and how they got power in Nüremberg, is told in Chap. v. & II.

The succession in Brandenburg is given in that page 377 (269). I copy it, in absolute ness of enumeration, for our momentary sience, here :

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------|
| ch I | 1st of Brandenburg (6th of Nüremberg) | 1412-1440 |
| ch II., called "Iron Teeth" | . | 1440-1472 |
| . | . | 1472-1486 |
| n I. | . | 1486-1499 |
| n II. | . | 1499-1535 |
| George | . | 1535-1571 |
| n Friedrich | . | 1571-1598 |
| Sigismund | . | 1598-1608 |
| Wilhelm | . | 1608-1619 |
| ch Wilhelm (the Great Elector) | . | 1619-1640 |
| ch, first King; crowned 18th January | . | 1640-1688 |
| | . | 1701 |

In this line of princes we have to say they followed largely in their ancestor's steps, and had success like kind more or less; Hohenzollerns all of very character and behaviour as well as by descent. Of quiet energy, of thrift, sound sense. There was otherwise solid fair-play in general, no founding of f on ground that will not carry, *and there was gentle, but inexorable crushing of mutiny*, if it itself, which, after the Second Elector, or at the Third, it had altogether ceased to do.

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179. This is the general account of them ; of special matters note the following :—

II. Friedrich, called “Iron-teeth,” from his firmness, proves a notable manager and governor. Builds the palace at Berlin in its first form, and makes it his chief residence. Buys Neumark from the fallen Teutsch Ritters, and generally establishes things on securer footing.

III. Albert, “a fiery, tough old Gentleman,” called the Achilles of Germany in his day ; has half-a-century of fighting with his own Nurembergers, with Bavaria, France, Burgundy, and its fiery Charles, besides being head constable to the Kaiser among any disorderly persons in the East. His skull, long shown on his tomb, “marvellous for strength and with no visible sutures.”

IV. John, the orator of his race ; (but the orations unrecorded). His second son, Archbishop of Maintz, for whose piece of memorable work see page 223 (143), and read in connection with that the history of Margraf George, pp. 237-241 (152-154), and the 8th chapter of the third book.

V. Joachim I., of little note ; thinks there has been enough Reformation, and checks proceedings in a dull stubbornness, causing him at least grave domestic difficulties.—Page 271 (173).

VI. Joachim II. Again active in the Reformation, and staunch,

though generally in a cautious, weighty, never in a rash, swift way, to the great cause of Protestantism and to all good causes. He was himself a solemnly devout man ; deep, awe-stricken reverence dwelling in his view of this universe. Most serious, though with a jocose dialect, commonly having a cheerful wit in speaking to men. Luther’s books he called his

Seelenschatz, (soul's treasure); Luther and the Bible were his chief reading. Fond of profane learning, too, and of the useful or ornamental arts; given to music, and "would himself sing aloud" when he had a melodious leisure hour.

180. VII. Johann George, a prudent thrifty Herr; no mistresses, no luxuries allowed; at the sight of a new-fashioned coat he would fly out on an unhappy youth and pack him from his presence. Very strict in point of justice; a peasant once appealing to him in one of his inspection journeys through the country—

"Grant me justice, Durchlaucht, against so and so; I am your Highness's born subject." "Thou shouldst have it, man, wert thou a born Turk!" answered Johann George.

Thus, generally, we find this line of Electors representing in Europe the Puritan mind of England in a somewhat duller, but less dangerous, form; receiving what Protestantism could teach of honesty and common sense, but not its anti-Catholic fury, or its selfish spiritual anxiety. Pardon of sins is not to be had from Tetzel; neither, the Hohenzollern mind advises with itself, from even Tetzel's master, for either the buying, or the asking. On the whole, we had better commit as few as possible, and live just lives and plain ones.

A conspicuous thrift, veracity, modest solidity, looks through the conduct of this Herr; a determined Protestant he too, as indeed all the following were and are.

181. VIII. Joachim Friedrich. Gets hold of Prussia, which hitherto, you observe, has always

been spoken of as a separate country from Brandenburg. March 11, 1605—"Squeezed his way into the actual guardianship of Preussen and its imbecile Duke, which was his by right."

For my own part, I do not trouble myself much about these rights, never being able to make out any single one, to begin with, except the right to keep everything and every place about you in as good order as you can—Prussia, Poland, or what else. I should much like, for instance, just now, to hear of any honest Cornish gentleman of the old Drake breed taking a fancy to land in Spain, and trying what he could make of his rights as far round Gibraltar as he could enforce them. At all events, Master Joachim has somehow got hold of Prussia ; and means to keep it.

182. IX. Johann Sigismund. Only notable for our economical purposes, as getting the "guardianship" of Prussia confirmed to him. The story at page 317 (226), "a strong flame of choler," indicates a new order of things among the knights of Europe—"princely etiquettes melting all into smoke." Too literally so, that being one of the calamitous functions of the plain lives we are living, and of the busy life our country is living. In the Duchy of Cleve, especially, concerning which legal dispute begins in Sigismund's time. And it is well worth the lawyers' trouble, it seems.

It amounted, perhaps, to two Yorkshires in extent. A naturally opulent country of fertile meadows, shipping capabilities, metalliferous hills, and at this time, in consequence of the Dutch-Spanish war, and the multitude of Protestant refugees, it was getting filled with ingenious industries, and rising to be what it still is, the busiest quarter of Germany. A country lowing with kine ; the hum of the flax-spindle heard

in its cottages in those old days—"much of the linen called Hollands is made in Jülich, and only bleached, stamped, and sold by the Dutch," says Büsching. A country in our days which is shrouded at short intervals with the due canopy of coal-smoke, and loud with sounds of the anvil and the loom.

The lawyers took two hundred and six years to settle the question concerning this Duchy, and the thing Johann Sigismund had claimed legally in 1609 was actually handed over to Johann Sigismund's descendant in the seventh generation. "These litigated duchies are now the Prussian provinces, Jülich, Berg, Cleve, and the nucleus of Prussia's possessions in the Rhine country."

183. X. George Wilhelm. Read pp. 325 to 327 (231, 333) on this Elector and German Protestantism, now fallen cold, and somewhat too little dangerous. But George Wilhelm is the only weak prince of all the twelve. For another example how the heart and life of a country depend upon its prince, not on its council, read this, of Gustavus Adolphus, demanding the cession of Spandau and Küstrin :

Which cession Kurfürst George Wilhelm, though giving all his prayers to the good cause, could by no means grant. Gustav had to insist, with more and more emphasis, advancing at last with military menace upon Berlin itself. He was met by George Wilhelm and his Council, "in the woods of Cöpenick," short way to the east of that city; there George Wilhelm and his Council wandered about, sending messages, hopelessly consulting, saying among each other, "Que faire? ils ont des canons." For many hours so, round the inflexible Gustav, who was there like a fixed milestone, and to all questions and comers had only one answer.

On our special question of war and its consequences, read this of the Thirty Years' one :

But on the whole, the grand weapon in it, and towards the latter times, the exclusive one, was hunger. The opposing armies tried to starve one another ; at lowest, tried each not to starve. Each trying to eat the country or, at any rate, to leave nothing eatable in it ; what that will mean for the country we may consider. As the armies too frequently, and the Kaiser's armies habitually, lived without commissariat, often enough without pay, all horrors of war and of being a seat of war, that have been since heard of, are poor to those then practised, the detail of which is still horrible to read. Germany, in all eatable quarters of it, had to undergo the process ; tortured, torn to pieces, wrecked, and brayed as in a mortar, under the iron mace of war. Brandenburg saw its towns seized and sacked, its country populations driven to despair by the one party and the other. Three times—first in the Wallenstein-Mecklenburg times, while fire and sword were the weapons, and again, twice over, in the ultimate stages of the struggle, when starvation had become the method—Brandenburg fell to be the principal theatre of conflict, where all forms of the dismal were at their height. In 1638, three years after that precious “Peace of Prag,” * * * * the ravages of the starving Gallas and his Imperialists excelled all precedent, * * * * men ate human flesh, nay, human creatures ate their own children.” “Que faire ? ils ont des canons ! ”

184. “We have now arrived at the lowest nadir point” (says Carlyle) “of the history of Brandenburg under the Hohenzollerns.” Is this then all that Heavy Peg and our nine Kurfürsts have done for us ?

Carlyle does not mean that : but even he, greatest of historians since Tacitus, is not enough careful to mark for us the growth of national character, as distinct from the prosperity of dynasties.

A republican historian would think of this development only, and suppose it to be possible without any dynasties.

Which is indeed in a measure so, and the work now chiefly needed in moral philosophy, as well as history, is an analysis of the constant and prevalent, yet unthought of, influences, which, without any external help from kings, and in a silent and entirely necessary manner, form, in Sweden, in Bavaria, in the Tyrol, in the Scottish border, and on the French sea-coast, races of noble peasants ; pacific, poetic, heroic, Christian-hearted in the deepest sense, who may indeed perish by sword or famine in any cruel thirty years' war, or ignoble thirty years' peace, and yet leave such strength to their children that the country, apparently ravaged into hopeless ruin, revives, under any prudent king, as the cultivated fields do under the spring rain. How the rock to which no seed can cling, and which no rain can soften, is subdued into the good ground which can bring forth its hundredfold, we forget to watch, while we follow the footsteps of the sower, or mourn the catastrophes of storm. All this while, the Prussian earth,—the Prussian soul,—has been thus dealt upon by successive fate ; and now, though laid, as it seems, utterly desolate, it can be revived by a few years of wisdom and of peace.

185. Vol. I. Book III. Chap. xviii.—The Great Elector, Friedrich Wilhelm. Eleventh of the dynasty :—

There hardly ever came to sovereign power a young man of twenty under more distressing, hopeless-looking circumstances. Political significance Brandenburg had none ; a mere Protestant appendage,

dragged about by a Papist Kaiser. His father's Prime Minister, as we have seen, was in the interest of his enemies ; not Brandenburg's servant, but Austria's. The very commandants of his fortresses, Commandant of Spandau more especially, refused to obey Friedrich Wilhelm on his accession ; " were bound to obey the Kaiser in the first place."

For twenty years past Brandenburg had been scoured by hostile armies, which, especially the Kaiser's part of which, committed outrages new in human history. In a year or two hence, Brandenburg became again the theatre of business, Austrian Gallas advancing thither again (1644) with intent " to shut up Torstenson and his Swedes in Jutland." Gallas could by no means do what he intended ; on the contrary, he had to run from Torstenson—what feet could do ; was hunted, he and his Merode Brüder (beautiful inventors of the " marauding " art), till they pretty much all died (crepirten) says Köhler. No great loss to society, the death of these artists, but we can fancy what their life, and especially what the process of their dying, may have cost poor Brandenburg again !

Friedrich Wilhelm's aim, in this as in other emergencies, was sun-clear to himself, but for most part dim to everybody else. He had to walk very warily, Sweden on one hand of him, suspicious Kaiser on the other : he had to wear semblances, to be ready with evasive words, and advance noiselessly by many circuits. More delicate operation could not be imagined. But advance he did ; advance and arrive. With extraordinary talent, diligence, and felicity the young man wound himself out of this first fatal position, got those foreign armies pushed out of his country, and kept them out. His first concern had been to find some vestige of revenue, to put that upon a clear footing, and by loans or otherwise to scrape a little ready-money together. On the strength of which a small body of soldiers could be collected about him, and drilled into real ability to fight and obey. This as a basis : on this followed all manner of things, freedom from Swedish-Austrian invasions, as the first thing. He was himself, as appeared by-and-by, a fighter of the first quality, when it came to that ; but never

willing to fight if he could help it. Preferred rather to shift, manœuvre, and negotiate, which he did in most vigilant, adroit, and masterly manner. But by degrees he had grown to have, and could maintain it, an army of 24,000 men, among the best troops then in being.

186. To wear semblances, to be ready with evasive words, how is this, Mr. Carlyle ? thinks perhaps the rightly thoughtful reader.

Yes, such things have to be. There are lies and lies, and there are truths and truths. Ulysses, cannot ride on the ram's back, like Phryxus ; but must ride under his belly. Read also this, presently following :

Shortly after which, Friedrich Wilhelm, who had shone much in the battle of Warsaw, into which he was dragged against his will, changed sides. An inconsistent, treacherous man ? Perhaps not, O reader ! perhaps a man advancing "in circuits," the only way he has ; spirally, face now to east, now to west, with his own reasonable private aim sun-clear to him all the while ?

The battle of Warsaw, three days long, fought with Gustavus, the grandfather of Charles XII., against the Poles, virtually ends the Polish power :

Old Johann Casimir, not long after that peace of Oliva, getting tired of his unruly Polish chivalry and their ways, abdicated—retired to Paris, and "lived much with Ninon de l'Enclos and her circle," for the rest of his life. He used to complain of his Polish chivalry, that there was no solidity in them ; nothing but outside glitter, with tumult and anarchic noise ; fatal want of one essential talent, *the talent of obeying* ; and has been heard to prophesy that a glorious Republic, persisting in such courses, would arrive at results which would surprise it.

Onward from this time, Friedrich Wilhelm figures in the world ; public men watching his procedure ; kings anxious to secure him—Dutch print-sellers sticking up his portraits for a hero-worshipping public. Fighting hero, had the public known it, was not his essential character, though he had to fight a great deal. He was essentially an industrial man ; great in organising, regulating, in constraining chaotic heaps to become cosmic for him. He drains bogs, settles colonies in the waste places of his dominions, cuts canals ; unweariedly encourages trade and work. The Friedrich Wilhelm's Canal, which still carries tonnage from the Oder to the Spree, is a monument of his zeal in this way ; creditable with the means he had. To the poor French Protestants in the Edict-of-Nantes affair, he was like an express benefit of Heaven ; one helper appointed to whom the help itself was profitable. He munificently welcomed them to Brandenburg ; showed really a noble piety and human pity, as well as judgment ; nor did Brandenburg and he want their reward. Some 20,000 nimble French souls, evidently of the best French quality, found a home there ; made "waste sands about Berlin into potherb gardens" ; and in spiritual Brandenburg, too, did something of horticulture which is still noticeable.

187. Now read carefully the description of the man, p. 352 (224-5) ; the story of the battle of Fehrbellin, "the Marathon of Brandenburg," p. 354 (225) ; and of the winter campaign of 1679, p. 356 (227), beginning with its week's marches at sixty miles a day ; his wife, as always, being with him :

Louisa, honest and loving Dutch girl, aunt to our William of Orange, who trimmed up her own "Oranenburg" (country-house), twenty miles north of Berlin, into a little jewel of the Dutch type, potherb gardens, training-schools for young girls, and the like, a favourite abode of hers when she was at liberty for recreation. But her life was busy and earnest ; she was helpmate,

ot in name only, to an ever busy man. They were married young ; a marriage of love withal. Young Friedrich Wilhelm's courtship ; wedding in Holland ; the honest, trustful walk and conversation of the two sovereign spouses, their journeys together, their mutual hopes, fears, and manifold vicissitudes, till death, with stern beauty, shut it in ; all is human, true, and wholesome in it, interesting to look upon, and rare among sovereign persons.

Louisa died in 1667, twenty-one years before her husband, who married again—(little to his contentment)—died in 1688 ; and Louisa's second son, Friedrich, ten years old at his mother's death, and now therefore thirty-one, succeeds, becoming afterwards Friedrich I. of Prussia.

188. And here we pause on two great questions. Russia is assuredly at this point a happier and better country than it was, when inhabited by Vends. But is Friedrich I. a happier and better man than Henry the Fowler ? Have all these kings thus improved their country, but never themselves ? Is this somewhat expensive and ambitious Herr, Friedrich I. buttoned in diamonds, indeed the best that Protestantism can produce, as against Fowlers, Bears, and Red Beards ? Much more, Friedrich Wilhelm, orthodox on predestination ; most of all, his less orthodox son ; have we, in these, the highest results which Dr. Martin Luther can produce for the present, in the first circles of society ? And if not, how is it that the country, having gained so much intelligence and strength, lies more passively in their power than the baser country did under that nobler man ?

These, and collateral questions, I mean to work out as I can, with Carlyle's good help ;—but must

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pause for this time; in doubt, as heretofore. Only of this one thing I doubt not, that the name of all great kings, set over Christian nations, must at last be, in fulfilment, the hereditary one of these German princes, "Rich in Peace"; and that their coronation will be with Wild olive, not with gold.

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